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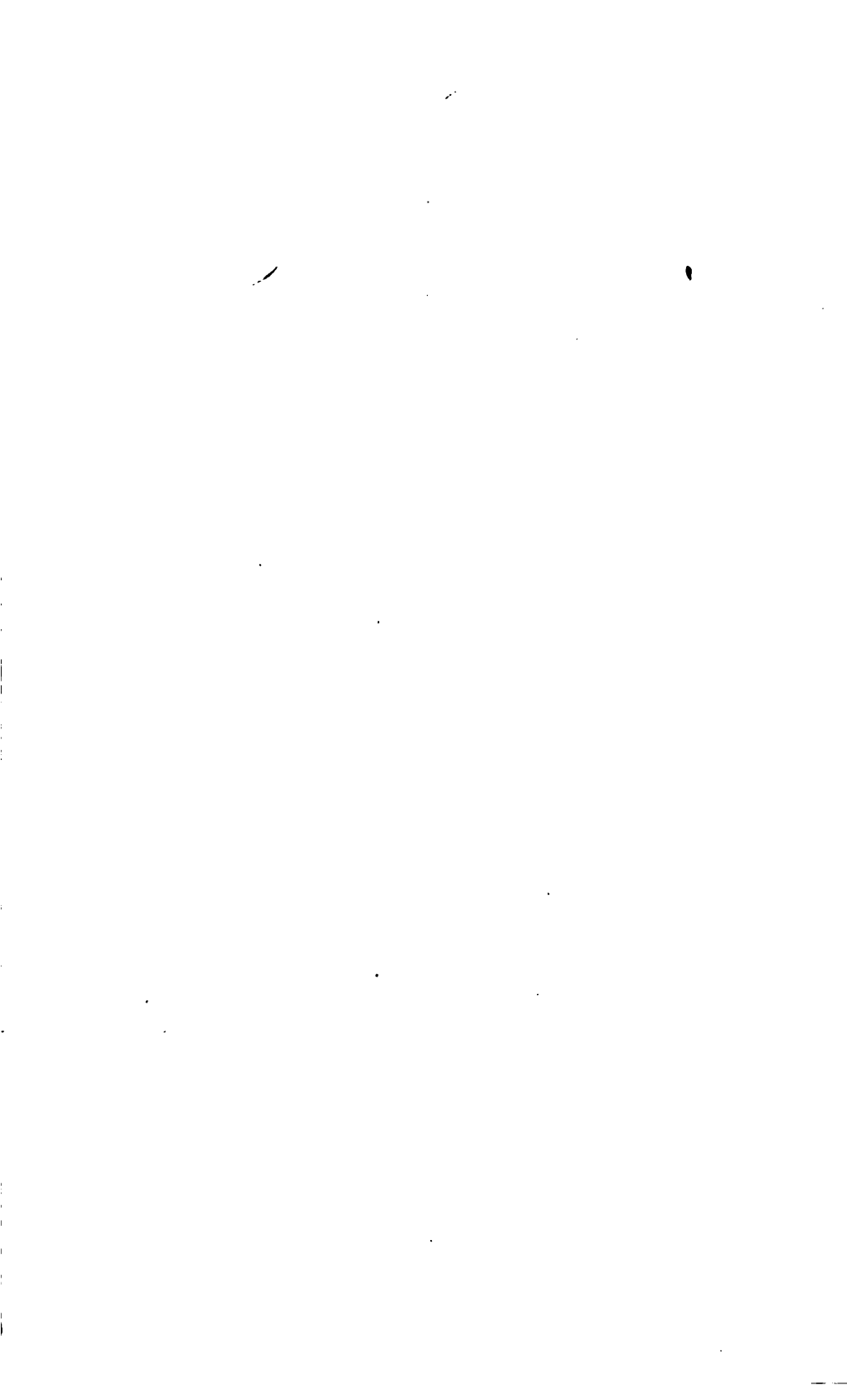


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THE

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VOLUME I.

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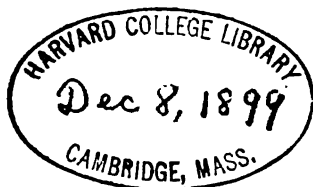
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1855.

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Mrs Edw F. Everett
Cambridge

CAMBRIDGE:
METCALF AND COMPANY, PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

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books which we may criticize, men and systems which we may analyze; and that the result of all this may be of some value when set down in print. As a party of us, going out in the Adirondac woods in the summer vacation, brings at night each his contribution to the stores of the camp, — one a deer which he has shot, another a dozen birds, a third a string of fish, and others still, flowers, minerals, fresh water, or firewood, — so here we hope each of us will contribute his peculiar and welcome share. One has hunted mathematics into its lair; — let him bring us some trophies of his victory. Another has threaded the mazes of metaphysics; — let him map out the intricacies of the way for us. Here is one who has drunk deep at the sweet fountain of Grecian poesy, and may offer us the bright water from his golden cup; another shall cut a path for us through the thorny hedge which defends the castle of German literature, and feast us on the rich abundance there. Botanists, chemists, mineralogists, geologists, even political economists, shall be most welcome to us. And it is one of our pleasant hopes that this Magazine may prove a hive where all the busy bees who flit about these fields of science and literature will gladly store their honey, not only for present, but for future use.

But there are other fair grounds into which we hope to make incursions, — the realms of Imagination. Science and history and philosophy are not everything, and we would not court them exclusively. *Non omnia possumus omnes*. We cannot all demonstrate or investigate or philosophize; — we hope to have some dreamers among us. As a people, we are deficient in the culture of the imagination. As one of our noblest thinkers once said, “We would give more to see a good crop of *mystics* at Cambridge, than great naturalists, metaphysicians, or scholars.” We hope to draw to our pages men of this class, — enthusiasts, men of aspiration, poets, and humorists, — as well as the representatives of positive and conservative acquirement. “Where there is no vision, the people perish”; and we fear that, without the help of enthusiastic and imaginative youths, our plan will prove abortive. Rather than check and chill a generous enthusiasm, our efforts shall be given to encourage it.

We open our columns freely to everything that is new, and at the same time worthy of notice. Whoever has new facts or new explanations to offer, throwing light on any unexplored regions into which modern research is penetrating, shall have from us a patient and attentive hearing. We are not of those who reject with a sneer

all inquiry of this kind ; but would cheerfully help, to the extent of our power, to extend on any side the domain of human knowledge. We believe that there may be new sciences, as well as progress in the old ones ; nay, that men have as yet learned but few letters in the great alphabet of nature.

In the discussion of all subjects we shall aim to give the greatest freedom, and invite the most opposite opinions. It is the curse of our country that our literary men are, more than in most nations, the slaves of public censure. The fear of arousing a prejudice or awakening hostility constantly harasses the American scholar. Here, at least, we mean to be free from it. To whom, indeed, should freedom of thought be dear, but to him whose business is thought ? The thinker should follow his impulse to its conclusions, unawed by any human authority, since to God alone is he responsible. In college we are all friends, all brothers, fellow pilgrims and disciples. We shall certainly, then, differ from each other with charity and temperance, since it is written in our natures that we must differ.

But we may be told that we are issuing a manifesto far too lofty and sounding for the magnitude of the enterprise in which we have engaged. We can only say, we hope not. We hope to make our Magazine a noticeable and dignified representative of the progress of sound learning in our University, worthy of the institution which sustains it and of the young men whose hearts are in its success. We are new at the labor we have undertaken, but we do it with a will. And we call on all our classmates, and the undergraduates generally, to aid us in a work so deserving their efforts.

In the name of the Senior and Junior Classes,

F. B. SANBORN,
C. A. CHASE,
PHILLIPS BROOKS,
J. J. JACOBSEN,
J. B. GREENOUGH,
E. T. FISHER.

CAMBRIDGE, *November*, 1854.

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

NO. I.

AFTER the manner of Isocrates, I wish to pronounce an eulogium upon republican militia-men; but if my humble effort should fall short of the celebrated Panegyric, either in respect of eloquence or rhetorical beauty, then pardon me, youthful lovers, who, with flashing muskets, march through the streets, to delight the sparkling eyes that coquettishly peep at you from behind half-opened window-blinds! Pardon me, merchants and brokers, grocers and tailors, who, to escape the frying-pan of the jury-box, gallantly face the fire of blank cartridges! Pardon me, unfledged lawyers and physicians, who make walking advertisements of yourselves, and fill your pockets at the expense of shoe-leather! Friends in the artillery, discharge not the flannel bag of your indignation! Gentlemen of the cavalry, restrain your dangerous sabres, and your yet more dangerous horses! Fellow-citizens of the infantry, keep back those terrible bayonets from a breast which pants to do full justice to your numerous merits, and seeks to quench with ink that martial ardor which nothing save the blood of the enemies of its country can thoroughly cool! Militia-men, of my native State, of my native country, look with charity and with patience upon the faults and the weaknesses of one of your most fervid admirers! The rumbling of cannon-wheels, the clattering of horses' hoofs, the irregular tramp of marching battalions, the rattling of drums, the squeaking of fifes, the ringing of bugles, — all, all are sweet music to my ears. Citizen soldiers, I respect you; and everything that is connected with you I admire. I look as upon a privileged person upon the man of color, who, on hot days, serves to you the glass of refreshing iced-water and the mug of invigorating root-beer. I think that the field on which you have encamped should, like the Cirrhæan plain, be kept uncultivated, and sacred to the god of war. It would be a touching, and at the same time an inspiring sight, to behold such patches of ground carefully fenced in, and kept, with pious zeal, from the profane tread of cattle, and from the polluting influences of the hoe, the spade, and the subsoil plough. The holes in which the ends of your tent-poles rested; the bottles, for the reception of blacking and other liquids, which you left behind you; the narrow

paths worn by the feet of your sentinels, would all be objects of deep interest to the mind of the military pilgrim. Your armories, too, whose walls have so often echoed the clank of the musket, the clink of the claret-glass, the snap of the percussion cap, and the pop of the champagne-cork, — your armories, I say, should be venerated, if for no other reason, as the tombs of “old soldiers.” The tomb of a soldier! of the soldier of liberty, who grasps his gun, who girds on his knapsack and cartridge-box, who marches forth, regardless of rain, heedless of hackney-coaches, and undaunted by puddles. Shall not the bard who sings thy praises be remembered by the garrison, in their stone-arched casements, — by the regiments, in their canvas tents? Shall not his name be toasted and his pæans sung over the mess-table of the officer, — over the pewter pan of the common soldier? Shall not his memory be kept very green by the newspapers? Ay, all this, and more. When the evening drum has beaten the retreat, and the muster-roll is called, *his* name shall be called also, and a gray-haired sergeant-major shall reply, “Died on the field of glory.” La Tour! La Tour! thou shalt meet a kindred spirit when *he* dies.

So the panegyrist of the warrior shall be lauded. But whence comes this universal admiration of the substance and of the shadow of martial glory? Why does the beauty of the ball-room turn coldly from a black coat, and graciously accept the arm which is covered by a blue sleeve and a gold-laced cuff? Why does the French *bonne* prefer the ill-paid soldier, with his brick-colored pantaloons, to Monsieur’s *valet*, attired magnificently in his master’s cast-off clothes? Is it because of the gorgeous apparel? Then a well-appointed beadle would be the happiest of men. But I do not think I have ever heard or read of a fine lady who ran away with a beadle; though some, it is true, have eloped with their footmen. Perhaps, however, the gentlemen in these instances presented greater attractions and possessed more solid advantages than a handsome livery can bestow; it is well known, for example, that most footmen have finely proportioned legs. However this may be, it is most certain that no superficial investigation, which looks only at feathers and bullion and buttons, can ever solve the important problem under consideration. We must go beneath the regulation broadcloth, we must penetrate the padding, we must seek in the most hidden recesses of the breast, for those efficient causes which produce such singular effects. Then, and only then, shall we find that the love

of noise and the desire for destruction are the broad and strong foundation-stones on which rest the gilded superstructure,—the temple of Ares! If an earthen bowl fall to the ground in the presence of a young child, the nursing crows on hearing the crash,—there is noise; and absolutely writhes in ecstasy when it sees that the vessel is broken,—there is destruction. From broken bowls to broken heads the transition is easy. Who, in a nursery, ever saw a wooden horse which had four legs, or a soldier with a head on his shoulders, or a wind-instrument on which any sound, other than a wheezing squeak, could be produced? Who ever saw a group of school-boys in which one or more black eyes might not be readily discovered? Who, in fine, ever heard of any congress, parliament, diet, or other deliberative assembly, in which the members did not spend a good part of their time in shouting and fighting? Wise historians tell us, that the demeanor of the judges of the Areopagus was invariably peaceable and quiet. I don't believe it! The very name of the hill on which these legal authorities sat is suggestive of fire and sword. Nor is it reasonable to suppose that men who in youth had wrangled in the Ecclesia, and in middle life had gesticulated from the Bema, should, when old age came upon them, suddenly become silent and sedate, and retire to a hill-top, removed from the scene of their former turbulent conduct.

"Noise and destruction?" cries an embryo Benedick, getting very indignant; "why, what do you mean by that? I'm sure that Emily [he blushes]—I mean Miss Blueberry—was perfectly delighted with my uniform, and—and, in fact, with me also, the last time I turned out with the Unterrified Wild-Cats. She tied my neckcloth,—it was a blue and pink silk,—and said that I quite reminded her of one of Napoleon's Old Guard. Upon which I——Well, it's no matter. But do you undertake to say that Miss Blueberry's admiration for me and for my uniform was the result of a love of noise or a desire for destruction, or that any such loves or desires could find a resting-place in a bosom so pure, so lovely, so——so——; because if you *do*, sir, I have a friend, sir! Lieutenant Pop of the Cats, and to-morrow morning he shall——" It is very fortunate, my ardent young friend, that you lost your breath before the end of that sentence. You are only five feet three in your shoes, and you know that I could easily throw you out of window or pitch you down stairs. As for your friend Pop, he is an undersalesman in a retail ribbon-store. He stands all day long behind the

counter, with a little pair of scissors in one pocket of his waistcoat and a wooden pencil in the other ; and he gets for the performance of this duty thirty-five dollars a month. He has little education and less courage, and is altogether rather an insignificant personage. Nevertheless, I would not, on any account, quarrel with either of you, but would prefer to give an explanation of my meaning. Know, then, that I had not the slightest intention of insulting the loved one of your soul ; on the contrary, I admire her extremely, and beg leave to congratulate you on your good fortune. (Benedick smiles feebly.) You are admirably suited to one another, excepting, perhaps, the fact that she is the taller of the two by half a head, and I make no doubt that an incalculable amount of connubial felicity is in store for you.

But, to return to the subject under discussion, why was the admiration of Miss Emily Blueberry so remarkably roused when you appeared attired as an Unterrified ? Was she moved only by her love for you ? By no means ; for, in that case, the presence of a little gimp and bullion would have made no difference in her affection. Was she delighted at the beauty of the dress ? Probably not, as it is universally acknowledged that the uniform of the Wild-Cats is, if possible, in worse taste than the uniform of any other militia company. There must, then, have been some remarkable association of ideas connected with the peculiar fashion and trimmings of that coat and those trousers. This is the truth of the matter, depend upon it ! While she was tying that pink and blue silk neckcloth, and gazing upon that shop-worn countenance, she was making a difficult abstraction, in the midst of a pleasant day-dream. She abstracted the soldier from the counter-jumper, and thought only on the former. And it was under the influence of this hallucination that she exclaimed, " You quite remind me of one of Napoleon's Old Guard ! " There was nothing absurd in the remark, — nothing whatsoever. She thinks of Austerlitz and of Waterloo. You are now actively engaged, under the immediate direction of General Rapp, in breaking the line of the Austrian Imperial Guard, and are taking prisoner a prince of the blood. Presently you are marching up a gentle slope, trampling on the long wheat, already broken and trodden down by horse and foot. There are the great squares of British infantry, and the colonels and majors sitting calmly on horseback in the midst of their men. There are cannon also, and the gunners standing ready with lighted port-fires. A word of command is given ; the match is whirled through the air and comes down on the

powder ; a cloud of smoke jumps from the mouth of the gun, and a long lane suddenly appears in the solid mass of the deploying column. You rush forward with a shout, and through the smoke you see the misty forms of the English artillerymen sponging out and ramming down as if life depended on their quickness, as indeed it does. Then comes the crash of musketry ; — you fall mortally wounded, and, as “Vive l’Empereur !” trembles on your dying lips, Miss Emily comes back from dream-land, and finds she has made a very pretty tie in your cravat.

Delight in deeds of destruction, — that ’s what it is ! The soldier is nothing but the carnal embodiment of the principle of destruction. He is very useful, but it is, nevertheless, true that he is hired to destroy people ; and he does destroy, and, in turn, is destroyed himself. The world, meanwhile, pays a large premium for a good seat, and is vastly delighted by the spectacle.

As for the love of noise, I had almost forgotten to say anything about that ; it is sufficient to remark, however, that Miss Blueberry absolutely dotes on that confounded brass band of yours, which ——

Here Benedick begins to hum the Fest March, accompanying himself ingeniously by drumming on the tea-tray with his fingers and the palms of his hands. He evidently is not convinced ; although he ought to remember that his lady-love, whenever she plays on the piano, pounds the keys and presses the pedals with such vigor, that the little china cups on the mantel-piece actually dance in their saucers.

JOHN HUSS.

SUGGESTED BY LESSING’S PICTURE OF HIS MARTYRDOM.

Is this the end, O noble soul,
Of all thy labor, love, and care ?
And hast thou gained this dreadful goal,
Here to uplift thy dying prayer,
While prince and prelate jeer and scowl,
And in thy face the death-fires glare ?

Alas ! for this thy heart hath cast
Its treasure and its life away !
For this thy days in tumult passed ;
For this thy youthful locks grew gray ; —
Ah, worst ! for this, God’s purpose vast
Led thee along a friendless way !

Thy voice awoke the souls of men,
And urged their steps to heights unknown ;
They followed for a while, — and then
They tired and left thee, one by one, —
And now within the tiger's den
Thou diest forsaken and alone.

I read upon thy tortured face
The questions of thy silent prayer,
And in mine eyes thy tears find place
To feel the weight of thy despair.
“ Where are my friends ? ” the pale face says ;
“ And O my God ! where art thou, — where ? ”

“ Did that good seed I strove to sow
In such unthankful furrows fall ?
Hast thou, my God, become my foe ?
I served thee, — and on thee I call !
O must my toil be ended so,
And life and hope be useless all ? ”

Not so, sad heart ! again be strong,
And meet the flames with cheerful brow !
Whoever battles with the wrong,
'Gainst fearful odds, as thou dost now,
Must look for warfare fierce and long :
Not friendless strife, — not such hast thou.

The memory of thy purpose brave
Still lingers with a faithful few ;
Around thy body's fiery grave
Fall woman's tears like pitying dew ;
And of the souls thou fought'st to save,
Some, spite of all, continue true.

Yea, though thou wert forsaken quite,
And spurned by all that loved before,
Fear not ! but trust th' eternal Right,
And trust the God thou dost adore !
Though wild the waves and dark the night,
His hand shall guide thee safe to shore.

Nor think that thou hast lived in vain,
And sown thy seed on fruitless sands ;
The months of God shall fill with grain
Thy waiting, well-deserving hands ;
No good deed is undone again, —
Who trusts the future steadfast stands.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

CORREGGIO, the most famous colorist of his time, often complained that no artificial tints equalled those which we see in nature. His desire through life was, that he might dip his pencil in the setting sun. Correggio's longing foreshadowed but faintly the triumph which Science has now achieved. Instead of intrusting the golden and purple sunbeams to the hands of weak mortals, she has pressed the god of day himself into her service and made him a laborer at the easel. Instead of reducing him, as Correggio desired, to a mere color-grinder, Science has made him an artist, and by his magic pencil depicts in the dark chamber the most exact images of the most complicated objects. The history of this art and an account of the method of its execution form the subject of this paper.

Wedgwood and Davy had made it known to the scientific world in the last part of the eighteenth century, that paper saturated with a solution of nitrate of silver was sensitive to the action of light. Their experiment was this. A paper prepared in this way was held opposite a window. In the course of some minutes, a negative picture of the window appeared on the paper; that is to say, the squares of glass were represented in shadow and the sash in white. No means were discovered to fix this picture, and the agent which created it speedily destroyed it.

This early step towards a new art was, however, soon forgotten by the world. But the French chemists Niepce and Daguerre began to experiment upon the action of light upon different salts, for many years without any appreciable result, till, in 1824, they met; and, finding they were engaged in similar pursuits, agreed to continue their investigations together. In 1839 that branch of the art which is called the Daguerreotype was announced to the world. Unknown to these industrious Frenchmen, an English artist had been slowly working his way towards the same goal as themselves, and three weeks after their announcement Mr. Fox Talbot proclaimed his discovery of paper photography. Thus we see that English and French went side by side in this invention, as they did in the discovery of the planet Neptune by Adams and Leverrier.

The principle which causes the action in photography is what is called the actinic principle, or, sometimes, the thionic rays. These act on the salts of silver, on bichromate of potash, on the expressed

juice of flower-petals, on protiodide of iron, and on what is called in plants solanine (the white pigment which appears in the shoots grown in dark cellars), changing its nature and forming from it chlorophyll, the green coloring-matter of plants. Indeed, many celebrated chemists have doubted whether all organic and most inorganic substances were not acted on when exposed to the direct rays of the sun. The actinic principle is independent of light, and in the portion of the spectrum where the light is strongest, these rays are weakest. They also converge at a focus slightly different from the visual focus, and in the infancy of the art this was a source of great difficulty, on account of which perfect pictures were very seldom obtained. Now, however, the actinic focus can be easily calculated from the visual focus, so that these rays always perform their work correctly. These rays do not traverse transparent objects colored red, orange, or yellow, though they will those of a blue so dark as to be almost opaque. The rays from the red extremity of the spectrum also exercise a protecting agency on sensitive plates, so that if they be thrown upon one so delicate that the light of a dip candle would blacken it, and from some other source the full meridian sunbeam be reflected upon it, a narrow sensitive stripe will be left where these rays fell, while an Egyptian blackness covers the rest of the plate. Yet the yellow and red rays possess a power of developing pictures, not exceeded even by the mercurial vapor.

At first, solar light was supposed to be necessary to the production of photographic effect, but it has since been discovered that electric light, the Drummond light, the flames of camphene, coal-gas, nay, even of a common candle, each in proportion to its intensity, act upon substances more than ordinarily sensitive. The time required to produce perceptible results is almost inappreciable, but M. Claudet has discovered that one one-thousandth of a second amply suffices to produce a very sensible blackening of a sensitive paper. Kilburn obtained distinct impressions of stationary objects in ten minutes, using only a small gas-burner or solar oil-lamp. Four fleet horses rushing with a carriage at full speed past the window of a Daguerreotypist did not move with sufficient velocity to prevent his obtaining a picture in which the letters on the panels, the buckles of the harness, and the features of the passengers, were plainly perceptible.

Having thus briefly sketched the origin, progress, and capabilities

of Photography, it may be proper to describe the instrument of the greatest importance to the artist. This is an accurately constructed camera obscura, with an achromatic lens at one extremity, and a sliding frame at the other. This frame is filled at first with a piece of ground glass, on which are received the rays collected in a focus by the lens. The focus is adjusted in such a manner that the projection upon the glass may have the greatest possible clearness. The glass is then withdrawn, and the prepared plate or paper substituted. In a few minutes a picture is obtained,—in the Daguerreotype process, like the reflection of a convex mirror,—in the paper process, as a negative, that is to say, with lights where the shades should be, and with shades in the place of the original lights. The picture is then submitted to a process called fixing. From the negative any number of positives may be procured, by placing the negative upon a sheet of prepared paper and pressing the two closely between two plates of glass, and then submitting them to the action of the sun's rays, transmitted through the negative to the sensitive paper. This positive of course must be fixed before exposure to diffused light.

The preparation of plates for the Daguerreotype process is one requiring considerable delicacy of manipulation, but is with that exception rather simple. A highly polished silver plate is exposed to the fumes of iodine and bromine for a few minutes. It is then placed in the camera. The light of the sun exerts upon it two contemporaneous actions,—one slow, the other violent. By the first the haloid of silver is decomposed, while by the second it acquires an affinity for the mercurial vapor. The plate is next placed over a mercurial trough, the temperature of which must be about 130° Fahrenheit. Part of the mercury amalgamates with the silver, and part unites with the halogens, and bromo-iodide of mercury is formed. The plate is now washed with distilled water, and gently heated to drive off the superfluous mercury. If now examined, the parts amalgamated will appear whitish, and the unamalgamated parts black, owing to the deposition of pure silver in a finely divided state. As a matter of artistic finish not absolutely necessary, the plate is frequently gilded to soften the harsh outlines and sharp lights and shades.

The paper process differs from this very widely in detail, although the principle is the same. A paper saturated with a solution of albumen, or with wax, is coated with some salt of silver and exposed

in the camera. The sensitiveness of the paper is destroyed and the picture fixed by the use of hyposulphite of soda, gallic acid, and distilled water, repeated baths of each. Another process, and one which has given much satisfaction from the beauty of the sepia tints which result from its use, has a sensitive of nitrate of silver and chloride of ammonium, developed by a bath of dilute chlorohydric acid, and chloride of gold, and fixed by baths of ammonia and hyposulphite of soda.

I have spoken of the albumen and wax paper processes of preparation. The first does not produce so delicate pictures; but its proofs do not require immediate development, as do those taken by the albumen process. Hence artists travelling to obtain subjects for paintings generally prefer the wax process, as this allows them to dispense with much cumbrous apparatus of saucers and chemicals.

All attempts to make anything but shaded drawings by means of the camera have been unsuccessful, except the copies of the solar spectrum by Becquerel in 1848, and by Herschel some few years previous. The prismatic tints can be produced in chloride of silver when exposed to the sun's rays, by the powerful action of the galvanic battery, but all attempts to render these tints stable have signally failed. Yet we are sure that there is a joyful success reserved for some future investigator, and though now we can only use the sun-beam as a crayon, ere long it will serve us as an artist's brush.

We never can perceive the full beauty of a photograph until it is examined with a powerful microscope. Here is one of the Capitol, not larger than a wedding card, and yet we plainly perceive every fluting of the pillars, every ornament, every niche in the stone, every leaf of the grass around, nay, the very stones may be counted and the lines between them clearly viewed, and lo! imbedded in the marble columns we see the fossils of an antediluvian epoch. This is Nature that we behold. The artist is not man, but chemistry.

There is one thing, however, which is always noticeable in the paper photographs. This is the total absence of outline and the minute distinction in shade which is utterly inimitable in either painting or engraving. You never can thoroughly understand this till a comparison is made between an engraving and a photograph of the same scene. In the photograph there is a mysterious generalization, yet each part is separable. In the engraving there is either a blank solid shade or light, or a separation. Either unity or detail must be sacrificed.

In giving examples I have always preferred to take them from paper photographs, yet the remarks made apply equally to those on metal. The reason for this is that the Talbotype always appears softer, and devoid of the metallic glare which necessarily accompanies the Daguerreotype, and which, in the case of portraits, gives a very stern, unnatural, harsh, and staring expression to the eyes, which is far from prepossessing. To be sure, an air of earnestness, nay, even of sternness, is almost unavoidable in photographic likenesses, both from the strong will which it is necessary for most people to exert to preserve a single posture while the picture is taken, and also from the effect produced by the spherical aberration of the lens at this time, and from the fact that the rays by which the picture is taken are not reflected from a point, or even a plane, but from a very irregular surface, so that it would be impossible to bring them all to an exact focus in a single plane.

Several methods of engraving from photographs have been invented, but as none of them has proved of any practical importance thus far, and further, as they all bring in some process of manipulation not simply photographic, we omit them, and pass to photography on glass, in this country the most common way of multiplying miniatures. This process resembles almost exactly the Talbotype process. The glass is coated with a varnish of albumen or collodion, it is made sensitive in the usual way, and afterwards it is fixed. Copies are taken from this as from a negative photograph. In one thing only does the glass photograph differ from the paper. On careful examination we see a negative on the upper surface of the sensitive coating, while below it, on the under surface of this coating, by turning the plate and holding it over a black ground, we can see a positive picture. This, it will readily be seen, is an advantage, as it dispenses with the use of labels for crystallotype plates, for it is only necessary to place them in frames over a black ground, and the artist readily perceives what they represent. These also have the advantage of furnishing their own glazing.

The uses to which Photography has been and may be applied are manifold. From forging bank-notes exact even to their private marks and signatures, thus serving the purpose of a felon, its sphere extends to assisting the schemes of a Czar, or lightening the burdens of a commercial traveller.

Since the revival of the theory of binocular vision, and the invention of a portable form of stereoscope, photographs taken in two po-

sitions have been given by manufacturers of machinery to their agents; and these, being combined by the valuable optical instrument above mentioned, furnish to the purchaser of water-wheels and steam-engines quite as good an idea of the excellence of what is recommended to his notice as the cumbrous thing itself, lying on the ground, and not in motion, would do.

Every invention that has ever been patented has bid fair to revolutionize some world or other, and every enthusiast places his profession "the foremost in all the world." I then, as an enthusiast in photography, beg leave to follow this same good custom, and to be confident that the time may come when photographs will supersede metaphors, when descriptions will give place to Talbotypes, and when medical reports will be illustrated by Crystallotypes of post-mortems, Calotypes of convalescents, and Heliotypes of amputations.

L.

THE JENKINS PAPERS.

NO. I. — THANKSGIVING AT MY UNCLE JACOB'S.

THE wind was blowing. True, sir, as you say, it blows very often, — sometimes when you want it, — sometimes when you wish it was strapped down into its bag, tight as old Æolus can pull the strings. But I am not to be frowned out of my beginning. A big wind and a storm Thanksgiving must bring, if he means to pass for anything but a counterfeit. Let him come with turkey and pudding in one pocket and a big gale and snow in the other, and we'll smile him a welcome when his shadow flits over the threshold, and bid him God speed till next year, when he leaves the joy he brought behind him on the hearth-stone, and hurries off with the old year. But when he comes smiling, one wants to say: Rattle the dry old elms for us! powder my head and whistle us a tune! In short, old fellow, show your credentials! However it may have been with you, my dear reader, who are so anxious to compare your Thanksgiving experience with mine, the wind was blowing at Hamton. It was snowing fast too, — so fast, I thought, as it was the first time since last March, it took more pleasure than usual in coming down in

a hurry. I thought, too, perhaps the wind and snow were having a great battle. If it was so, as an impartial spectator, I am compelled to say the wind had the best of it. For, rough Northeaster that he was, he so dealt it blow on blow, and kept it eddying before him in every direction but the right one, 't was strange a wreath of it ever got to the ground. But it did though, and piled itself up about my knees, as if entreating, and took refuge in my hair and down behind my coat-collar. But what could I do? so, hard-hearted that I was, I kicked it away and shook it out, and at length, in the midst of these proceedings, safely emerged from the billowy drifts upon the *terra firma* of the door-stone. I could tell in a moment there was no light in the kitchen but the fire-light. I knew well the great, cheery fireplace it came from, with a nook in the chimney-corner, as there was in its owner's heart, for everybody. It was a rich, ruddy light, —nor was it a fixed glare, but something that kept shaking and trembling, as if some one of its cronies, perhaps one of the big, fat squashes over the mantelpiece or the arm-chair facing it, had made a good joke, and the fire was laughing at that. My Uncle Jacob's heart was like his fireplace in more ways than one. A perpetual flame of good-will to men was always burning there, and there was as large a stock of benevolence stored up in his character, through years of Christian life, as there was of good oak wood in his sheds to keep his hearth-stone bright. All this good-will shone out upon the world through his face in many a smile and kind sparkle from his eyes, as the beams from the fire-light came out through the windows to me shivering there on the door-step. "The blue chamber, Simon Jenkins," said my uncle; and up stairs I sprang to deposit my valise, and rebeautify such adornments as the storm had fingered too roughly. It shall ne'er be said that Simon Jenkins ever lacked in fairness, and he does not shrink therefore from placing his own at the beginning of a series of portraits which you are called upon to notice during the following pages. Look over my shoulder now! One at a time if you please, for the mirror is small, and if you chance to be a handsome man (which is exceedingly improbable), the united rays from two such faces might fracture the glass, as in my own case, (and I dare be sworn in yours,) they have, ere now, broken many a heart that beat beneath the confining whalebones of as many a pair of stays. "The nose pug?" Have a care, sir. On this sore spot my cousin, Melinda Smif, once laid her finger, when she remarked upon a peculiar turn up it has when I laugh, saying

that Nature had there provided a saddle for a grin. Bah ! Melinda Smif, I have sworn revenge. "The hair red ?" Sir ! Zounds, sir ! You shall so feel the wrath of Simon Jenkins, that years hence, when the current of Memory is gliding through your thoughts, those locks, buoyantly bobbing above all, shall shed a bloody and baleful glare on all surrounding recollections, — each separate hair erect, and flaming with a heat not of earth ! But, sir, a truce. Thanksgiving wears white robes of cheer and joviality, and I have stained their purity with a harsh word ! The family party had all assembled before my advent. The same roof — the one that now was fast whitening in the storm over our heads, for this was the homestead — had thrown its protecting arch over the cradles of my aunts and uncles, who were seated about the fireside to the number of ten or more. They had brought their children for a frolic beneath the shelter of the same venerable Lares that watched over their own childhood. My Uncle Jacob sat in one corner of the fireplace. The sun and wind had laid stratum after stratum of tan upon his face, until now the hue which Nature had originally deposited lay beneath them, a very Cambrian formation. Many a care too, now flown away, had left its indelible stamp in crow's-feet about the brow and eyes, which had the place, in the geology of my uncle's face, of fossil bird-tracks marking the former presence of a now extinct race. His stout frame had won its store of muscle, at the same time with other stores that lay in golden heaps in the barns and granaries, in the conflict of the husbandman, which furrows the poor bosom of Earth, and leaves it shorn of her waving harvests. Aunt Mary sat next, — her knitting-needles industriously plodding stitch by stitch from beginning to end of a stocking, with the firelight glancing from them in many a flash, as if it smiled on their labors. There were Uncle Paul and Aunt Deborah, with their rosy progeny, at the head of whom Cousin Josh, a rustic beau, had come to Thanksgiving, in a sky-blue coat with buttons of brass, and hair sleek and fragrant through the emollient properties of lard and spearmint. There were Tabitha and Jerusha, maiden aunts, whose rheumatic bones it was hard to imagine as having swayed in girlhood to life and joy, like flowers in the spring gale. There was Uncle Smif with his daughter Melinda, and the Widow Whiff with Cousin Dorothy. Here, my good reader, you have the elder of my *dramatis personæ*. And now, sir, if your fancy be provided with a machine like a pepper-castor, suppose it filled with children. Let them be chubby and lean, rosy

and pale, of all shades, sizes, and ages, then send them tumbling into the sedate scene I have described. Let them go rolling over the floor, set them down in laps, hustle them into clusters, and then let them dance and eat apples and turn somersets. Put Master Bob Whiff's finger into Master Tommy Smif's eye, and Johnny Whiggins's rosy arm round the neck of little Lily Dimple, and you have my scene complete.

And now, Melinda Smif, for revenge. Do you call those "graceful ringlets"? Never, sir; they are corkscrew curls, and ne'er may they draw the stopples that confine the foaming affections of a single male! Do you praise her teeth and complexion? Zounds, sir, I warrant half that ivory was shaped by other hands than Nature's. Now here, sir, is Cousin Dorothy Whiff. "Lovely creature!" Certainly, sir (astonishing what discernment the gentleman has). "Locks, tangled sunbeams." Sir, I have most entire sympathy with your remarks. Her smile — well, words fail, but I am strong in the faith that every smile rouses a belligerent Cupid in every one of those dimples, whose archery, as my own lacerated bosom attests, is most perfect. Beautiful dark arches those eyebrows form, no doubt, but beware, my young friend, in intense cravat and tight pants, lest some sly glance steal out under their shade, and bind you hand and foot unawares. "Oh! ah!" shrieked Dorry Whiff. A bit of the peel from the apple she was eating had gone down the wrong way. You might have stood upon the outstretched tails of my coat without danger of bringing them down, and had you found your position unsafe, you would have found a stiff horizontal support in my streaming hair, — so rapid was my advance to her side. I had attended a course of anatomical lectures, and of course it was my duty to put my knowledge to practice. Poor Dorry! somebody must hold her head, and who but I? I adjusted my arm in such a manner that my elbow-joint bent just where Miss Whiff's vertebræ came in contact with the bones of her cranium. Then, by a revolution of my radius round my ulna, and a use of my tactile organs, I removed a curl which lay like a skein of golden thread on the alabaster expanse of her neck. Following these preliminaries with judicious manipulation of my patient's trachea, I found she experienced considerable relief. Always speak softly to the sick: so I bent my head till my incipient beard brushed her smooth cheek. Did she feel better? Of course her answer would be very low, so my ear was at her lips. "Better, but very weak." If you, sir, ever finding yourself in a similar situ-

ation, have observed the preceding directions, at this point submit the patient to a gentle squeeze, and I am convinced the peel will go down, as it did here. Dorry's windpipe resumed its accustomed functions, and I resumed my seat. 'T was a shame, said the circle, for Dorry to make such a fuss, and certainly Mr. Simon deserved much credit for his skilful and prompt behavior. Dorry, for a punishment, should proceed to the cider-barrels in the cellar, and refill the great pitcher, which the imbibitions of the company had by this time drained. Dorry tripped off, and I was conscious of vigorous attempts by a certain vital organ, that thumped heavily against my left ribs, to exchange its masculine integuments for a place beneath certain happy lacings, that vanished with their wearer down the cellar-stairs. Josh immediately volunteered to go for a fresh forestick. Why did not Dorry come back? and Josh too, — had he gone out to the wood piece to cut a tree down for his forestick? Would Mr. Simon have the goodness to take a peep down the cellar-stairs, and if he saw an ugly goblin carrying off Dorry, would he state to the goblin the disinclination of her friends to have Dorry in such company? Mr. Simon would do so with unspeakable felicity, and woe be to the goblin if Mr. Simon got him into his clutches. Mr. Simon took no light, — Dorry had one, so he felt his way down the dark stairs. But there was none below. Smack! Dorry was pulling the bung out of the cider-cask, no doubt, in the dark. "Halloo!" said I. There was a confused whispering, and then "Here I am!" in the same tones that said, "Better, but very weak." Then there was a scampering as if somebody was running away. 'T was the goblin, no doubt. "Dorry," said I, in the dark. I heard a very subdued sigh, and, blundering along, tripped and fell forward into an unemptied soft-soap keg, which left me only one available arm and shoulder. Here there was an ambiguous sound. It might have been laughing or crying. Of course, thought Mr. Simon, she is crying. O the vile goblin! how he had frightened her! I gained the weeper's side at last. "Poor Dorry!" and I smoothed her hair down with my hand. Strange that tangled sunbeams should ever smell of spearmint! Queer how the ringlets had got down on the cheeks, and made them seem hairy! Sure, Dorry would forgive a cousin if he kissed 'em off. How she cried, and how she shook in her grief! Gracious! What did the goblin do? "Poor Dorry!" and again my arm went round the vertebræ. Somebody was coming with a light. Quick, Simon, and kiss in the dark! The bung came

out of the cider-cask again. Did Dorry wear such shining buttons ? or perfume tangled sunbeams with spearmint ? " O Simon ! " said the wretch of a Dorry, who now, strange to say, was standing in the doorway with a flaming candle ; " take a light next time." " I snackers ! " said Josh, and he slipped out of my embrace breathless with laughter. " What ! what ! " said a chorus of a score or more of voices, and head after head came crowding into the cellar doorway, from Uncle Jacob's gray head to little Bob Whiggins's curly pate. " Lead Simon to the sink, and get him another coat." The veracious chronicler of these adventures would here remark, with solemnity commensurate with the event described, that, having fortified his spirits with a glass of milk and water, he vowed that the lachrymal glands of the offending Josh should be the springs of rivers of repentant tears. Yea, they should tickle with distilled grief. My face was flushed as I came back to the kitchen, and Uncle Jacob kindly asked what the matter was. The abominable Josh suggested I might be intoxicated, adding in an audible whisper to his accomplice Dorry, that he " seed him a drinkin' a stiff glass of milk and water. He might ha' stood either on 'em alone, perhaps, but weak heads should n't mix their liquors." " Come on, sir ! " said I, in a towering passion, scorning the uplifted hands of aunts and uncles. " Come on ! " and I threw myself into an attitude. " Hold hard," said my Uncle Jacob, and the brawny old man stepped in between us. " To bed now and wake up friends to-morrow." Uncle Jacob's word was law, and the light of our countenances was at once withdrawn. The harmony of our upward passage was only disturbed by a snicker from Josh, which I responded to by a thump on the cranium from my candlestick, which suddenly reversed the position of the upward pointing corners of his mouth, and sent him howling to bed, with a running accompaniment along the passageway from the soles of his boots.

(To be continued.)

THE RETURN OF SUMMER.

OCTOBER, 1854.

WHEN Autumn, lusty, vigorous, and gay,
Was garnering the increase of the year,
Sweating with cheerful toil, and, day by day,
Plucking the orchard's fruit, the corn's ripe ear,
The grapes that clustered 'neath the foliage sear,
And all his harvest plentiful and wide, —
With drooping head and dropping tear on tear,
The Old Year stood the fading woods beside,
And wrung his withered hands, and feebly moaned and cried.

Not the glad earth with boundless foison teeming,
Not the unclouded glory of the sky,
Not the warm sun, so brightly on him beaming,
Nor the fresh breeze so gently blowing by,
Could win to smiles his sorrow-shadowed eye;
For well his boding heart foresaw the doom
Which every passing moment brought more nigh,
And that dread night foresaw, whose cheerless gloom
Should yield to deeper night, — the darkness of the tomb.

"Ah me!" he sighed, "the happy hours are dead
That strewed my path in Spring with fairest flowers;
And joyous Spring is fled, and Summer fled, —
The birds that ne'er were silent in the bowers
And fragrant woods, — the sunshine and the showers,
Paving with green the hills and valleys low, —
All vanished! all! the coming tempest lowers,
And Autumn's pleasaunce does but mock my woe,
Sharpening my shuddering dread of Winter's whelming snow!"

Even as he spoke the breeze more mildly blew,
And the stirred leaves a softer anthem sung;
In the brown fields the grass sprung up anew,
Starred here and there with blossoms bright and young;
Through the rich air the quavering music rung
Of many a bird, that in the woodland wide
Had sat with folded wings and silent tongue.
The hoary Year the change with wonder eyed,
When lo! in smiling mien stood Summer at his side.

ANONYMOUS BOOKS.

A GREAT many books now-a-days are published either anonymously, or (equally provoking to the curious) with a mysterious *nom de plume*. If the book is a failure, the author, of course, says nothing of his connection with it, and is free to make another trial, unembarrassed by the past mishap. But if, on the contrary, it "has a run," the strange and romantic pseudonyme is apt to undergo a sudden metamorphosis, and staid Miss Bronte or commonplace Mr. Mitchell takes the place of the fictitious and fanciful "Currer Bell" and "Ik Marvel." During the past year or two, we have from time to time jotted down these names as they were acknowledged by the blushing *debutantes*, and now hand them over to the printer, with the hope that they may interest those readers of the Harvard Magazine, who, like Thomas Gradgrind and ourselves, insist upon "Facts, sir, nothing but facts."

And we cannot help remarking, as we notice the announcement of two more new books upon that vexed question, which has come to rank with the philosopher's stone, the *elixir vite*, and the quadrature of the circle, namely, Who *was* Junius? — a problem which would seem to be susceptible of as many solutions as the most "indeterminate" one in mathematics, since every man of the last century of any distinction has been successively proved to be the only original and genuine Junius; — we cannot help remarking, we say, what a world of ill feeling would have been prevented, what an immense number of useless books we should have been saved from, could some periodical of the time have given us the real name of the writer of these too-famous letters.

We will begin with *Eothen, or Traces of Travel brought Home from the East*, — a book which succeeded in deceiving most of its readers into the belief that they were reading a record of actual Oriental wanderings. We are told, however, that the author's peregrinations were all done in his study, on the back of a gray goose-quill, and that for those vivid descriptions of scenery and climate he was solely indebted to his imagination. It was written by William Kinglake of Bristol.

The *Diary of Lady Willoughby*, published in 1844, *Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell*, *Colloquies of Edward Osborne*, *Household of Sir Thomas More*, and the *Diary of Lady Adoyle*

(sometimes erroneously ascribed to Lady Charlotte Pepys), were written by Mrs. Rathbone of Liverpool. They are all in the quaint style of the period from which they purport to come, and are so happily executed, that one feels unwilling to consider them other than as *bona fide* journals. These books have been issued in several forms by different publishers, and are great favorites. It is probable that they suggested to our poet, Whittier, the idea of writing *Margaret Smith's Journal*, which was first published in the *National Era*, and is written in a style similar to those of Mrs. Rathbone.

Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation, a strange compound of old and new philosophical systems, has been ascribed to various persons, but it is now considered to be from the pen of William Chambers of Edinburgh.

Alton Locke, Yeast, and Hypatia, are well known to be written by Rev. Charles Kingsley, Rector of Eversley, Hants, England.

The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation, a religious work which has met with a large sale, was written by Rev. James B. Walker of Cincinnati.

It is a matter of general surprise, that the author of such a work as the *Plurality of Worlds* should have published it anonymously. Written to controvert the commonly received opinion that other planets are inhabited, it has called out an elaborate reply from Sir David Brewster (*More Worlds than One, &c.*), in which, it is said, the philosopher's temper often gets the better of him. The writer is Dr. Whewell, the author of the *Bridgewater Treatise on Natural Theology*.

The principal author of the *Ballads of Bon Gaultier* is Professor W. E. Aytoun, son-in-law of Professor Wilson, and his successor in the editorship of Blackwood. The other authors are Theodore Martin, Esq., and John Leech, who illustrated the book. These laughable parodies appeared originally in *Tait's Magazine*.

The name of Mrs. Gaskill, the wife of a Unitarian minister at Manchester, England, must be added to the formidable array of female writers who have contributed, within the last few years, so much that is valuable to our literature. *Mary Barton, Ruth, Cranford*, and *North and South* (now publishing in *Household Words*), are by this authoress.

Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland (published in 1849); *Caleb Field, Esq., by an Opera-goer*; *Harry Muir*; *Adam Graeme of Moss Gray* (1852); and, still later, *Merkland*, are by Mrs. Oliphant, the wife of an artist in London.

Lorenzo Benoni, or Passages in the Life of an Italian, a book of remarkable power, was written by Giovanni Ruffini, a friend of Mazzini, who appears in the work as Fantasio.

The series of small but popular books, comprising, *A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam*, *Old Jolliffe*, *Star in the Desert*, *Silver Lining to a Cloud*, *Merry Christmas*, *Influence on the Evil Genius*, *Only*, and we know not how many others, are by Matilda Planche, a daughter of "J. R. P." the dramatic writer, London.

Peter Schlemihl in America, though still unacknowledged, is known to be from the pen of George Wood, of Washington. The original *Peter Schlemihl* was written by Adalbert von Chamisso of Berlin.

Sunny Side was written by the wife of Professor Phelps of Andover. Her other writings are *A Peep at No. 5*, *Tell Tale*, and *The Angel over the Right Shoulder*. The *Last Leaf of Sunny Side* has been published since her death, about a year since.

Shady Side, which the author says was not suggested by the preceding work, was written by Mrs. Hubbell. Its portraits are from life, and so truthfully drawn, that they were instantly recognized, and the authoress has suffered no little persecution in consequence.

For *The Wide, Wide World*, and *Queechy*, we are indebted to Miss Susan Warner. *Dollars and Cents* was written by her sister. *Owl Creek*, and *The Old House by the River*, are from the pen of Mr. Prime of the *Journal of Commerce*.

Salt-Water Bubbles, by *Hawser Martingale*, which was recently published, was written by Mr. Sleeper of the *Boston Journal*. *Wensley, a Story without a Moral*, republished by Ticknor from the pages of Putnam's Magazine, was written by Edmund Quincy, Esq.

If there is any subscriber to this Magazine who has not read *Wensley*, we would suggest to him that it is an exceedingly pleasant story; and if he should be so unfortunate as to get into a row (this is taken from the story and ought to be quoted), and be sent to spend a few months in the country, we can wish him no better fortune than that he will be rewarded with as pleasant companions as Frank Osborne met with.

SAVONAROLA.

E. T. Fisher.

It is Lent in the year 1482, and in the Church of San Lorenzo, in Florence, there is a young Dominican friar preaching to the pious, but ignorant, minds of a Florentine rabble. No learned and haughty noble of the house of Medici, no refined and profligate adherent of that house, is among that scanty congregation. The church looks sombre, for the upturned faces of the few listeners wear an expression of sorrow and sternness, — sorrow at the triumph of vice in the tyranny of Lorenzo de' Medici, sternness arising from a religious conviction that the vengeance of Heaven is near. The preacher is an advocate of political and religious reform, but, even while addressing these uneducated few, who think in unison with him, he falters. His naturally searching eye is abashed; his gesture is ungraceful, his voice unmusical; his sentences are cumbersome, and convey no meaning, and the matter itself of his discourse, though indicative of extraordinary intellect and piety, is rendered distasteful by his precipitancy or tardiness in introducing his ideas.

The congregations of the young monk rapidly dwindled, until, disheartened by his total failure, he quitted Florence, with the resolve never again to appear in the pulpit.

But the little seed he had so imperfectly sown was destined to take root, for he had sown it in the hearts of the men of the faction called *Piagnoni* (the Weepers); men who wept over the scandalous abuses of the Church of Rome, and were destined to number among their partisans the most respectable citizens of Florence.

More than seven years have elapsed since the unsuccessful preacher left Florence, and a weary and foot-sore monk is slowly approaching the little village of Pianora. His garments are dusty and disordered, his knees tremble, as he painfully drags one foot after the other, and his sharp features look worn with fatigue, for he has come from far. See, he can go no farther: his exhausted limbs refuse to obey the indomitable will which yet glimmers in his closing eye, and the way-worn traveller sinks down by the road-side. He is motionless, and it seems as if God would let the poor man, and the purpose which has supported him for long miles, die there together. But no, — the monk's career is not yet closed; a good Samaritan is fast approaching, and now has lifted up the lonely traveller, and hurried, with his burden, into the neighboring lodging.

And now, refreshed and vigorous, the monk is drawing near the gates of Florence, where his kind preserver, who has thus far attended him, takes his hand, and whispering, "Accomplish the mission which is given you by God," strangely disappears.

The monk who left Florence in 1482, unknown and unappreciated, has now returned. Then he was an humble, graceless friar, now he is Savonarola, reputable from Florence to Rome for his sanctity and sacred learning, and endowed, as if magically, with a winning sweetness of mien and voice, and the persuasive powers of an accomplished orator. The intellect and piety of Florence come from court and school, to listen to his vivid eloquence.

Thus commenced the mission of Savonarola, and for eight years did his sermons inspire the careless Florentines with enthusiasm. Let us now consider what that mission was.

Savonarola, single-handed, supported a contest against the spirit of his age, in the face of all Italy. He preached against the Church of Rome, the scandalous life of the Supreme Pontiff, Alexander the Fifth, and the simony and sensuality of his brothers of the Church. He preached for the cause of Christian purity, of civil freedom, and found, as opponents, feudalism well entrenched, paganism in the guise of Christianity, the philosophy of Plato woven into the learning, art, and morals of his age, and sophistry, always cunningly, but stoutly, defending some foul abuse. Lorenzo the Magnificent loved the pomp of religion, but lacked its spirit, and so fair Florence, though adorned by his taste, was enslaved by his ambition. Liberty was prostrate. Savonarola's mission was to restore liberty to Florence.

To the accomplishment of this mission, Savonarola brought a fine genius and vast acquirements. His contemporaries allow him to have been a sound logician, a wonderful orator, and a universal philosopher. But human nature will always attempt to rid the world of a reformer, either by stabbing his reputation, or killing him outright; and Savonarola suffered in both ways. His contemporaries (as do very learned men of our own day) denounced the great champion of Christianity in the fifteenth century as a visionary, a fool, or a demagogue. But we must remember that such men were worshippers of the Medici and Platonism, and that Savonarola was without rank, and undertook the thankless task of rebuking cardinals and pontiffs. Until lately, this great Italian Reformer, whom Luther classes with John Huss and Jerome of Prague, has been little known,

except through those narrow-minded literary courtiers, his contemporaries. Machiavel considers him as a character only paralleled by the chief sages of antiquity. Yet we have had more biographies of almost every other combatant in the battle against Papal corruption, which it was reserved for Luther finally to win.

Germany, always the pioneer in mediæval researches, has published three elaborate lives of Savonarola ; but in England, before the appearance of a Life in 1843, the only accounts of him, and those erroneous, were to be found in Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, and Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers. During the last year, another very full and favorable account of his life and martyrdom, by R. R. Madden, has been published in London. In this country, none have done justice to this remarkable man, unless we except Mr. Samuel Eliot, who, in a little book entitled " Passages from the History of Liberty," has given Savonarola a noble place among the great advocates of freedom.

Savonarola has been calumniated as a fanatic only because his writings have been so little known. His single-mindedness as a Christian is sufficiently attested, by his sermons, poetry, and moral treatises. But these are exceedingly rare, and are to be found in the best European libraries only after great search. Mr. Madden, in his work above mentioned, is enabled to clear his hero from all accusations of having been a mere pulpit agitator, by copious quotations from his works, the greater part of which, he says in his Preface, are in his possession.

If, finally, we mention the numerous histories which have been written by his own countrymen, and the fugitive articles which have from time to time appeared in the Reviews, we believe we have pointed out nearly all that is known *in favor* of this bold, uncompromising preacher, whose writings, compiled by unsympathizing critics, have been known only to be despised.

But let us make use of the materials at our hands, and glance briefly at his life. Savonarola was descended from an ancient noble family of Padua. His grandfather, Michele, the first of his family who settled in Ferrara, was a celebrated professor of physical sciences. His father, Nicolo, married a noble lady of Mantua, and of seven children by this marriage, the third, Girolamo Savonarola, was born at Ferrara on the 21st of September, 1452. Wickliffe's ashes, cast into Swift Brook, had long ago, typical of his doctrines, been scattered on the bosom of the ocean, from shore to shore ;

John Huss's stifled hymn, issuing from the flames, was yet quavering in the ears of many who listened to it with eager sympathy, when there uprose in Italy, from under the rubbish of speculative infidelity and covert heathenism, and in the midst of wrangling theologians, the first flower of another spring, the "True Monk," Savonarola, the precursor of Luther. The fifteenth century was a momentous one for Italy. Then feudalism crumbled away; then the wealth of old learning, saved from the wreck of civilization in the East, was stored in Italian libraries. It was in the fifteenth century, too, that social and intellectual revolutions were slowly unfolding, that Ormuzd and Ahriman contended as they never did in the Persian theology, in the territories of a worldly and intriguing Church. "The chastity of the cloister is slain," said Savonarola, and, with a deep conviction of the evils impending over the Church, he devoted himself to their removal.

Until he reached his tenth year, Savonarola was excellently educated by his grandfather, Michele, who died at this time. Upon the death of his grandfather, his father placed him at the public school of Ferrara, where he devoted himself to the dialectics of Aristotle and the subtleties of Plato. But his simple, religious nature grew weary of what was mystic and pagan, and he soon turned his attention to Christian Thomas Aquinas. The metaphysics of Aristotle had sharpened his reasoning powers, but the piety of Aquinas showed him in what cause to use those powers.

The childhood of Savonarola was cheerless. He loved solitude, and grew up in the company of his own meditations. When quite young, he loved to make little altars, and perform mimic acts of devotion. His silent reflection on the best interests of humanity was mistaken by those about him for misanthropy. Convinced of the vanity of all earthly enjoyments, the retirement of a monastic life appeared to him his only refuge. Accordingly, behold him, now twenty-two years old, with Bible and Prayer-Book under his arm, stealing away from his parents and his fellow-students, and entering the Dominican Convent at Bologna. In like manner did Luther, without the knowledge of his father and friends, with a few clothes, his Plautus and Virgil under his arms, enter the Augustinian Convent at Erfurt. Arrived at the convent, Savonarola wrote an explanatory letter to his father, beseeching him to console his mother, and promising to pray fervently for both their souls. In spite of the temptation to abandon his principles, which he met with no less

in his new sphere than in the world, he preserved his threefold vow of chastity, obedience, and poverty unbroken. Poverty, especially, he regarded as a privilege. His bed was a straw sack, supported on a few boards, his clothing of the coarsest fabric, and his food simple and scanty. Contentedly he labored as instructor of the novices, until his genius shone out too brightly for his obscure office. He was sent by his superiors, in 1478, to preach the word of God in his native town, Ferrara. Four years later, we find him a Professor of Divinity in the Convent of St. Mark, in Florence, the city which was to be the theatre of his future labors.

During the Lent of this year, he received orders to preach in the Church of San Lorenzo. With what success he met, has already been shown. After leaving Florence, the monk spent three years and a half in the convents of Tuscany and Lombardy, and the ensuing four years in the convent of Brescia. It was in the latter place that he first began to indulge in revelations of the evils which threatened Italy, for which he has been so unjustly charged with imposture. This nineteenth century, of which we boast so much, is surely not the one in which sensible men can treat with ridicule every claim to communion with the world of spirits. Candid minds are not, at any rate, prepared to deny that intense mental prayer, such as Savonarola's must have been, and a concentration of the faculties on spiritual subjects, as enabling one to catch glimpses of futurity, may not form a chapter in a new, and as yet undiscovered science. Certain it is, that Savonarola's prediction of calamities were verified in more than one instance. Acting under what he considered this inward illumination, Savonarola delivered, at Brescia, a series of sermons on the Apocalypse, in which he inveighed against the sensuality of the Pope. The thinker had at length found a tongue with which to tell his thought, and he was everywhere hailed as the prophet of God.

In 1490 he was sent to Florence with his acquired reputation, and established in the convent of St. Mark, as "Master of Sciences, and instructor of the community in the ways of the Lord." From this period commences his political struggles with the faction of the Medici. Believing that his office was delegated to him by higher than human power, he refused to conform to the custom of tendering to Lorenzo the respects of his fraternity. The policy of Lorenzo prompted him to make concessions to a monk whose reputation was so rapidly increasing. After trying expostulations and bribes, he

sent to him five of the most influential citizens of Florence, under the pretext of inquiring into the well-being of the convent. The intrepid prior, in answer to their compliments, coolly laid bare their hypocrisy, by telling them that Lorenzo had sent them. "Tell him," said he, "that he, the first man in the state, will be the one to leave Florence, but that I, a poor stranger, shall remain." Although he did not preach against Lorenzo personally, he yet saw the pernicious tendencies of the splendid tyranny of the Medici, and against them he exerted his whole might. Perhaps we may rightly censure his sulkeness in repulsing Lorenzo. The sphere of his influence might have embraced even that noble tyrant, and the freedom of Florence, which Savonarola asked of him in vain on his death-bed, might have been obtained by a little courteous management. But the honest bluntness of the monk was uncompromising.

While Lorenzo lived, Savonarola spent his days tranquilly in the convent. But even here he was busy with his plans of reform. He put a stop to the cupidity of the laymen, by selling all the possessions of the monastery. His ardent nature made him love children,—and among children he projected a reform. He sought to have them educated on a holier and more comprehensive plan.

In 1491 Lorenzo died, and his death was a signal for a civic commotion, which Savonarola, and the faction he had raised up about him, had long been brewing. At this crisis came the ambitious Charles the Eighth of France, promising the regeneration of Italy. Florence and her prophet were deceived, and hailed the wily conqueror as a protector. Pietro de' Medici, the successor of Lorenzo, left his city defenceless, and went forth to delay the advance of Charles. The people, in despair, seized the opportunity to expel the Medici, and Florence was once more free, with Savonarola as her lawgiver and ruler. Once admitted into the city, Charles began to unfold his grasping projects. The councillors of the state, dismayed at the intelligence that a night had been appointed for the sacking of Florence, could not prescribe for the crisis, and Savonarola was their only hope. The mysterious friar, in his quiet cloister, was the coolest patriot. With a crucifix in his hand, he forced his way past the sentinels, and gained the presence of the king,—all armed for the spoliation of his beloved Florence. Boldly he accused that monarch of breach of faith,—fearlessly he reminded him of the King of kings. The monarch was softened to tears, and Florence was saved. Savonarola had prophesied her destruction, but strangely enough Savonarola was her preserver.

But we are exceeding our limits, and must hasten on to the last scenes in the life of this priest turned statesman. Savonarola had at length alarmed Pope Alexander by his church reforms. That monstrous sensualist sought to bribe him into silence. He offered him a cardinal's hat. From his pulpit Savonarola's noble answer came: "The only red hat I shall ever wear will be red with my own blood in martyrdom." In 1497 Savonarola sent letters to the crowned heads of Europe, advising a general council. In these letters he went so far as to declare the Pope no Christian. The Pope, in the following year, revenged himself by alienating the Signoria of Florence from Savonarola. Still the monk preached more fearlessly than ever. In 1498 the exasperated Pope published a bull, which soon brought the brave martyr to his sad fate. "This son of blasphemy is excommunicated," said the Pope,—and forthwith those who wavered between fear and hate of the reformer became his bitterest enemies. Savonarola did not despair, but his ardent nature rather rendered him more fanatical than he had before been zealous. A Franciscan friar, sent by the Pope to preach in opposition to him, finding himself unable to cope with the reformer in solid argument, proposed the fire ordeal as a test of their truth. One of Savonarola's followers, Domenico of Pescia, was found foolish enough to accept the challenge, although without Savonarola's approval. The 7th of April, 1498, was fixed upon for the trial. The populace were rejoiced at this barbarous spectacle, and the Pope expressed his thanks to Bartolommeo, the champion of the Franciscan order.

A scaffolding eight feet high has been hastily put up in the public square, and the Dominican and the Franciscan, the defender of reform and the defender of popery, each backed by an excited crowd of armed adherents, are ready for the insane ordeal. A dispute arises, on the Dominican's refusal to enter the fire without the host in his hand. Savonarola is in danger, but his stout defender, the soldier Marcuccio, draws a line with his sword upon the sand, and warns the crowd not to pass it. Three hundred well-armed soldiers are at his back, and Savonarola is safe. Providence interposes when the contest of words is the sharpest; the pile is deluged and the crowd dispersed by a drenching storm. But the fickle populace have lost all confidence in Savonarola.

That evening when the vesper-bell is sweetly calling to prayer, an infuriated mob surround the hastily closed convent of St. Mark, where the reformer is kneeling at his devotions. They are deluded

Florentines, whose mad shouts portend death to the only real friend of Florence. They have rushed into the very church, but are gallantly met by a few noble citizens, who are partisans of the reformer. Blood is shed, and the uproar of battle wakes the echoes of the silent cloister. But, heedless of his peril, before a dimly-lighted altar Savonarola is still calmly at prayer. At three o'clock in the morning, he, with two of his companions, is summoned to appear before the magistrates. He is tried for heresy, and a confession is extorted from him when tortured, which is retracted. Again he is racked; again he confesses; and again he declares that what pain wrung from him is false. The sixteen judges of inquiry sentenced him and his two companions to be hanged and burned in Florence, on the 22d of May, 1498. On the morning of that day he prayed for his two companions, and then, serene, gentle, and earnest as never before, he passed through the jeering crowd of citizens for whom, having lived, he was now to die, and ascended the pile. A bishop, stripping him of his sacerdotal robes, declares him separated from the Church *Triumphant*. "Nay," answers the yet undaunted friar, "from the Church *Militant*. From the Church *Triumphant* thou canst not separate me." As the flames lick the temples of the three martyrs, Savonarola's arm is seen extended, as if in the act of blessing the multitude for whose sake he had lived. Their hootings were, to his ears, the last sounds of earth. His ashes were gathered up and thrown into the yellow waters of the Arno, Wickliffe's into Swift Brook, John Huss's into the Rhine, and they are all mingled in the waters of the sea. The boundless sea can carry their ashes no farther than the spirit of religious and civil freedom will one day carry their doctrines.

INNOVATIONS.

"Nil Mortalibus arduum est.
Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia; neque
Per nostrum patimur scelus
Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina."

O MY fellow-men, why are we so discontented? To what end is our restless energy to lead us? Shall we never be satisfied with our attainments? It would seem as if certainly the present state of

science and of art ought to allow us to rest awhile and enjoy the good things which are before us, instead of plunging madly headlong into the locker of the future, to bring up the stores which have been reserved for a time of need. Never since grandfather Chronos dandled in one of his immense *laps* his hopeful son, the Jew-Peter (whom our Hibernian brothers call *Pater*), — not since then has the world known any period which, for novelty in things, or rashness in thinkers, can compare with the present age. It abounds in railroads, telegraphs, cod-liver oil, and mysticism, which sour the milk of human kindness, and causes the blood of men to rankle with rivalry and envy. Nothing to mortals is difficult.

And yet of what advantage to the world are all these innovations? Is mankind any better now than it was a thousand years ago? Like Paul Pry, I ask you these questions; but, like Mr. Chadband, I shall answer them myself, — than Bacchus more sober, — than the dog-star, or the letter which the beloved of Polymachæroplagides sent to Calydorus, more *serious*.

In the first place, then, the most astounding, and to me the most melancholy innovation, is that which was introduced at the close of the fifteenth century. Why, forsooth, must Columbus disturb the established order of things, and overturn theories which had been received as gospel for ages, by discovering a *new*, a savage world? Purchased at the cost of an egg and of blood, the bantling now audaciously threatens to turn parricide, and destroy the feeble power which called it into life! How sincere and heartfelt should be our sympathy with the sadness of those gray-headed scholars and divines, whose last moments were imbittered by the painful consciousness that they had lived in vain; — that their midnight oil had been wasted, their noblest thoughts and most fervent exhortations fruitlessly expended, only in their dying hours to experience the mortifying conviction that their reputed wisdom was but the deepest error! O mournful reflection! Departed martyrs, I am sorry for you! Joyous ever be your communion in Paradise, and sweet your mould on Burnham's dusty shelves! "*Hos utinam inter Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset.*"

"But these evils are notorious and confessed." The New World *is*; and, while we regret its existence, we are called upon still more to lament its morbid enthusiasm, which is calculated ere long to overwhelm it in ruin. To go no farther back than the landing of the Pilgrims, our eyes rest upon a picture which is indeed marred by

the traces of a modern brush, but yet bears the distinguishing characteristics of the work of the older artists. It possesses that soberness of design which neither awakes the passions nor excites the imagination, but rather subdues all abnormal emotion and lulls the frame of man to sleep. What quiet trust in Providence they enjoyed is manifest from their very names. The Christian-name Through-much-tribulation-we-enter-into-the-kingdom-of-Heaven does not suggest that restless spirit in the bearer which marks the men that live in these degenerate days. And their every-day occupations, too, — how peaceful and unostentatious ! Patiently they cast their lines in the troubled waters to entice the finny prey ; quietly, in the deep forests, they set the cunning snare ; and humbly, in the rich soil of the clearings, they deposited the seed, and then prayed devoutly till the harvest, free from sordid care, and from contact with the world around ; —

“ Each rules his race, his neighbor not his care.”

Alas ! how long is this blissful state to continue ? Ere twenty years have passed, a printing-press has been established among them, and into those homes which have hitherto been so quiet and peaceful there cometh a book to engross the attention and to fill the mind with a burning desire for knowledge. The brain is now to be cultivated to the neglect of the soil, and rocks acquire a greater interest than roots. The root of evil, to be sure, is still worshipped, but under the name of *rocks*, and luxuries introduce effeminacy to supplant the rugged simplicity of character which is the offspring of frugality. Still, however, their turnpikes are left them, and as they are borne by sturdy horses over the high hills, and through the quiet valleys, they can breathe the pure air of heaven ; while they demonstrate the truth of the proposition, that “ a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.”

But anon the smiling face of Nature is distorted by the violence of the surveyor, and the lone woods, that once echoed with the melodious cry of the wolf and the jackal, now reverberate with the shrill whistle of the locomotive, and the wild fox flees scared to his den. Of course the virtuous youth must go to view the wonders of the metropolis, and the seductive spider, Pleasure, there envelops them in its attractive web, and the doting hearts of the parents are broken down with remorse.

The catalogue is still incomplete : “ We seek Heaven itself in our folly, neither, by our guilt, do we suffer the Thunderer to lay aside

his wrathful bolts." The rapid lightning, Jove's celestial messenger, is forced to stoop at our bidding, and obey our imperious mandates. Never does famished wolf swallow his prey with such avidity as man devours the news which the lightning has brought from distant regions and laid at his feet, sometimes before it has happened. What a foe to the enjoyment and the improvement of the family circle is this appetite for "the latest intelligence"! Arthur and Sophronia acknowledge only Bell's Life and the Ladies' Album as their deities, and the wealthy broker, Anastasius Dives, their father, attends his matins and his vespers in — the public reading-room. The acknowledged falsity of most telegraphic despatches must necessarily tend to undermine all the foundation of truth. If we meddle with the fire of lies, our conscience will be burned; and we shall scruple not to break the bulk of those stories which we "are constantly receiving from the manufacturers," and retailing them at a *not* "small advance" to a thousand greedy customers. Why, it was but a day or two ago that we heard that Sebastopol had fallen, and our hearts offered up their most fervent prayers in behalf of the thousand widows and orphans which the events of a few hours had made. But all this time the husbands and the fathers were quietly smoking their pipes *before* Sebastopol, eagerly waiting for the day when the true rumor should renew our lamentation!

But if all the fancied *improvements* of which I have spoken are in reality so hurtful in their nature, what shall I say of the Harvard Magazine, which is but another herald of the fearful dawn of an American Literature?

Our fickle race has changed its mind
And now to write seems most inclined,

as Horace has it; and pages are to be covered with precious ink to show the incredulous world that we have brains. But let us hope, if this enterprise is to be successful, that the ideas which are herein expressed may have the sanctioned dignity of age, and that no new jokes may intrude themselves into the Editor's Table, to distend our sides and burst asunder our vestments with unwilling laughter. If such a course is pursued, the Magazine may perhaps survive, and will certainly obtain the unqualified approval of one who is not ashamed to be called a

FAUTOR VETERUM.

THE AUTUMN WOODS.

Now gone is the sultry Summer, and the gorgeous Autumn 's here,
 When the days are warm and sunny, and the nights are long and clear;
 When the forests doff their garments of pale and faded green,
 And put on imperial jewels, all of gold and purple sheen;
 Then, arrayed like youthful monarchs, in their gorgeous robes of state,
 They seem like nature's princes, while, with hearts and souls elate,
 As they play with sporting breezes, they merrily shout and sing,
 Till the winds and woods in chorus make the busy echoes ring.
 For past is the dust of summer, and past the scorching heat;
 And still they fear not Winter, for he comes with tardy feet.
 And over the earth around us, and up to the heaven above,
 Naught is heard but joyous music, naught is seen but life and love.
 Above us sings the skylark, from the meadows pipe the quails,
 And from off the muffled barn-floor comes the sound of falling flails.
 Growing mellow in the distance is heard the harvest horn,
 As it calls the busy reapers to cut the tasselled corn;
 And when the crested army is laid by the sickle low,
 Through the sunset haze of Autumn, towards home in bands they go.
 And loud through the golden starlight, and everywhere we roam,
 With the sound of mirth and dancing is heard the Harvest Home.
 But November gales are chilly, and November fields are bare;
 And the brown leaves of the forest whistle through the frosty air.
 Since the lark and his companions to summer lands have flown,
 On the leafless branch the robin sings his matin song alone.
 Then the trees throw down their garlands, and they bow their naked heads,
 As the exiled Autumn sadly through their mournful arches treads:
 Bringing death and icy fetters, now the conquering Winter comes,
 With the clarion wind's loud dirges, and the forest's muffled drums.

FIRMILIAN.

Firmilian. A "Spasmodic" Tragedy. By T. PERCY JONES. New York: Redfield. 1854.

PHÆBUS APOLLO was requested by Lord Byron, some fifty years back, to mark the incongruity between the name of Amos Cottle and the idea of poetic fame. We hope Phæbus managed to recover from the jar which struck discordant on his delicate ear, upon the introduction of that unsuccessful aspirant to a piece of the laurel.

For since that time the inharmonious Bigg, and the equally unmusical Smith, have put on singing robes, and have been proclaimed by oracles of some reputation to be undoubted favorites of the God of Song. Bigg, we are grieved to say, is not of our acquaintance; but Smith, Alexander Smith, has been flattered by our perusal, and honored with our praise.

These gentlemen, together with "Festus" Bailey, the more aristocratic Sidney Yendys, Gerald Massey perhaps, and many other recent poets, — with regard to whom the curious may consult easily-dazzled Gilfillan's pages to advantage, — have followed more or less in the wake of Keats, in respect to their disregard for old canons of style; and, as to other yet more modern poetical eccentricities, appear ambitious to outshine their legitimate parent, Tennyson.

Against all these poets and rhymers the author of "Firmilian" draws his sparkling rapier, and proceeds to tilt, in a rage with everything novel but slang, and disgusted at all freedom of expression but scurrility. Under the heroically commonplace title of T. Percy Jones, Professor Aytoun comes forth as the champion of old-fashioned poetics, using as his most effective weapon a satirical burlesque of the new-fangled affectations which offend him. Blackwood's Magazine, in which he takes the place of Professor Wilson, has always been the strong citadel of Tory literature; and it is not surprising that the old fortress, which has fired so many heavy shots upon every political reform, should also discharge a few lighter volleys at each innovation in poetry. The "Tragedy" originated from a quizzing article in the Magazine, which followed shortly after another article, in which Smith's poetry was half bantered, half "damned with faint praise."

Before this late reappearance as poetical harlequin, Professor Aytoun had amused the world with laughable imitations and parodies of most of the distinguished poets of this century. For the present generation, "Bon Gaultier's Ballads" is the most comical book in the world. The savor of the "Anti-Jacobin's" salt has pretty much evaporated through age. "Rejected Addresses," to be sure, contain some excellent bits of fun which continue to amuse, such as the imitation of Crabbe, and that of Scott, in which Marmion lives again in Higginbottom. So, too, the taking off of Washington Irving in "Warreniana," and one or two other capital hits in that delectable performance.

But "Bon Gaultier" overflows with fun, with cleverness, wit, and

playfulness. Of his witty ballads, perhaps "The Queen in France," after the manner of "the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens," is the best and most unexceptionable; but it is not very easy to draw comparisons between them, one grins so pleasantly over all. His imitation of Moore is better than many a song of Tom's own. It is only when he takes Tennyson in hand that the joke flags, and the slang is too thick for the wit. That charming master of verse and feeling gives no secure hold to a jester; and a parodist can hardly be facetious at his expense, without also being vulgar. No one who has read Tennyson's beautiful "May Queen," can review without disgust the parody of it in the "Ballads," which ends with the pathetic prayer,

"Draw me a pot of beer, mother, and, mother, draw it mild!"

A like dismal revulsion of feeling is produced by a second reading of the "Lay of the Lovelorn," which parodies "Locksley Hall," clever as it is, and full of fun. There is a certain touching grace, you see, and dignified tenderness, a picturesqueness and a power, which it is revolting to ridicule; simply to borrow the melody and rhythm to which these first lent a charm, seems a sort of desecration. To steal them for the purpose of raising a laugh, and that, too, at the expense of the beauties they originally clothed, is an act of rhyming Vandalism we are loath to forgive.

We have dwelt so long on these *jeux d'esprit* of Professor Aytoun's, in order to point out, before noticing the more pretentious work before us, that this witty critic is prone to sacrifice respect for the works of true genius for the sake of sport, and would rather laugh with brilliant flippancy, than admire with hearty appreciation. We shall thus be the less surprised to find him, when he assumes the office of censor and satirist, still carry his jest too far.

"Firmilian," while it may be regarded as a flagellation of the whole tribe of recent English poets, not to speak it profanely, is more particularly directed against the "Life Drama" and other poems of Alexander Smith. That impetuous poet, in the very spring of life, has given us a book full of the evidences of his possessing a vivid imagination, great command of forcible and picturesque language, and, on the whole, the noblest aspirations, with a true poetical genius. Scattered among the vigorous thoughts and beautiful sentiments which stud his volume are the too florid utterances of fervid raptures, the occasional bathos of morbid scorn. These are the nat-

ural ebullitions of a passionate nature in its impatient youth. We should not deal too hardly with them. Such beings we cannot expect to give vent to their feelings of disappointment or disgust in the guarded language of the philosopher or the man of the world; nor to repress their chiefest wishes and delights frigidly as who should say, I have quite a preference for beauty, for goodness and greatness. To say to them, Keep cool, is as easy as it is to bid a dream-tost fever-patient sleep tranquilly, and is no more sensible, no less uncharitable.

Mr. Smith, burning with the desire to set forth, just as they were, his bright fancies, his high hopes, — with which contrasts so unfavorably the actual state of things, — assumed the privilege never yet refused to youthful genius, of giving them expression. He did not, after feeling this powerful impulse, next sit down to a long brown study of a systematic plot and logical connection for his teeming fancies, his strong emotions. He did as he could; a new poet, he struck off at a heat, without the scientific arrangement of a practised hand, in metaphors mixed, admirable and indifferent, his glowing sentiments, all that had busied his brain and delighted his heart so many years. In a word, — and Professor Aytoun grins sardonically at the weakness, — he was no stately Jove from whose head a Minerva could step forth at once complete in every point. Yet, on the other hand, neither was a “*ridiculus mus*” the offspring of his poetical labor; which it had much better have been than the detestable abortion we should infer it to be, if we had no more trustworthy source of information than this satire.

The hero of the “Tragedy,” Mr. T. Percy Jones, alias Firmilian, who burlesques the intense and earnest characters that find favor in the new poetry, is engaged upon a drama in which Cain is to be the principal figure, the Manfred, as it were, the Faust or Walter. In order to adequately portray the sublime horrors which agitated that eminent original of villains, the poet can think of nothing better than to commit a series of atrocities which may bring the luxury of remorse, the adder of a guilty conscience, powerfully home to his own bosom. He persuades himself that “the voice of universal Pan booms in his ear, Be great in guilt.” Pan also suggests that he be grandly selfish, monstrously servile to every appetite. To do this, he resolves first of all to

“Ope the lattice of some mortal cage,
And let the soul go free!”

On this purpose of ghastly liberality the whole action hinges, only quite a number of "lattices" are oped.

He commences operations by poisoning, with accompaniments *à la* Lucrezia Borgia, several dear friends and fellow-students at Badajoz. He had previously provoked their ire by his praises of a certain poet, who can only gratify his intense amorousness by centring his affections on a lady of the deepest color and the vastest lips. This is a very palpable hit at Smith's page, "the cub of Ind" and "dazzling panther of the smoking hills." Still the stimulus of these murders does not excite strong enough throes of mental torture; the student of Cain must seek sharper mustard. Blowing up a cathedral, clergy, congregation, and all, fails also in bringing the vulture sorrow he desires to gnaw his heart. No better success results from his toppling an intimate, accommodating friend and poet, Haverillo, from an ancient pillar which he had appointed as their rendezvous. He also, and to no better purpose, artfully contrives to have a Theological Graduate burnt at the stake for his own Guy over the cathedral.

We may here remark on one capital feature of these bloody doings. Apollodorus — who stands for the stupid, fulsome panegyrist of all comers, Gilfillan, a writer of criticisms whose matter is mostly trash, in a style of volcanic turgidity — has come in the neighborhood of the old sacred column. A costermonger comes along singing, whom he mistakes for a bran new poet of the first water; but is interrupted in his eulogiums by that practical individual's pertinent entreaty to buy a few leeks or cabbages. The critic chides his newly found bard for stooping to a huckster's miserable occupation; Sancho hints at a thrashing, and again proffers his radishes; bids Apollodorus take a journey to fiery realms and freely agitate his person; then takes himself off. Our disappointed Dark-lantern to obscure poetasters then goes nearer the lofty pillar; invokes Pythian Apollo to hasten the advent of "the coming poet," and is disastrously answered by receiving on his crushed cranium the body of Haverillo, whom Firmilian has just pitched over. This stroke, or fall, of poetical justice, we trust, will serve the purpose of Gilfillan's life-long interdiction from the use of writing materials.

A little farther on, however, Jones goes out of his way to stamp as pinchbeck the true gold of no less a person than Mr. Carlyle, whom he represents to have been brought to the stake for a rabid heretic, in company with the unfortunate Graduate. We have not room for the passage which contains the impudent, impotent witti-

cisms of which the author makes Mr. Carlyle the butt. Percy, Percy, much facetiousness has made thee mad! To deftly wrest from "Past and Present" a dozen words which have each, in their connection, compacted in them more meaning than Professor Aytoun is likely to give us in as many sentences, is the thinnest of jokes; and labelling the expressions "hideous jargon," does not help his stupid case in the least.

We left Firmilian still unsatisfied. His heavy tragedy business is now over. "Alas!" he says, "Alas! I fear I have mistaken my bent!" He confesses he is not equal to such "tremendous cadences" as will "rack creation." The black art he objects to, because Bugaboo no longer frightens the babies even; and the Holy Inquisition has a keen scent for sorcery. That institution has already got wind of some former diabolical dealings of his, through his secretary's vinous treachery, and the confessions of a racked Israelite who had traded away the instruments of darkness. He resolves, then, as the only course left for so mighty a spirit, to become a transcendent worshipper of Eros, to steep himself in sensuality, — in short, to out-Brigham the high-priest of the Mormons.

In the next scene he brings together Mariana, his betrothed, Lillian, a clandestine flame, and Indiana, the Nubian damsel before hinted at. These three he proposes to wear as one posy in his large-breasted waistcoat.

It is in this scene, particularly, that any just satire is brought to bear on Alexander Smith, for the too warm coloring he occasionally indulges in, and the extra-poetical lusciousness of some of his expressions, besides his general straining of language and metaphor. That poet too often and too violently offends good taste by his everlasting allusions to Leander and Mark Anthony, both doubtful characters; by his eternal similitudes in which the shipping of all nations is made to sail in all possible directions; by the ceaseless pelting, pattering, or storming of the rain down his pages; and, above all, by his constant dragging of sun, moon, and stars out of their orbits to shine in his, so that several new heavenly systems will be required to fill the void he and his imitators have created.

Whatever satire aims to correct such faults, such aberrations as these, is well put, and deserves popularity; and nearly all these Aytoun hits off with felicity.

Little more remains to say of Firmilian. The fairer maidens scout his preposterous offer, and threaten revenge. He turns his

heel on the dusky Exotic who, in her terror and helplessness, still would cling to him. The officers of the Inquisition are after him, and he takes to flight. On a dreary moor, of a murky night, he wanders tentatively. *Ignes Fatui* flicker in chorus around the baffled wretch; they chant his misdeeds in the vernacular; they excite in him the long-wished for horror, and finally mislead him into a quarry, wherein he himself had once before caused a blind mendicant to stumble. Then falls the curtain.

The piece has higher pretensions than mere burlesque or extravagant caricature; it is thought to be a very clever satire on what the author chooses to call the "spasmodic" school of poets. Some of the exceptions to be taken to his satire, if such it be, we have already intimated. He certainly does caricature, exaggerate terribly, the faults of the poet who chiefly bears the brunt of his biting pleasantry. Anybody, satirist, parodist, or the dull and sober critic, might with consummate propriety correct with sharpness or ridicule the abuses of language, and the too rich tinting, for which Mr. Smith and kindred poets are censurable. These faults of style and imagination are always fair game.

But as to intensity of feeling, earnestness, or, as Aytoun's banter has it, spasms, a second reading of Smith's poems, the principal alleged culprit, fails to satisfy us that he is fairly charged with unnatural violence or absurdity. Yet to deride such alleged violence and absurdity is the object of "Firmilian."

We cannot have too much of an intensity which shows itself in such lines as these:—

"I will go forth 'mong men, not iled in scorn,
But in the armor of a pure intent.
Great duties are before me and great songs,
And whether crowned or crownless when I fall,
It matters not, so as God's work is done."

Walter, the hero of the "Life Drama," would be "brave and strong through all his wrestling years," and with giant will subdue thee, O world, to what end? That he may

"Fill thy forlo h art
With pure and happy thoughts, as summer woods
Are full of singing birds."

Who does not wish him success in his generous, his noble wrestling? Who does not wish the darling stripling may acquire a giant's

strength, and settle things to suit his pure and exalted fancy? Everybody but the author of "Firmilian." That magnanimous wit says it is all ground and lofty tumbling, which it is a ruinous shilling we pay to look upon. He could turn you prettier summer-sets himself.

There are as many such beautiful and noble sentiments in Smith's book, as there are ships on the much-sounding shore of his many canvassed sea. It is worse than trifling, to throw contempt on such a poet, never mind how discursive his fancy, how far-fetched. If all this goes to make up a farrago of nonsense, ridiculous, convulsive trash, what is it our sardonic critic will not sneer at? Perhaps it is, after all, an agreeable stagnation to which he would have the "spasms" of our new poets give place. For every earnest thing is folly, folly that must be cauterized; and we are left to conclude this, as much as anything else, that only such sublimities as punch, pickles, stocks, Blackwood's Magazine, and pertness are beyond the pale of the ludicrous.

The inference we draw from "Firmilian" is, that whoever wrote what it pretends to satirize must have been a regular lunatic. The joker grants he may have genius; but, and he shrugs his shoulders, the man is crazy. The asperity of the satire is too decided to pass for mere whim or caprice. The candid reader of this satire, who has also read what it ridicules, if he will draw a serious breath after each laugh he has over "Firmilian," must blush for his own unfairness as he smiles at Aytoun's flippancy; while the critic, as he acknowledges the smartness, must condemn the severity, of the attack, and protest against the indignity it offers to what is so much nobler than itself.

FROM FAUST.

O happy he, whom He* in battle's splendor
About the brows with bloody laurel bindeth!
Whom He in Love's embrace so tender
After the swift dance findeth!

* Death.

NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

At the present high price of paper, it is hard to see why this book was ever published; — not that it contains anything objectionable, for it has so few salient points that criticism, whether favorable or otherwise, will hardly stick to it. Dr. Parsons has been known to a few through his translation of ten cantos of Dante's *Inferno*, and his contributions to the periodicals; he came into general notice at the recent opening of the Boston Theatre, as the author of a very indifferent Prize Address. We know of no better method he could have taken to make himself speedily forgotten, than the publication of these "*Poems*." Here are nearly two hundred pages of verse, — nearly fifty separate pieces, — and all of them are not worth a single gem of Bryant's, — a single couplet of Holmes's, — a single line of Emerson's. Posterity will willingly let them die, every one of them. It is true, many of them are smooth in versification, not devoid of thought, nor of a certain elevation of style. But bless your soul, Doctor, —

"Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day."

When everybody writes poetry, it must be something more than tolerable to merit preservation.

Yet there are poems here which please us, — and which would deserve to live as fugitive pieces in the corners of newspapers. Such are the "*Lines on a Bust of Dante*," — the "*Song for September*," — and "*Francesca da Rimini*." But they are unworthy the costly embalming of a volume. Let Dr. Parsons do better before he comes out with another book, — if, indeed, he can find any publisher bold enough to encourage him to do so.

Life and Character of the Rev. Sylvester Judd. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

THERE is no species of literature more charming than biography, and none which is so difficult to write well. This book is not an instance of success, nor yet of decided failure. It gives us a large collection of materials for a life of Mr. Judd, but they are ill arranged. The man himself is much less widely known than he deserves to be, for he has written some of the most original of American books. He was the author of "*Margaret*," —

"The first Yankee book

With the *soul* of Down East in 't, and things farther east,

As far as the threshold of morning, at least,"

as Lowell says, — truly a wonderful book. He also wrote "*Richard Ed-*

ney," "Philo," and many sermons which have been published since his death. We learn from this "Life," that he left in manuscript an unfinished poem also, which we hope will be published as it is. Mr. Judd was born in Massachusetts, but passed the active years of his life at Augusta, in Maine, where he officiated as clergyman in the Unitarian Church, and where he died in 1853, at the age of forty. This book gives a good picture of his early struggles, his ministerial labors, and his beautiful domestic life and Christian character. We mean to speak more at length of him and his works in a subsequent number; for we regard him as surpassing in freshness and humor all American writers. We believe the day will come when critics will not dare to censure the pictures of Page, and when "Margaret" will be a classic in American literature.

The typography of this "Life" is delightful to the eye, and highly creditable to its enterprising publishers.

Walden; or, Life in the Woods. By H. D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

ALTHOUGH this is a book some three months old, we cannot forbear to mention it in our list of new publications, so much are we pleased with it. The author is a Concord man, a friend of Mr. Emerson's, whom some people accuse him of copying. But Mr. Thoreau is evidently a man of much originality, as this book, and his former one, — "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac," — amply show. We shall notice the books and their author at greater length in a future number. We hope soon to announce the publication of a book by Mr. Emerson, — his long-expected work on England. Perhaps we may be able to speak of that also in our next.

Lyteria. A Dramatic Poem. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

WE have read this little volume with much more pleasure than either its merits as a poem, or its dramatic power, would warrant. Strictly speaking, it is not *dramatic* at all, — there is very little distinction between the persons of the story, — they all talk much alike. Neither is the verse anything above mediocrity; the charm of the poem consists in the beauty of the thought which runs through it, and its elevated morality. The old legend of Curtius wins a new interest when presented in this changed form. It is Lyteria, the bride of Curtius, who with noble heroism declares to him the great duty of his life, — to die for his country. The idea is a fine one, and the whole spirit of the book is worthy of the family to which the young author belongs, — a family famous through many generations for its devotion to principle, and its generous philanthropy; whose name, too, — the

honored one of QUINCY, — is endeared to Harvard by so many pleasant recollections.

Poems and Ballads. By GERALD MASSEY. Boston : Phillips, Sampson, & Co.

THIS is a neat reprint, from the last London edition, of the poems of a young writer who has lately attracted considerable attention, partly, no doubt, from his personal history, but chiefly from the real merits of the poems themselves. They are rough, some of them uncouth, — abounding in forced constructions and words used out of their proper meaning ; yet there is a strength and a glow about them which carry the reader away in spite of himself. They impress one in the strongest manner with the earnestness of the man, while they show at almost every line his struggles against the adversities of fortune and position. Gerald Massey is the son of a canal boatman, and the history of his poverty and his enthusiasm is almost a realization of Mr. Kingsley's Alton Locke, "tailor and poet." "Having had to earn my own dear bread," he says in his manly preface, "by the eternal cheapening of flesh and blood thus early, I never knew what childhood meant. I had no childhood. Ever since I can remember, I have had the aching fear of want throbbing heart and brow. The currents of my life were early poisoned, and few, methinks, would pass unscathed through the scenes and circumstances in which I have lived ; none, if they were as curious and precocious as I was." Some of the critics, he says, have called him poet, but he does not venture to assume the name yet. Poet or not, he has written a very remarkable book, both considered in itself and looking at the source from which it came.

Ida May. A Story of Things Actual and Possible. Boston : Phillips, Sampson, & Co.

WE have heard this novel compared with "Uncle Tom" ; but we think the unknown authoress herself would not aspire to such a comparison. Still, it is a book of much power of description, humor, and pathos. We judge of the latter quality by its effect on our own eyes, which *would* grow moist over it. The plot is not borrowed, and the treatment shows talent of a respectable order, if not genius. We have the promise of a fuller review of it, by a competent hand, in our next number.

EDITORS' TABLE.

We print below the Order of Performances at the late Fall Exhibition, Oct. 17th. The Versions and Dialogues were delivered by Juniors; the other parts by Seniors.

1. A Latin Oration. De Artium Ingenuarum Studio apud Romanos. James Reed, Boston.

2. A Greek Version.* From Sumner's True Grandeur of Nations. Washington Hill Merritt, Warren.

3. A Disquisition. The Last Census. Charles Augustus Gregory, Cambridge.

4. An English Version. From Lamartine's History of the Girondists. Richard Harding Weld, West Roxbury.

5. A Disquisition. Geological Ages. Edwin Hale Abbot, Boston.
Music (by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club).

6. A Disquisition. Royal Poets. Henry Walker, Quincy.

7. A Latin Dialogue. From Sheridan's Critic. Sir Fretful Plagiary and Sneer. Jonathan Chapman, Milton; Thomas Kinnicutt, Worcester.

8. A Disquisition. The Character of Jacques in As You Like It. Charles Frederic Sanger, Brooklyn, N. Y.

9. An English Oration. The Great Prince of Orange. Charles Ammi Cutler, Cambridge.

Music.

10. A Dissertation. John Knox preaching before Mary Queen of Scots. George Carleton Sawyer, Salem.

11. An English Version. From Lamartine's History of the Restoration. Daniel Angell Gleason, Worcester.

12. A Latin Version.* Conclusion of Grattan's Speech on Parliamentary Reform. Jeremiah Smith, Lee, N. H.

13. A Dissertation. Te Deum. Joseph Converse Heywood, Washington, D. C.

Music.

14. A Greek Dialogue. From Molière's Malade Imaginaire. Edward Swift Dunster, Providence, R. I.; James Bradstreet Greenough, Cambridge.

15. An English Version.* From Plato's Apology for Socrates. James McCartney Cassety, Dunkirk, N. Y.

16. A Latin Version. From Webster's Argument in the Trial of Knapp. Bennett Hubbard Nash, Boston.

17. A Dissertation. Tacitus's Analysis of the Character of Germanicus. Charles Augustus Chase, Worcester.

Music.

18. A Dissertation. Schamyl, the Prophet Warrior of the Caucasus. Joseph Cushing, Baltimore, Md.

19. An English Version. Manzoni's Cinque Maggio. Frank Philip Nash, Boston.

20. A Greek Version. From Grattan's Reply to Corry. David Pulsifer Kimball, Boston.

21. A Dissertation.* Pulpit Eloquence of the French. Langdon Erving, New York, N. Y.

Music.

22. An English Oration. The Use and Abuse of Satire. Francis Channing Barlow, Cambridge.

Those parts marked * were not spoken. It is unnecessary for us to offer any criticism upon the Exhibition. It is generally allowed to have been as good as most of its predecessors. The parts were well committed, and their delivery was free from that continual *air-sawing* which is often considered the mark of eloquence.

THE DRAMA. Boston, at last, can boast of a first-rate Theatre; one which, for elegance and character, may rival the most famous in the Old World. There are still a good many who are disposed to question the good influence which dramatic representations exert; but these, for the most part, do not judge from such examples as this. It is not the true, but the illegitimate, drama which corrupts.

"There's naught so good, but, strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse."

The manager, on the opening night, assured us that "No obscene trash shall desecrate this stage," a promise which he has thus far faithfully kept. Though his stock-company consists of the choicest selections from the theatres of England and of this country, he spares no pains to give us the most brilliant stars. Julia Dean delighted the audiences for two or three weeks; and now Forrest is interpreting the tragedies of Shakespeare in a masterly style.

The building itself is charming; for while the eye feasts upon the harmony of its proportions, and its beautiful decorations, the excellent ventilation and comfortable arm-chairs furnish a luxurious ease and freedom from languor to the spectator. Some, indeed, who frequent such places to look at each other and to be looked at in return, object to the dark color of the walls, which absorbs too much of the light. But as this very fact makes the view of the stage much better, we should be unwilling to see the walls dressed in any brighter hue. The theatre, with its fine acting and its unrivalled management, is now a fixed fact, and we hope it may receive a liberal patronage at the hands of the intelligence and good taste for the gratification of which it was erected.

MOST of our readers have doubtless seen the "Medusa" and "Daphne" of Miss Hosmer, — two marble busts which have been on exhibition at Cotton's for some weeks past. Miss Hosmer is a young lady who sailed for Italy nearly two years ago, to study Sculpture there, which she has been doing, under the direction of Gibson, an English sculptor. These are the first works she has sent home, — and they are much better than her "Hesper," which we saw at Cotton's two years ago, though that had many fine points. But we are somewhat disappointed in these, especially in the Medusa. We do not complain that Miss Hosmer has taken a new conception of Medusa, — for an artist has a right to change these myths to suit his fancy, — but we think she has failed to produce any considerable effect. There is little which strikes us in the head of Medusa, — we could never guess her story from this bust. If it express pain, horror, or remorse, it does so feebly. The carving is light and graceful, — more so than that of the Daphne, — but the head lacks power; — it does not impress us as a work of genius.

Daphne pleases us much better. Here the artist has attempted less, and so has succeeded better. The face is that of a girl just passing into womanhood; the whole expression of the features, and the position of the head, declare the soul of a maiden who has come to the "parting of the ways." She has not the look of one who flees from Love, but she seems rather to meditate what Love is, — this restless stranger so lately come to her. There is a vague, perturbed look in the downcast eyes, which makes us think of that line quoted by Shelly from some Greek poet, —

"Coming to many ways in the windings of perilous thought."

Daphne is less carefully finished than Medusa, and has some faults of proportion, manifest to so poor an eye as our own. But in spite of their short-comings, the busts are well worth seeing, and studying, and we shall wait with hopeful expectation for Miss Hosmer's next work.

TO UNDERGRADUATES.

As the Editors' Address is somewhat general in its character, we wish here to address ourselves more particularly to our brother students. And first, as to contributions to our pages. We invite all Undergraduates to send us articles for publication, on any subject they choose to treat; and we promise them an impartial judgment so far as we can give it, reserving to ourselves the right of rejecting any article we think unfit for the press. All papers will be published anonymously, unless the writer chooses to sign his name; but the Editors will deem it a sufficient reason for rejecting an article, that we do not know the author's name, since we must know who is responsible for what we print. We hope to receive a good supply of papers on all subjects, — and would especially solicit carefully written scientific articles.

Our Magazine is started with no intention of using its pages to "squib" the College Government, and we shall avoid all personalities of every kind.

We intend to publish about the first of every month. Each number will contain forty-eight pages; and if we meet with good support, we shall increase the number.

We hope you will one and all take such an interest in this nursing of yours, as to support it handsomely. We have the promise of valuable articles from many of the best writers in College, and have no doubt we shall receive others, equally valuable, from sources now unknown to us. We ask you all, therefore, to give us your encouragement, your articles, and — your subscriptions. Our Magazine will be issued by Mr. John Bartlett, who takes upon himself the duties of its publication. He will see that subscribers receive their copies regularly, — and all business communications may be addressed to him.



THE

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THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. I

JANUARY, 1855.

No. 2.

POETRY.

"The true work of Art is but a shadow of the Divine perfection."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

"Spät erklingt was früh erklang,
Glück und Unglück wird Gesang." — GOETHE.

HOWEVER trivial the subject of this essay may seem to the mass of men who are past the spring-time of life, I shall not need to ask pardon for bringing it to the attention of those who, like myself, are still young. For where is the youth who has not in some form an admiration of poetry? What boy possessed of the secret of Cadmus does not, at some time or other, write verses? Especially here, where so much attention is professedly given to poetry,—where every class has its poet *par excellence*, and its half-dozen smaller bards, his rivals and competitors,—here, if anywhere, the name of Poetry ought to command audience and respect.

Nor need I make any excuse to myself for this choice of a topic. Rather should I feel like one who gives what recompense he can to some dear friend, for favors long bestowed, and debts he can never hope to repay. For how can one who truly loves and enjoys the beauty which poets create for him ever sufficiently express his indebtedness to them? From those early days when our childish ears were charmed with the melody of some song or simple rhyme, till we attain to a comprehension of the sublimest flights of poetry,

our delight in it is constantly growing higher and sweeter. The youth, shy and lonely, whose friends are few, whose life is secluded and shut within itself, finds in the poets who do not disdain to visit his hermitage friends, teachers, and ungrudging benefactors. I have sometimes thought the fable of Aladdin only the Oriental way of describing the wealth which acquaintance with books brings to the imaginative boy. To how many of us have Homer and Æschylus, Shakespeare and Tasso, Milton, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and their brother genii, been slaves of the lamp and hurried to do us their service! For us they have built costly palaces, on whose walls they paint the sunset, and the sunrise, and the silvery pageant of the moon; they have made us enchanted gardens, fresh with fountains, and bedecked with all the flowers, and musical amid their blooming walks and stately forest aisles with the untired singing of birds. Nay, they have even given us some beautiful princess for our bride, adorned with all the charms that the glamour of love can bestow. Fortunate for us if all this splendor does not vanish away in a night, leaving us blank and desolate; or if we nourish no fatal desire for the forbidden roc's egg, and so lose wealth and lamp and all.

But enough of preface. Let me proceed to consider the nature and origin of poetry; its present condition, and its hopes for the future.

Mr. Donaldson, an eminent English scholar, says in a discussion of the philosophy of language: "As the want of writing materials necessitates the adoption of metre, the first composition in every language is poetry. Had the invention of writing and printing been coeval with the first beginnings of language, we should certainly never have had an epic poem, — perhaps never a line of poetry in the world."* He means, I suppose, that the necessity of composing in some form which would readily commend itself to the memory led to the use of metre and rhythm. But I can no more believe that poetry owed its existence to the ignorance of men, than that eloquence owes its origin to the peculiar shape of the Athenian Bema, the pulpit of Demosthenes. The true reason for metrical composition is far different. It is found in a certain harmony between our thoughts and the words in which we express them, so that even the verbal form in which a thought appears may add greatly to the pleasure with which the mind apprehends that thought.

* New Cratylus, p. 53.

But poetry is to be for ever distinguished and discriminated from mere versifying; a point which Mr. Donaldson does not seem to have kept sufficiently in view. When we speak of this or that person as a *poet*, we do not mean simply to refer to his power of making verses, for one may be a poet who never wrote a line in his life; but we use the word to denote a certain elevation and subtilty of thought, by which the soul, as it were, approaches nearer to nature, and so gives to other souls a truer transcript of what this wondrous play of life unfolds to us, than common spectators could get for themselves. Thus, as he seems to create what he only translates out of the unperceived wealth of Providence, the poet among the ancients got the name of *Maker* (*ποιητής*), and, again, that of *Sayer* (*Vates*), because he uttered clearly what had before been but a dim thought in the minds of men.

A few great poets have blessed and ennobled the world since the commencement of our historic period, — that small arc of the world's complete history. Such are Homer, Æschylus, Dante, Shakespeare, and others; their names are familiar to us all. There have been many more, who, though not worthy to be ranked with those master-singers, have yet fairly earned the poet's immortal name. But of the greatest poets, none have come nearer our own time than Shakespeare; and though there have been great poets since his time, (Milton and Wordsworth in England, and Goethe and Schiller in Germany,) these also are of a past age, and the present time can show no names to equal them. It is true that poets of much genius are still living; such are Tennyson, the Brownings, and a few more. In general, however, the character of modern poetry is that of a respectable but tiresome mediocrity; and this is true of England, of Germany, and of America.

Yet every day, while it brings to our ears some complaint of the inferiority of living poets, suggests also the hope of something better. Let us consider more definitely what constitutes rare poetical genius, and in what way our age will probably be enriched by the labors of a genuine bard.

In the first place, we must not take the word "labors," which I have just used, in too literal and mechanical a sense. It is not by skilful verse-making, or the most careful attending to the rules of art, that men win for themselves great fame as poets. It is more than ever necessary, in this materializing age, and especially among a nation of materialists like our own, that we recognize the vital worth of *inspiration*. All high excellence in art, in eloquence, and

most of all in poetry, is the inspiration of God, more or less direct as the work done is more or less perfect.

*"Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo."**

He who seeks for a less noble motive than this, is guilty of a profanation of his powers, a debasing of the divinity within him. Before we can attain to greatness in anything, we must first be lifted out of ourselves by an enthusiasm which transfuses us, and for the moment annihilates self. — We must feel within us that fine madness of which Plato says in the *Phædrus*, "The greatest blessings we have spring from madness, when granted by divine bounty." † Thus says Socrates, speaking in the words of Stesichorus, son of Euphemus, of Himera. Exactly in proportion as men have disbelieved in the possibility of such inspiration, have their works lost value. By whom have the master-pieces in poetry, in painting, in sculpture, in architecture, been wrought? Has it not been by men like Phidias, Dante, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Erwin of Steinbach, Milton, — men who earnestly believed that through them the Divine mind was pleased to accomplish itself?

"The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned."

But the world is full of the mischief and discomfiture wrought by those who have sought for the inspiration of their labors only in some paltry self-interest, or the attainment of a temporary end. They may reach a certain elevation, and even be crowned for some short time with what the world calls fame; but the final judgments of time are just, and no reputation endures long which is built on the sandy foundation of common ambition. Of the men of this kind who attempt success in poetry, hear Plato again: "He who, without the madness of the Muses, approaches the gates of poesy under the persuasion that by means of art he can become an efficient poet, both himself fails in his purpose, and his poetry, being that of a sane man, is thrown into the shade by the poetry of such as are mad." ‡ A severe but just sentence, worthy to be reflected on by such as dignify themselves with the name of poets, without one spark of that fire which the true bard feels glowing in his heart.

* The words of Elihu in Job are almost a literal translation of this Latin verse. "But there is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." Job xxii. 8.

† *Phædrus*, 47.

‡ *Phædrus*, 49.

But it is said the time for such inspiration as I speak of is past; the age of great poets is gone for ever. Alas for us if we listen to this profane saying, and cease to expect the coming of the noble bard! Has the world grown so dull, so tame, so void of interest, as to afford no material for the poet? or have we become so gross and earthy, that no poet can spring up among us? God forbid that either the one or the other should be true! and they are *not* true. When was life ever so full of the stir of great passions, the conflict of great principles, as now? When was the mind of man ever so active? When was his power over nature ever so grandly displayed? Our commonest acts are full of the strangest romance. I ride from Cambridge to Boston, drawn by a steed more marvellous than the flying horse in the Arabian tale. No imprisoned genie ever wrought for his master (even though he were Sultan Solomon) half the wonders that the blind Spirit of Steam works for the cotton-weavers of Lowell.

Look at the achievements of the present time. Are the half barbarous knights, whose life was wholly given to war and savage pleasure, worthy to have their deeds recorded in undying verse, and shall the modern knight-errantry of science, the great crusades of commerce, and the matchless conquests of civilization be left unsung? Can we see nothing inspiring in the earth-shaking revolutions of nations; the steady progress of freedom; the increasing heroism of man? Has our social life become all a dusty path of custom, along which no flowers of poesy can blossom? Nay, even if this were so, has Nature also deserted us? Are the stars grown dim? Is the sun less godlike? Are the fields less fair, the flowers withered, the rivers dumb, the mountains dwindled, the skies faded? Is eternity less sublime, death less pathetic and solemn, God more commonplace? Such ideas are monstrous or ridiculous. No;—

“The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in *ourselves*, that we are underlings.”

When He appears whom God shall at length send to touch our daily life with the poet's magic wand, we shall be astonished at our old blindness. We shall see all things transformed. As our own wisest poet says, “We shall sit in an aurora of sunrise, which will put out all the stars.” How new, how strange, how delightful, will then seem what we now look at with the leaden eyes of habit! Think of it; to have a Homer, a Shakespeare among us! We are incredulous of such a fancy. And yet the world *shall* see a greater than

Shakespeare, or Dante, or David. The love of the Beautiful is immortal; the spirit of Poetry is immortal; for what owes its life to a need of the human soul will never perish so long as that soul exists.

For myself, I look for the dawning of a new era in poetry with a longing that cannot be uttered, and a hope that will not be quenched. I search in the faces of young men for the bright signs of that divine gift, which I know will some day be bestowed. Sometimes I seem to have found them, but a sore disappointment follows this new faith. Yet do I say within myself, Somewhere this chosen seer and singer of immortal lays I shall yet see. Nor does it matter whence he comes,—from what obscurity or what eminence. He may be nurtured in some unknown village, and learn his first lessons of life at the plough, or the axe, or the hammer. He may come forth from the insane din of factories, blackened with the smoke of toil, and singing the songs which have come to him amid the noise of machinery and the weary bustle of cities. Or he may be of those whose hands are innocent of labor; for whom fortune and culture lavish all their treasures. But whoever he may be, of this one thing be sure, he will not deal with Nature at second hand. No mask of custom nor falsehood of conformity will suffice to hide realities from him. Wherever his influence reaches, spreading like the “inevitable morning” over land and town, it will be the herald of a change. Society will put on a new face to meet him, for before his piercing eye every hypocrisy and weakness will be as glass.

Does this seem visionary, and are we all tempted to smile when we compare this glowing hope with things as they really are? Are such the poets who figure in the newspapers and flutter in the magazines, hovering in great flocks over the land? Do we measure by this ideal standard the college poets who yearly or half-yearly offer their heads for such stunted laurels as “Fair Harvard” has to bestow? I confess, that, when such a comparison is made, it *ought* to provoke our hearty laughter. We put our criterion of poetical merit far below what it should be, in judging of the productions of class poets and college rhymesters generally. Would it were different! Would that the writing of a poem, to be read before the students of the oldest literary institution in America, were felt to be a serious and earnest matter, requiring no small degree of talent and fidelity in him who attempts it! Until it be so, and until a taste for the best poetry is more cultivated among us, we shall lack one of the noblest graces of a liberal education, and one of the sweetest delights of life.

FRESHMAN TRANSLATIONS.

THE NINTH ODE OF HORACE.

SEE how Soracte white with snow
Stands shining, while the laboring woods
Bend with their burden, and the floods
Feel freezing Winter chill their flow.

Heap well the hearth and melt the cold,
My Thaliarch! and bring the wine,
That noble four-years-old of thine,—
All that the Sabine vase will hold.

Leave other cares to Heaven, whose will
Calms warring winds and raging deep,
While aged ashes on the steep,
And gloomy cypresses, stand still.

Seek not thy future lot to know,
And count the gifts of Fate for gain;
Nor thou, O boy! the dance disdain,
Nor scorn to feel love's gentle glow.

While joyless Age blights not thy flower,
Now in the manly games delight,
And love the pleasures of the night,—
Light whispers at the trysting hour;

The gay laugh of the hidden one
In secret corner so betrayed,—
The pledge from arm of pouting maid,
Or half consenting finger won.

THE THIRTY-FIRST ODE.

WHAT asks the poet, praying thee, Apollo,
While the new wine he pours?
Not the rich harvests which the ploughshare follow
On green Sardinia's shores;

Not gold, nor ivory, nor the flocks that feed in
Calabria's sunny land;
Nor fields that quiet Liris kisses, leading
His still stream o'er the sand.

Prune your rank vineyards, ye whose fortunate valleys
Bear the Calenan vine!

O prosperous merchant, drain from golden chalice
Thy traffic-purchased wine!

Thou to the gods art dear,—they often lead thee
Safe o'er the western sea ;
For me, my olives and light mallows feed me,
And pleasant succory.

These to enjoy, with health and soul unwarming,
Son of Latona, grant !
To know no dreary age my spirit staining,
Nor e'er the lyre to want.

THE JENKINS PAPERS.

NO. I.—THANKSGIVING AT MY UNCLE JACOB'S.

(Continued.)

THE next day was Thanksgiving. Snow enough had fallen to warrant the bringing forth of the old family sleigh, which accordingly was standing at the door at church-time. It was a vehicle a little remarkable in its way. Its frame was getting somewhat crazy, and when my uncle's span of bays with their bells went whirling it over the snow, it seemed like some poor old rheumatic grandmother among sleighs, that a pair of harum-scarum boys had got out into the cold to dance to their rattling chimes, and it hobbled along after them with many a dismal groan and squeak. The advent of this heirloom among the more humble chattels of the Jenkins family was a consequence of an improvement in the fortunes of that house. My great-grandmother Cleopatra, in old Colonial times, spent fifteen years of her life as a sweeper at Harvard College. As tire-woman of Alma Mater, she preserved our venerable parent in such exemplary neatness, that no doubt her smiles and blessings fell with double value upon her admiring foster children, as coming from so tidy an individual. While my grandmother's energies were thus engaged, Mr. Ariobarzanes Jenkins, the College bell-ringer and seneschal, one day discovered that the flame of love had heated his tender sensibilities,—a fact which was forthwith made known to my great-grandmother. It was a strange coincidence, but my great-grandmother suddenly discovered that the same calorific ray had

reduced her softer nature to a like condition, whereat the two suffering souls were forthwith welded into one ; the good Dr. N. making the union complete with a flourish of an often wielded hammer, the marriage rite. In process of time, as their fortunes rose, the sleigh was procured,—its drab panels ornamented with a beautiful and appropriate coat of arms, which stands thus entered on the books of the herald's office :—“ JENKYNES. Quarterly, first and fourth, argent a bell-rope sable on a canton dexter gules, a bunch of keys proper, second and third, azure, a broom in pale proper. On a chief coussu of the first, a dust clout of the fourth, having upon it the motto,—

‘A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine ;
Who sweeps a room as for God's laws,
Makes that and the action fine.’

Crest, the owl of Minerva.”

I handed in Dorry and took a seat at her side, smiling derisively at Josh, whose head we discerned peeping round the curtain of an upper window, enveloped in a cold-water bandage. “Cold, Dorry,” said I, with animation, and was at once gratified by ascertaining that upon that point the most complete sympathy existed between Miss Whiff and myself. “Big shawl comfortable,” said I ; and continued, as I adjusted it over her shoulder, “Thus, my fair cousin ! thus, when after years shall bestow upon thee such love as a worthy spouse may afford,” (tremor and very speaking glance from Mr. Simon,) “shall the mantle of affection with its lining of tenderness be drawn over thy life.” This eloquent and elaborate period drew no response from Dorry, save the murmured ejaculation, “Soft soap !” which heartless allusion to the calamities of the evening before so benumbed me, that I uttered but one more sound till we got to church. “What a splendid fellow Josh is !” said Dorry, with considerable enthusiasm of manner. “Um !” groaned I.

The old minister of Harnton would have excited your interest, if you had only happened to meet him in the street. If you had known him, you would certainly have been drawn towards him by that same bond of love that bound his parishioners to their pastor. I wish for the world's sake that every good man had his neighbors bound to him by such a tie. He is dead now, but the bond is not parted, and I believe it will draw many a soul after his. He had been once more than six feet in height, but his form was much bent through age. Uncle Jacob always used to say, that whatever of goodness

he had, had come from old Doctor A. I think it quite likely. A glorious light of benevolence came out from the preacher's soul upon his face, where there was a spirituality that made it a more transparent medium, perhaps, for the soul light to come through, than the rougher countenance of my uncle. Nevertheless, the expressions were so much alike, as to make it seem very probable that the minister's fire had kindled the flame in my uncle's heart. A ring of very white hair surrounded his head, insulating a bare and shining bald spot at the top. A short man accounted for the unusual whiteness of his hair by saying, that the minister was so tall his head was covered with perpetual snow. It was a more beautiful utterance that fell from the dying lips of a fair girl, whose life-chords were unstrung by the lingering hand of consumption. The Christian trust which the preacher's teachings had given her spirit gave an outward sign of its presence there in a smile, which lay upon her face even after she had become a corpse, and beamed upward with hopeful promise to the sight of those who shut the coffin-lid. Almost with her last breath she whispered, with what might have been prophetic inspiration, that the silvery circle round about the minister's temples was resting there to train them for a brighter crown, and murmured a wish that her hand might decorate them with the badge of the hosts of heaven. I sometimes think now I feel the pastor's aged hands, moist with baptismal water, trembling on my head, as they did when I was a boy.

From the ovens of the farm-houses, as we rode home, came savory steams, like heralds despatched by turkey and pudding, monarchs of the board, to tell what inner deliciousness swelled out so plumply the rich brown coats that were being fitted to their portly forms to make them presentable at table. But when Uncle Jacob's doors were thrown open for the church party, there came forth to meet us such a throng of savory steams, so did the heralds jostle one another and address our olfactories with such seductive invitations, you would have thought all the good things in the world were in Uncle Jacob's ovens, putting on their brown presentation suits, and would have liked to make acquaintance forthwith. And such a dinner! The big turkeys, whose pompous strut had won the awe and admiration of the barn-yard, with all humility suffered their tempting rotundity to grow less, till their desolate skeletons gave our merry banquet the solemn air of an Egyptian feast. Would Cousin Simon, who had carved the big roasted one, be kind enough to help this one, and

this one, and this one to another slice, and then would he further extend his good offices by helping round again? and would he make the debt of obligation still greater by the addition of cranberry sauce? Would Josh have the goodness to stand up on his feet little Bob Whiff, who could not raise the *onus* of his dinner, and then prop him up to eat another slice of duck; and would he step to the window and oblige Aunt Mary, who really was intensely mortified to say that she could hardly totter so far, to see if the children who had gone out to run down hill to make room for the pudding to come, had not tumbled down and could not get up again? Here Aunt Deborah came, bringing the delicious pies. O ye round ruddy orbs, with your halos of flaky crust! The hill-sides where ripened your parental pumpkins enriched your mass with choicest contributions! Your yellow bulk seems still to hold the sunbeams that the summer poured round them!

Mr. Jenkins would here most humbly call the attention of the scientific world to certain phenomena of a rotatory character, resulting from experiments after dinner on the person of Master Bob Whiff. To such an extent had the breadth and depth of this interesting young gentleman become enlarged, that, in the direction of whatever axis he was caused to revolve, he was moved with equal facility. This fact was established beyond question by Miss Dorothy Whiff and Miss Melinda Smif, whose experiment consisted of an animated game of roll-ball. It is a matter of deep regret, that these acute investigators were suddenly and unexpectedly obliged to postpone their operations. But the sole remaining button of the subject's apparel becoming relieved of its strain with a loud report, its fellows having, like minute-guns, marked the advance of the long line of duck, turkey, goose, pie, pudding, &c. along the inner processes of the engaging youth, the experiments were brought to a close.

I discovered the odious Josh, pretending behind my back to have correctly ascertained my diameter, by means of two yardsticks tied together, much to the amusement of Dorry and Melinda. Indignation led me to throw an apple at the head of the measurer, which however, missing the mark, brought down from its hooks among the crook-necks over the mantle, a shattered old queen's-arm, my grandfather brought back from Concord. "Boys," said my Uncle Jacob, "I'd rather lose a hand than have that old musket harmed. I saw your grandfather stagger fainting into this very kitchen, with its bursted barrel over his shoulder, and the blood flowing down his

cheek where a British bullet had grazed." I hurried to replace the invaluable relic, and, after I had satisfied my uncle that it had received no harm, I begged for a story. The sternness passed from my uncle's face and was replaced by a smile. He poked the fire musingly a moment, the smile broadened about the corners of his mouth, and he began as follows. I have kept the general tenor of the tale, though I have departed perhaps from the exact language.

"Your grandfather, boys, was a strong believer in ghosts, although he never felt the slightest fear of them. He used to tell a strange story of an adventure he once met with, in the truth of all the particulars of which he placed the greatest confidence till the day of his death. One fine evening in October, he was on his way home from Boston market. He was riding his old horse Ben, that had borne his master in many a battle during the Revolution, and still was doing good service in a more peaceful course of life. Your grandfather was dressed in a long red gown, not unlike a modern dressing-gown in its cut, which was always his costume when he went to market. His head was covered by an old cocked hat he had worn as an officer in the Continentals. 'Whew! its quite cool,' thought he; and he took a sip from a flask of cherry bounce that usually bore him company, and sufficed to keep up the circulation within, as the thick red gown did without. The moon rose, and glittered faintly back from the brass ornaments on his hat, and threw the shadow of horse and rider broadly on the ground at the side of the road. This appearance startled your grandfather at first. Its preternaturally long legs and its horizontal locomotion misled him into the belief it might be some ghost of a steed, till at length it flashed upon him it was his own faithful Ben. Your grandfather took another sip by way of celebrating his happy deliverance from doubt. The road wound on over a high hill, then down into a deep vale, and here, a few rods from the road-side, in the midst of a dense wood of pines, there was a bare spot of sand known as Bloody Plain. A direful legend had caused the place to be baptized with this sanguinary title. A cottage formerly stood there, in which dwelt a beautiful maiden. It was in the days when the chivalry of New England, under the banners of Sir William Pepperell, sent the walls of Louisburg tumbling about the ears of their Gallic defenders. Among other captives they brought back a young French officer, who, living on parole near Harnton, at once became desperately enamored of the maiden who dwelt in the cottage. The attachment

was reciprocated, but a harsh step-mother forbade their union, whereat the damsel grew sick, died, and was buried near her home. The young officer, tired of life, fell on his sword at the grave of his beloved, since which sinful deed no grass had grown for some rods each way in the neighborhood of the spot. It was commonly believed that the spot was haunted, and Black Sam, whose house stood about a mile away, solemnly averred that he had seen the young Frenchman and maiden walking arm in arm, their soft whisperings mingling with the rustling of the surrounding pines, and the moonlight gleaming from the damsel's ear-rings and the sword of her companion.

"A place of such reputation was pretty much left to its supernatural visitors. Many a time, in my early boyhood, I have looked up to the tall hill that rises steeply from the spot, and shuddered at the thought of what the dark, overlooking pines on its brow must see, if they had eyes to gaze down upon the nocturnal promenades in the vale below. Your grandfather was approaching the brow of the hill, and to nerve him for the transit of the dreaded hollow he took another sip,—a fortunate proceeding, as I have heard him remark, for the marvellous events of the evening almost instantly began to take place, and it would be hard to tell what might have happened, had not his soul been well cased in armor from the bottle. His notice was first attracted by certain eccentricities on the part of the planets. He distinctly beheld the moon, in violation of all celestial decorum, seize a small cloud by one end and wave it at him, as some hair-brained young lady might salute a young cavalier. The moon, at the same time, appeared to be the subject of a strange oscillation, and, her features becoming singularly distinct, your grandfather was quite certain he saw her wink familiarly,—a circumstance which gave him much pain, as it would have done your grandmother, had the sturdy Ben borne his customary double burden that night, instead of the lesser half. The conduct of the planet Jupiter was likewise worthy of remark, as also that of our earth, usually so staid, which appeared to swell and subside beneath Ben's slow trot, till his rider wondered how he could plod on so unconcernedly. To insure perfect soundness in the armor, your grandfather took another sip, and, as they gradually approached the bottom of the hill, coolly employed himself in speculating on the probable nature of myriads of luminaries that began to crowd the heavens. What? — no! — could it be? — there was a strange light

shining out among the pines from Bloody Plain. Here, boys, your grandfather confessed he hesitated and pondered on the best course to pursue. Courage revived, however, and after a final sip he alighted, with the intention of investigating the novel illumination.

No sooner had his feet touched the ground, than the conduct of all Nature became more disagreeably eccentric. A stout old pine that grew by the road-side moved violently towards him and smote him on the head. The road suddenly became endowed with a projectile force, and threw itself at him with such power, that he had great difficulty in pushing it off from him. Ben, much to your grandfather's surprise, stood sturdy and unconcerned. He could not refrain from signifying his approval of his steed's courageous conduct by a warm embrace. Grasping his riding-whip firmly in his hand, he now proceeded to force his way through the thicket to the hollow. A tremor of awe, not of fear, passed over him as he found himself in the presence of a crowd of white-robed spirits. Here the conduct of the universe became still more surprising. The moon waved her cloud with frantic gestures, and leered and winked, till your grandfather questioned the spirit of her consort, the sun, who certainly should have turned his back upon her, though it should leave the world in the dark for a few hours. The stars, too, went flaming this way and that like hot shot, and millions of lesser luminaries rained sparkling round him on every side. Nevertheless he was not to be daunted. 'How do you do,' said he, cheerfully. At this salutation, a ghost on the right uttered a contemptuous 'Bah!' Your grandfather resented the insult by smiting the ghost with his whip, whereat the offender, after some gambolling, took to flight. A series of 'Bahs' now arose from the whole company. Your choleric grandsire laid about him bravely with the whip, and the assemblage dispersed with the most wonderful antics. One fair spirit was recumbent upon the plain, whom he supposed to be the broken-hearted maiden. He advanced with all the grace of a gentleman of the old school, but in the most unforeseen manner he fell forward and stumbled headlong over the spectre. He was always of the opinion that a large rock near by rolled up and pushed him over.

It would have been foolhardy to struggle longer against all the powers of earth and air, and he began a dignified retreat, when, dreadful to relate, the young Frenchman stood before him, and, with a deep and terrible oath, advanced to engage him. Your grand-

father smote him with his clenched fist, and then (though he always felt some shame in confessing it) he turned and fled. The young Frenchman and the maiden seemed close behind; a tall hemlock stretched out its branches and clutched his hat; his long gown streamed behind him till a blackberry bush and a sweetbrier grasped it in their claws, and it required the most energetic struggles to get free. His pursuers were close upon him; the maiden seemed to have made a lasso of her long hair, and was entangling your grandfather in unsolvable knots; the hot shot flew; the moon twisted herself with wonderful contortions; the rain of spangles kept falling. Your grandfather was on the point of falling a victim, when the earth, through some friendly and mysterious power, rose from its horizontal position, towered over him an instant like a wall, and then fell upon him.

"Your grandfather knew no more till the sun was high in the sky. He found himself lying under the fine pendant sprays of a weeping-willow. The universe exhibited its customary staidness. On going to the spot where the ghosts had met, the strongest circumstantial evidence came to light, to prove the correctness of his memory of the night's events. The tail of his gown still remained on the bushes. His hat lay on the ground under the hemlock, and the branch stretched out above it, though it moved as slowly in the light wind as though it had never been brandished wildly over a flying mortal by some spirit force. To crown all, several sheep out of a flock near by showed marks of bruises, and one poor ewe was found dead,—apparently killed by the fall of some heavy body. An ox, too, bore the marks of a bruise in one of his eyes. Your grandfather had no doubt these injuries were inflicted by the baffled spectres, after his miraculous preservation."

My uncle ceased. After due reflection on the solemn recital we had just listened to, Aunt Mary asked, Would Dorry be kind enough to fill the cider-pitcher? and would Mr. Simon have the goodness to go down with her and hold the light? Dorry would get the cider with the greatest pleasure; but Mr. Simon, most unaccountably, did not manifest such alacrity as might have been expected. Nevertheless he went. "What a nice story!" said Dorry, and a smile drove into fearful activity the belligerent Cupids in the dimples. "No, you don't!" said Mr. Simon, "I'm not going to make up so easy, Miss." I mean he thought so; he only said, "Um!" "Oh-h-h-h! Cousin Simy, what's that?" And Dorry sought refuge in my shelter-

ing arms at sight of a spider on the wall. "Well, really," thinks Mr. Simon, beginning to melt, "this is certainly charming. I wish it was twice as big; I wish it was as big as Josh." "O Cousin Si! will you really forgive me?" (Mr. Simon completely overcome.) "Certainly, you duck!" "Really," thought he, "it's worth while to have a quarrel if only for the pleasure of making up"; and they went down the cellar stairs with Mr. Simon's arm carefully adjusted around Dorry's waist, with the sole idea, I protest and declare, that it was the best way to keep her out of the clutch of goblins to have her in your own. We filled the cider-pitcher, and then both carried it up stairs, and then we sat down on a bench in the back kitchen to rest. 'Twas funny, but I felt an irresistible desire to put the flame of the candle close to my lips and then whistle. Why, how strange to be sure that it should go out! Dorry should not catch cold though, if it was dark; so I drew the thick shawl she had on closer round her shoulders, and, to keep it in its place, was obliged to hold it by passing my arm round.

Here the door creaked and a light step was heard. "It's Josh," said Dorry; "let's play a trick on him!" "By all means," said I, "let's play a trick on Josh!" "Here, Josh," said Dorry; and he came along and sat down the other side of Miss Whiff. "Send Simon into the parlor with the cider," I heard him say very low. "Yes, I'll send him," said the lovely Sapphira. "Ah-h-h-h!" sighed Josh. Just then the weight of an arm was laid on my shoulder. O how nice and cousinly it was in Dorry! Pretty soon she changed my arm which was holding on the shawl, from one shoulder to another shoulder. O the sweet! one shoulder was tired and I would try the other. "I'm going to send Josh away with the cider," murmured she, very low. Then I heard her whisper to Josh that "Simon was going now." "Capital idea!" thought I. "Josh means to come straight back and find me gone and Dorry alone." Presently, somebody slipped off from the bench very carefully and softly, and went out. Gracious! what a smell of spearmint that boor left! I sighed very softly. There was a responsive sigh. Hurry, Mr. Simon! Josh will be back in a minute. There's no goblin this time. I bowed my head as a preliminary, and the dear little arm on my shoulder pressed with more strength than I could have believed it had. A step. Quick, Mr. Simon, or you are too late. Now Dorry, and farewell. "What! Cousin Simon," said the voice that would send Josh off with the

cider, but, strange to say, from the doorway and not at my side ; “ kiss in the dark again ! ” At the same time a broad gleam of light flashed in, and Josh and I sprang apart. “ I snackers ! ” said Josh. “ Gracious ! ” said I, in the most emphatic manner. “ Ah ! boys,” said my Uncle Jacob, “ I am rejoiced to see you reconciled, and burying your troubles in a friendly embrace.” “ Never ! ” screamed I, “ never ! ” “ What a whopper ! ” said Josh ; “ she said she’d send him off with the pitcher.” “ Hollo ! what ! what ! ” screamed the chorus of voices. “ Ah ! you wretch,” said I, and I was about to take vengeance on Josh ; but Uncle Jacob stepped between us, and obliged us to follow him peaceably into the kitchen. Josh and I were both in a violent rage, and did not enter with heartiness into the roasting of chestnuts which consumed the rest of the evening. This mild employment was so soothing, however, that erelong my perturbed spirits subsided into a philosophic calm. “ Thanksgiving joys, my dear Dorry,” said I, impressively, “ are like roasted chestnuts. The delight we receive in looking at the rich brown bulk before we crack the shell is the pleasure of anticipation. Once cracked, as like as not, the meat is mouldy and worm-eaten.” Dorry was sorry, but was obliged to confess she hardly saw the force of the last part of the comparison. Her kernel had been very sweet and palatable.

THE PILGRIM.

THE way is long, the way is lone,
The wintry fields are brown ;
Fall coldly on my frosty path
The freezing stars look down.

Through drooping woods I journey on,
Where never wood-bird sings ; —
The drowsy owl from bough to bough
Slow flaps his gloomy wings,
While from the pine-tree’s waving hair
An endless murmur swings.

The forest past, outshines at last
The cheerful cottage blaze ; —
Vainly the churlish curtain strives
To check the streaming rays.

That happy home my feet must shun,
Unentered pass the door;
For though my path lie far behind,
It stretches still before.

O city of my pilgrimage!
Pictured upon the sky
In the red sunset's fading glow,
I saw thy turrets high.
But swift and sudden fell the night,
And hid thee from mine eye.

Sadly I tread the weary road,
For I am all alone,—
No friend to share my wanderings,
To chide, to cheer me, none.

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

NO. II.

THE Americans are fond of war, very. If the English are a nation of shopkeepers, we are a nation of pyrotechnists; delighted with fizz, whiz, and bang; pleased with cheap noise, and with destruction which is not dangerous to the destroyer. Somebody, a very good authority, I believe, has said, that the civilization of a nation is in direct ratio to the amount of sulphur consumed by it; if this be true, then are the Americans the leaders of the civilized world. They burn sulphur in crackers, squibs, and rockets; in guns, pistols, and rifles; in cannons, muskets, and mortars. They confine it in rocks, and fire it with a train; they put it under water, and explode it by electricity; and they throw it into the air, inside bomb-shells, and discharge them with fuzes.

On the Fourth of July, when, of course, the soul of the American soars unencumbered, this disposition for sulphurous amusements is particularly manifest. From the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, poor Liberty is fumigated with frankincense of an ill savor; as if her temple were rendered unwholesome through the corruption of her votaries, and stood in need of this unpleasant purification. At break of day the vibrations of bell and gun metal

begin. Decrepit old sextons seem inspired ; throwing off hat, coat, and neckcloth, they commence a vigorous struggle with the noisy giant in the steeple. The scene is an exciting one ; the sexton begins the contest by giving a stout pull, which nearly throws Giant Bell off his balance, and makes him roar again with anger. But retribution comes quickly ; Bell, throwing his huge weight forward, gives such a pull in return, that the church functionary is jerked a foot or more into the air, and narrowly escapes bumping his head against the ceiling. Nothing daunted, however, the old man holds on bravely, and tugs, and kicks his legs about, until, at length, he again comes to ground, and again Giant Bell roars with fear and anger. Thus the battle goes on for half an hour or more, when the sexton lets go the rope in despair, and Bell gives one shout of triumph, and then relapses into a buzzing chuckle, which grows lower and lower, feebler and feebler, and seems to say, " Hum-m-m-m-m ! Won't you try it again-n-n-n-n ? "

All this time a brass field-piece is barbarously tortured. Poor creature ! All the year long he lies on his carriage, in the arsenal, staring foolishly with open mouth at the barred windows and the nail-studded doors. But this morning there comes a rabble rout of men and boys, and one fellow, with a rusty sabre clattering about his heels, orders them to drag forth unfortunate Field-piece, and carry him off to a distant spot. There they cram flannel bags down his throat, and run sharp wires into his stomach. In vain does he groan and kick ; they cease not their torments till he is quite hot, and blue in the face, by reason of his exertions. All day and all night the same work of torture goes on ; there is a mighty *auto de fé* of fire-crackers. I hear the wretched shrieks of the little creatures on all sides, and everywhere I tread on their mangled bodies. The air is redolent of smoke, and resounds with fiendish hubbub ; and Liberty, stunned and stifled, almost wishes herself in the House of Representatives during a debate.

The Fourth of July is but a single day, after all, so we get our large spoonful of brimstone, without treacle, only once in the year. But Americans may not exist without an occasional breath of some kind of smoke besides cigar-smoke. What can the poor fellows do ? If there were a war, they might fire away gunpowder by the ton ; blow up a whole magazine if they liked. But, unfortunately, there is no war ; so they are fain to preach a crusade against *fera bestia et volucres*. Their guns are very bad, but they shoot only too well.

I speak with feeling on this subject, because these unscrupulous crusaders have made sundry incursions into my own territory. There is a little patch of birch cover on my country place, where the sun strikes with a genial warmth in the spring, and where large-eyed, long-billed woodcocks like to breed. It is pleasant to walk through the white birches early in June, and to behold the distress of old Mrs. Woodcock as she flutters about, limping and croaking mournfully; while the children fly away with all the haste their ill-feathered wings can make. Then, I say blandly, eat and grow fat, little ones; when you shall have grown stout, well feathered birds, peradventure I shall get a shot at you with my Westley Richards.

A fortnight later I am sitting on the piazza. Pop! Hey! what! it—it can't be; no, it *can't* be one of those cursed "market-shots." But it is always well to make sure of these matters; therefore I walk towards the sacred patch of cover. I have hardly gone fifty yards, when—Pop! There is no mistaking the sound this time; it is the report of a fowling-piece. Anxiety and anger give quickness to my steps, and I hurry on boiling with indignation. Pop! and then a distant voice. "Hi! hi! Dash! Dash! Come in, sir! Down charge, sir, down charge!" Breathless with excitement and rage, I accelerate my pace into a brisk run. The voice comes again. "Now hie on sir! Steady, steady! Mind what yer 'bout, ha!" Pop! pop! The rascal has fired in my direction, and a shower of small shot comes rattling down on the leaves around me. "Hollo, you sir! where the Devil are you shooting to?" There is a little floundering and crashing among the branches, and presently Market-shot emerges from the bushes, followed by a great, shaggy, panting setter. "Did I hit ye?" he asks, putting on a couple of caps with great calmness; "not much damaged, I guess; them number nines won't hurt nobody." "Have you—have you killed anything?" I anxiously inquire. "Nothin' to hurt!" replies he of the setter. But he has shot the whole brood, that is clear enough. His pockets present a swelled appearance, which betokens the presence of birds; and there are feathers on his dog's lips. I should like to transport the scoundrel. O why was n't I born in England, with ten thousand pounds a year and a gamekeeper?

Perhaps it is wrong to abuse Market-shot, after all. When he is poaching on your grounds, *μὲν*, he is earning his daily bread; *δέ*, he is getting rid of a superabundance of martial spirit, which might otherwise prove dangerous to the community. In time of war he

would enlist in the army, and would doubtless make a great number of successful snap shots at the flying enemy. He is the kind of raw material that the drill sergeant makes into the finished soldier.

Military raw material is of all kinds. Some is of rather indifferent quality. Of this sort is Benedick; a floss-silk soldier, shining, but weak and worthless withal. Not that he lacks courage, for he always was brave and quarrelsome enough. I recollect him a school-boy, with his pockets full of *agates*, *alleys*, *chineses*, and *com-moneys*, hopping about and crying, "Last, last! I holler last — never in, by jolly — no tick-a-lick; I said no tick-a-lick!" He was sure to get into a fight with somebody, pretty soon. The boys form a ring, and in the midst stands little champion Benedick, in his gray jacket and button-over trousers, a good deal too short in the legs and very loose in the amplest part. There he stands, with his head thrown back, making singular motions with his fists, in imitation of Mr. Melanophthalmos, the boxing-master. Presently there is a great shuffling of juvenile boots on the gravel, several hard hits are exchanged, and the combatants recoil, blinking with their eyes and sniffing violently. At this moment a policeman elbows his way into the crowd, with his professional "Here!" (policemen can never do anything without first exclaiming, "Here!") and seizes both culprits by their collars. He takes down their names in a fat pocket-book, with terrible solemnity, and bids them "go home" in a fierce tone of voice. The boys quail before the civil functionary; to tell the truth, I have seen many full-grown men do the same. You may assault a policeman, if you have the courage, when you meet him late at night, and in a secluded street; but if you attack him at any other time, or in any other place, you must be either crazy or ine-briated.

My good friends, dwellers in the mighty West, if you chance to journey hither, remember this advice about policemen. You may bring a field of tobacco if you like, but by all means leave your weapons at home. It is not necessary to go about in this style, armed and equipped as the law does not direct. No one doubts your courage. Did any person ever venture to call my friend Daniel Boone Ramlead, of Ramleadville, Illinois, a coward? I think not; I think not.

The other day I went into the bar-room of the Three Hill House to look at the morning papers. Ramlead was there, gloriously attired in patent leather half-boots, a purple velvet waiscoat, and a

glossy hat. He was troubled about something evidently, for he rattled silver monies in his pockets, and stared gloomily out of the window. "Good morning," said he; "how d' ye do? how are you? hope you are pretty well"; then, without waiting for an answer, "I cannot comprehend nor conceive why you Eastern men should so astonishingly fail to appreciate and realize the correct uses to which water should be exclusively appropriated. An individual just came in here, a genteelly appearing person, whom I should reckon to be a man of consequential pretensions. Well, sir, he went directly up to that counter and swallowed a glass of iced water, and then walked out again; yes, sir. Now I say, sir, that there are, and must be, perverted impulses among you here, somewhere. I see evidences of it everywhere; in your water-works, and wash-basins, and bathing-tubs, and patent filters. If you did n't have perverted impulses, these absurdities would not exist for the fraction of an iota of time. You New Englanders are infected with a sort of inverted hydrophobia; you are never satisfied, unless you are deluged internally and externally with cold water. And yet, as I said before, you have failed to appreciate and realize its proper uses. Water, sir, was made to carry steamboats, and ships, and lumber rafts, and flat-boats, and to put out fires; and, because it is useful for these purposes, you think it must be good for everything else. Do n't tell me that savage nations drink water, and therefore it's natural to do it; so savage nations go about without clothes and eat acorns, but it do n't therefore follow that we should do the same. No, sir! the first dawn of human improvement is marked by the distillation of spirits; and where you find the best wine, there will you also find the most polished manners, the highest education, and the most enlightened religious feeling; yes, sir! — What 'll you take?"

Here is your health, Mr. Ramlead, in this weak lemonade. You are a capital fellow, but I truly believe that you would fight, up to your neck in blood, all day, and go to dinner afterwards without washing your hands.

MORNING.

"The earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill."
"No tears
Dim the sweet look which Nature wears."

WHEN brightly shines the morning sun,
To the "Island Hill" I gladly run,
To bathe in the early morn.
I drink deep draughts of balmy air,
I joy in the fresh, bright world so fair!
To a new life I am born!
I embrace the sea, the earth, the sky,—
I am thrilled with a mastering ecstasy!
Dear God! with joyful tears I cry,
Is this thy heaven's dawn?

In the East roars the ocean vast and old;
From the South to the sea stretches Manomet bold,—
To the sea his troth is given.
He loves and caresses the singing sea;
With a smile, to her charmed song listens he,
And sings it again to heaven.

* * * * *
What time with sorrowing heart I said,
O sadly the wine-press alone I tread,—
Sweet love, — dear hopes, — O whither fled, —
O unnatural strength of despair!
I was gently drawn to a warm embrace;
Through a vision of tears, lo! Nature's sweet face;
Oh! a friend, in whose infinite love and grace
I rested from sorrow and care!

I weep no more with love unblest:
From the north, the south, the east, the west,
Sweet Nature's constant love 's expressed;
Love flows from One who loveth best,
And my days are bright and fair.

IS THACKERAY A MISANTHROPIST?

It is said, that some persons have read Don Quixote, and seen in the history of that knight nothing but the vagaries of a lunatic. We can scarcely credit it; and yet we know that the temper of one man is much more easily understood than that of another. When Hood sings his "Song of the Shirt," we all recognize his amazing tenderness, humor, and philanthropy. There is no misunderstanding him. So, when Dickens laughs,—unless he happens to laugh at us,—we never think of attributing his ridicule to anything but good nature. We should as soon look for malice or hate behind the unpremeditated merriment of a child. But when Thackeray points his finger, and raises his great, scornful laugh, we are at a loss, at first, whether it is the follies of mankind, or mankind themselves, whom he would have us hate. The *London Times* has declared him a dreary misanthrope, who sees the sky green instead of blue above him, and all mankind miserable sinners round about him. Many persons, after looking into his books and finding him not at all like their favorite Dickens, have pronounced, in effect, the same judgment upon him. And it must be confessed, that the settled sneer which at first acquaintance he seems to wear strongly favors this conclusion. If we open, for instance, the autobiography of Mr. Yellowplush, we are so struck with that gentleman's brazen rascality, that we are tempted to lay down the volume in disgust, and pronounce the man who could write such a book a reprobate. We do not, at first, see the droll, good-natured face behind the sneering mask. But as we go on, we see that the finger is pointed, not at men, but their vices, and that the laugh is directed, for the most part, against affectation and hypocrisy. We set out with a cynic, and find him changed to a very good fellow; rather inclined to sneer and to look on the dark side of human nature, but still a very good fellow. We are rather pleased with his reflections upon Vanity Fair. As the show, with its "eating and drinking, making love and jilting, laughing and the contrary, smoking, cheating, fighting, dancing, and fiddling," passes in review before him, he professes himself overtaken by a feeling of profound melancholy. "A man with a reflective turn of mind, walking through an exhibition of this sort, will not be oppressed, I take it, by his own or other people's hilarity. An episode of humor touches and amuses him here and there,—a

pretty child looking at a gingerbread stall,—a pretty girl blushing, while her lover talks to her and chooses her fairing; but the general impression is one more melancholy than mirthful. When you come home, you sit down in a sober, contemplative, not uncharitable frame of mind, and apply yourself to your books or your business.”

As we go on, we find our new acquaintance possessing several quite passable qualities, of which we had not at first suspected him. He exhibits a strange compassion for distress, under whatever form he may meet with it. We think we detect in him a real love for children, and we are sure that he respects female innocence and beauty from the bottom of his great, manly heart. To him apply, in a remarkable manner, the words he has written of another. “He has an admirable natural love of truth; the keenest instinctive antipathy to hypocrisy; the happiest satirical gift of laughing it to scorn. His wit is wonderfully wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal like a policeman’s lantern.”

Thackeray’s theory of life is by no means that of a misanthropist. His philosophy, on the contrary, is a bright and hopeful one, discriminating keenly between real worth in society and mere pretension, awarding to one its meed of praise, while it holds the other up to ridicule and scorn. It might be characterized as a sort of a make-the-best-of-it philosophy. It enjoins upon you to make the best of your talents, of your fortune, whatever it may be, of your friends, and of everything about you; not cunningly and meanly, but openly and honorably, with a due regard to the rights and feelings of others. “The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion; and so let all young persons take their choice.” Mr. Brown the elder, writing to Mr. Brown the younger, urges upon him the importance of some attention to his personal appearance in society. “No man,” he says, “has a right to despise dress in this world. There is no use in flinging any honest chance whatever away.” “A good face, a good address, a good dress, are each so many points in the game of life, of which every man of sense will avail himself.”

It is undoubtedly Thackeray’s satire, often misunderstood, which has sometimes brought upon him the imputation of looking altogether on the dark side of life. But this satire, if closely scanned, will be found to be more kindly and hopeful than gloomy and de-

spairing. Mark the difference between his humor and that of Swift. One teaches you to judge your neighbor leniently, by showing you that human nature is weak. The other would discourage and disgust you, by proving it to be vile.

Thackeray is wholly free from that false sentimentality which gilds vice until it looks like virtue. Honest, fun-loving Mr. Punch, several years ago, showed up an attempt of the kind, by placing in one column a statement of the crimes of Eugene Aram, and in another, side by side with the first, the same crimes as gilded by Bulwer. The difference is truly remarkable. But Thackeray drags out hypocrisy and affectation to the light of day, under whatever disguise he finds them. There are no moral swindlers or exemplary murderers in his books. If he has a weakness, perhaps it is for showing up the false pretensions of some "most respectable family." He likes to go back to the time when the family tree was got up from the slightest possible material, and the family coat-of-arms from no material at all. He carries you to the ancestral seat of the Maloys, Maloyville, County Mayo, Ireland, and shows you on what very slight grounds that vulgar old Irishwoman, Mrs. Major Gam *née* Maloy, founds her pride and her pretensions. He makes Miss Schwartz sing *all* her three songs, and shows you most conclusively the very limited extent of that young lady's accomplishments. Mr. Snob writes for Mr. Wiggle, "the slave of passion," at his earnest request, a little poem in the Byronic style, which Mr. Wiggle proceeds to read at the Club as his own, to the great admiration of his toady, Mr. Waggle. Plebeian hypocrisy, aristocratic hypocrisy, and royal hypocrisy, all meet with the same treatment at the hands of the great satirist. It is proposed to erect statues of the Georges in the Parliament palace, whereupon Thackeray proposes, among other inscriptions, the following, to George the Fourth:—

"He left an example for age and for youth
To avoid.

He never acted well by Man or Woman,
And was as false to his Mistress as to his Wife.

He deserted his Friends and his Principles.

He was so Ignorant that he could scarcely Spell;

But he had some skill in Cutting out Coats,

And an undeniable Taste for Cookery.

He built the Palaces of Buckingham and Brighton,
And for these qualities and Proofs of Genius,

An admiring Aristocracy

Christened him the 'First Gentleman in Europe.'

Friends, respect the KING whose Statue is here,

And the generous Aristocracy who admired him."

The objection which is perhaps most frequently brought up against Thackeray seems to us one of his chief merits; namely, that he has no *good* characters,—no heroes or heroines who are prodigies of bravery and virtue. He chooses to represent human nature as it is, rather than as he would wish it to be. But there are some of us who seem to have been so fascinated in the nursery with Jack the Giant-Killer, that we want to go on all our lives long reading it, and are never tired of hearing it repeated. Accordingly, we have Jack the Giant-Killer in a thousand different forms and under a thousand different disguises; but he is always the same immaculate hero, and always comes out first best with the giants at last. Take, for instance, Thaddeus of Warsaw, which we remember to have read and hugely admired a great while ago. Thaddeus is Jack, while his misfortunes and troubles are the giants. The story opens, and Jack buckles on his sword of sharpness. The giants have the best of it at first, but Jack lays so lustily about him that the giants are annihilated, all the distressed damsels in the book are relieved, and Jack, having put aside his weapon, lives in peace to a good old age. There is a large class, or rather there are several large classes of novels, of which this *resumé* gives the sum and substance. They all contain a hero of superhuman virtue, about whom the interest of the whole is concentrated. Is this natural? Do we meet such characters in real life? On the contrary, the character of every man is made up of wisdom and folly, of virtue and weakness, and any different representation of it is false and unnatural. These prodigious heroes, who are above the common frailties of humanity, exist nowhere except in nursery tales, in a class of novels which are now happily going out of fashion, and perhaps in the heads of certain sentimental novel-readers. But if Thackeray does not make his heroes immaculate, he does not by any means set up their faults for us to admire or imitate. When he makes Pendennis a milk-sop, and Clive Newcome vacillating and by no means infallible, he does not hold up vanity and irresolution as desirable qualities in the character of a gentleman. Ethel, in the *Newcomes*, has many foibles which you wish were away, yet you acknowledge the naturalness of the character, and like Miss Ethel none the less because she is human and has her faults.

We are under immense obligations to humor, and to those kind “week-day preachers” who have employed humor as a means of benefiting society. Thackeray has done well in coupling charity

and humor together. What greater charity can there be than that of the humorist, who goes on all his life applauding and loving what is worthy of applause and love, hating oppression, false pretension, and hypocrisy, and laughing them to scorn. Humor and hypocrisy are altogether inconsistent with each other; fun and affectation cannot exist together. The humorists, from Aristophanes to Punch, have all been engaged in the same merry and benevolent vocation,—laughing at what they conceive to be falsehood and affectation. Molière declared, nearly two hundred years ago, that it was the vocation of the comedian to make vice hateful. Being men, however, the humorists are not infallible, and sometimes laugh at better men than themselves; but this is the exception to a rule which is pretty general. What if Aristophanes does now and then lampoon Socrates? If Socrates is a quack he ought to be exposed, and if he is a great philosopher ridicule won't hurt him. We can endure a little evil for the sake of much good.

If the comedies of Molière revolutionized "French society in their day, the ballads of Beranger have had scarcely a less effect on French politics in our time. He might advertise himself as "ballad-maker to the French nation," so universally are his songs, full of patriotism, pathos, and humor, known and loved. They were continually in the mouths of the people during the Revolution, and, notwithstanding the present dark appearance of affairs in France, are not forgotten now.

On the other side of the Channel, besides the knot of gay laughers which Mr. Punch always gathers round him, there are two humorists, pre-eminent above all others,—Thackeray and Dickens,—alike in that they are both working to set right the order of things by means of humor; unlike in everything else. Most persons would say that Dickens has more genius; Thackeray certainly has more art and truth. Perhaps the author of *Jane Eyre* is right when she sees in him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognized. Dickens makes you laugh frequently at what is merely absurd and grotesque. Thackeray more often calls upon you to scorn while you laugh, and yet does it so gayly, so kindly, that you cannot help thinking he believes with all his might in his own maxim, "that though Fun is good, Truth is still better, and Love better than all."

DECEMBER.

From the grim North with the black tempest lowering,
The cold wind hurried down,
And the green meadows — that, so gayly flowering,
Smiled on the setting sun,
And when the day begun,
With tears of joy in all their sparkling eyes
Greeted his welcome rise —
Grew withered, sere, and brown.
The gay birds stunted in their song,
And, sad and silent, southward flew along;
Even the lusty cricket, that all night
Sung in the dewy grass, brimful of love and pride,
Felt in his soul the universal blight,
And lost his voice and died.
The little leaves were driven fast
In herds before the robber blast,
While the stripped tree bewailed its children lost,
And now it mourned and sighed,
Now fiercely howled and cried,
And high aloft its bare arms wildly tossed.

Yet my heart, unheeding still
December's barrenness and chill,
Beating to a merry chime,
Sung to me a pleasant song
Of Hope and Patience, all day long,
Despite the wintry time.

"Weep not with a childish sadness,"
Thus the voice within me said,
"For the vanished Summer's gladness,
For the lovely Autumn fled!
Soon shall bloom the smiling Spring,
Soon thou 'lt hear the sparrow sing,
See the silken buds unrolled,
See the pastures sown with gold,
See the violet pierce the mould,
Hear the hum of bird and bee,
Life and light and beauty see."

From this chapter which I took
Out of Nature's picture-book,
Sweetest lessons mayst thou borrow.
Never strike the sail to sorrow!
Hope for happiness to-morrow!

When the leaves of life are shed,
Summer flown and Autumn dead,
And rough Winter overhead,
Look with ever cheerful eyes
To the Future's cloudless skies ;
Think of Heaven, and forswear
Evermore thy weak despair.

OD.

DE QUINCEY has, in a laughing mood, discussed the question whether "our mother Earth is in that stage of her life which corresponds to the playful period of twelve or thirteen in a spirited girl," or whether (and he shudders at the thought) she is a "decayed old lady already staggering upon her last legs." He suggests as a reason which favors the former view, that it is not likely that mankind should but just begin to find out effective methods of traversing both land and sea, as their summons came to leave both. Again, he asks, "Does it stand with good sense that Earth is waning and Science drooping precisely when first of all man's eye is arming itself for looking effectively into the mighty depths of space?" If we have just made discoveries, it is not fair that we be soon deprived of enjoying them. So long, then, as her children continue making improvements and discoveries, old Terra need have no fear of death. Still it seems probable, that as soon as discoveries and progress have finally ceased, then must she prepare for the final cataclysm or holocaust. Change is the great law of nature, and therefore, as soon as civilization has attained its highest possible limit, has reached its culminating point, it must inevitably decline. To retrograde is then the fate of man if he continues to exist. This state, however, is inconsistent with the government of a wise and just Creator, and therefore it is impossible. For the course of improvement among mankind, however changeable it may appear, conceals, like the planet, its true and constant advance under the guise, now of lagging, now even of retrograding, and again of a doubly swift flight.

Still this fact should not inspire us with any immediate fear. For what man thinks that Science has yet grasped and explained all the ideas of the Creator which have been clothed with physical existence in the world of matter and of mind? Is the present social

condition of man the most elevated to which he may aspire? Are national and international politics already at their climax? Are the sciences of light, of heat, of electricity, and of magnetism, not to be carried beyond their present crude and undigested state, *rudis indigestaque moles*? Have crystallography, mineralogy, and geology been expanded to the largest limit?

A negative answer to these questions implies that, since discoveries and improvements continue to be possible, the condition under which mother Earth is to pass from life does not hold true. And since every objection that can be established by an *a priori* argument against the truth of a discovery is necessarily built upon this condition, they all fall to the ground. Now, though openly no one may answer these questions affirmatively, yet the feeble denial of many, very many even scientific men, is rendered of no avail by a practical scepticism founded upon this mode of argument. If a new discovery, supported by ample evidence, is noised abroad, they treat it as an idle rumor, until either facts are forced before their eyes, or its practical utility renders it universally popular. The scientific treatise discussing the new phenomena and theory lies unopened on the dusty shelf, while the author is spoken of as a weak man, whose imagination has, in one of its wild flights, borne him beyond the utmost bounds of sense and endurance. For a man thus to disbelieve where he is ignorant, is a fault unpardonable. Its only and worst excuse is its frequency. Such, however, has been the cold, formal, and disheartening reception given in the nineteenth century to a discovery which perhaps the twentieth will look back upon as marking a great era in the progress of science.

In the city of Vienna, Baron Charles von Reichenbach, a man who had previously won a high reputation throughout Europe for his discoveries in meteorology, has, for the past ten years, been devoting his attention to a class of phenomena, some of them previously known, but most of them unknown. His researches have resulted in a brilliant discovery. The existence of a new force has been proclaimed to the world. A new imponderable, another dynamic force, after having been fairly tested, is to take its station in the company of heat, magnetism, and electricity. The questions which chiefly call for discussion are, first, in relation to the facts how this force, which is called OD, is manifested, what are its sources, and what its attributes; secondly, what evidence there is to support these alleged facts; and finally, what results are to be expected.

Let a large natural crystal (a spar of gypsum, rock crystal, or mountain crystal answers best) be laid horizontally across the corner of a table, so that both ends project. Now, let several men in turn hold the palms of their left hands before the poles of the axis of the crystal, at a distance of a few inches. In a minute or less, *some* of them will feel upon their hands a breath of Od, cooling and refreshing from one pole, from the other lukewarm and unpleasant. Not *all* men, however, will feel this sensation. On an average, there will be three, four, or five out of twenty. These are called by the general name of "sensitive." They may be in perfect health, but as a rule excitable persons, those with weak nerves or suffering from disease, show sensitiveness in the higher degrees. Again, if a magnet be placed on a table in a similar manner, with its ends projecting, the same result ensues. Before the north pole, the hand feels a sensation cool and pleasant; before the south pole, a sensation warm and disagreeable, perhaps even nauseous. Again, if one end of a wire of any length (two hundred feet, for example) be exposed to the rays of the sun, moon, or stars, the other end will cause a sensation sometimes cool and sometimes warm. Od, then, you will say, is mere heat. But Od is not heat. For the thermoscope, which can measure the heat in the body of a mosquito, as far as you can see it, remains motionless when subjected to the Odic influences. Nay, there are cases where heat and Od produce effects wholly opposite.

The only other manner in which Od has yet manifested itself is to the eye. Odic light, however, is so faint, that the room where it is to be seen must be in absolute darkness; for the slightest trace of any other light penetrating into the room renders the eye insensible to Odic influence. Moreover, the eye must, for a while, be accustomed to the darkness. Three or four hours are sometimes necessary to bring it to the proper state. Under these conditions the crystal above mentioned will be seen by a "sensitive" to be covered with a delicate light, which at the poles streams out in a tulip form as large as the palm of a hand; then waving and dissolving into vapor. The color of the light is, at one end of the crystal, blue, and at the other, reddish-yellow; the blue light coming from the same pole as the cool and pleasant sensation. The magnet also appears in a white incandescence, and from the poles spring up flames smoking and sparkling. They rise to the ceiling, producing there an illuminated circular spot. The flames from the two poles neither attract

nor in any way influence each other, as opposite magnetic powers do. A solid opaque body placed in this light throws a shadow, or rather the flames curve round it like common flames. A current of air sways them to and fro, and a converging lens collects their light into a focus. Od at the north pole is blue, and at the south, reddish-yellow. Plants also emit light. The distinguished naturalist and botanist, Endlicher, the royal professor in the public gardens of Vienna, after remaining for some time in a darkened room, suddenly exclaimed to Reichenbach, "Why, there is a blue flower, — it is a *Gloxinia*!" True enough, Reichenbach had placed there a *Gloxinia* for the experiment. Beside plants, animals also become visible, and man himself is found to be enveloped in a delicate and wavy halo of light. From his eyes particularly, and the tips of his fingers, pencils of rays of Odic light dart off, which may be discerned for the distance of four or five inches, or more.

Od, then, has up to the present time only manifested itself to sensation and vision. Perhaps the reason why no Odometer has been discovered may be inferred from the universal distribution of this force through nature. The numerous bodies already mentioned contain or produce Od in the largest quantities, and beside these, iron, coal, selenium, brimstone, copper, tin, lead, cobalt, zinc, arsenium, calcium, and bismuth. In fine, no body has yet been discovered which does not contain Od. The fair presumption, then, is, that it pervades the whole physical universe. Hence its name, from the German *Wodan*, expressing the notion of an all-pervading power. Moreover, all chemical change produces Od. Uncork a bottle of champagne, says Reichenbach, and a flash of fire follows the cork as it flies to the ceiling. The whole bottle appears in a white glow, and a bright flame plays above it. Od accompanies the phenomena of sound also. A large bell, when rung, emits this light. The strings of a violin, when played on, grow radiant. Friction and even flowing water produce, or occasion Od. Still, though this force is found in all bodies, it can be accumulated, stored away, as electricity is in a Leyden jar, in none. It cannot be isolated. Being found, as it is, in every substance, it can pass freely from any body where it might be in excess to every body near it, bringing about an equilibrium. Hence arises the difficulty of experimenting upon it, and also the comparative uncertainty attending the results. Whenever a force must be measured by its action upon the human nerve, that is, subjectively and not objectively, it can be measured only with far less accuracy. This

fact may tend to weaken our belief in the attributes, but not in the existence, of Od.

The chief attributes of Od have already been hinted at. First there is that of conductibility, or transmissibility from one body to another. Just as a loadstone magnetizes a bar of iron, so do the rays of the sun, a crystal, a magnet, or the human fingers *Odize* a tumbler of water, a piece of wood, of cloth, of sugar, or a stone. The velocity of Od cannot be compared to that of electricity. We measure that of the latter by thousands of miles, that of the former by hundreds of feet, per minute. A minute and a half are required for the effects of Od to be transmitted through an iron wire two hundred feet in length. Whether Od radiates or not has not been determined. The fact, for example, that water is Odized by sunlight may possibly be accounted for by the supposition of some chemical change produced when the rays impinge on the surface. The distance at which Odic force is perceived varies. A magnet capable of sustaining one hundred pounds' weight was felt when one hundred and fifty feet off, "which," Reichenbach observes, "is the greatest distance I have in a straight line through the suite of rooms in my castle."

The last and most important attribute of Od is dualism. We have seen that the flames issuing from one end of a crystal are cool, refreshing, and blue. Here we have Od-negative. The flames from the other end are warm, unpleasant, and yellow. This is Od-positive. The same fact holds true in the magnet, the north pole being Od-negative. Now, while in some, chiefly amorphous bodies, Od is neutral, in most its dualistic property is strongly marked. When these substances were arranged according to the kind and degree of their Od, Reichenbach was surprised to find that their order almost exactly corresponded with that which they hold in the electro-chemical series discovered by the great Berzelius. The human body, also, is differently Odized. The upper half, the head, is Od-negative, the lower half, the stomach, is Od-positive. Again, the whole right side is Od-negative, the left, Od-positive. Hence, for convenience and accuracy of description, it was stated that the left hand was used in the above experiments. If the right had been used, opposite results would have ensued. Od, then, to sum up, is manifested to the powers of sensation and vision. It exists in every part of the physical universe. Its chief attributes are transmissibility, either through any body, or from one body to another, whether they are in contact, or at a short distance ; and, finally, dualism.

We know now what the facts are ; but before we proceed to build upon them any theory, fanciful or firm, let us see what evidence supports them. Let us see what and how strong grounds we are to have for our belief, if we are to believe, or what we must reject with disbelief. The best evidence a man can have is to test the experiments himself carefully. In England, many of them have been tried, some of them successfully ; some, again, have failed, either because the necessary conditions were not fulfilled, or because Reichenbach is in error ; for his work contains, no doubt, many mistakes. The science of the Odic force, like all others, cannot be developed in an instant. " True science," says Sir William Herschel, " advances by eliminating error and discarding false experiments." In America, however, the experiments do not appear to have been tested accurately and fairly. One of the ablest physiologists in this country says he knows of no American who from personal experience is qualified to form an opinion of the truth or falsity of Reichenbach's statements. The next best and only remaining evidence consists of that drawn from the author's character, so far as it is known, and of the internal evidence in the work itself. Reichenbach, as stated above, has won a deserved reputation for his previous discoveries in other branches of science. Whether or not he claims to be a profound philosopher, he is at least accurate and skilful in his experiments, and careful in describing them. The earnestness with which, after on one occasion indulging in an hypothesis, (which, by the way, is quite well founded,) he begs his readers to distinguish his own explanations from the facts themselves, resembles the modesty of Newton in suggesting his celebrated queries. The least, then, to be claimed for the author, is truthfulness and accuracy.

Now, then, to consider his treatise, or rather his witnesses. To assume nothing, let us grant that every one of Reichenbach's witnesses was totally uneducated, and that they all lied. Nothing *more* than this will probably be demanded. Now if, in a court of law, four, five, or six witnesses come in and testify to the same story, — if they all agree in the particulars and minute details of a long and complicated narrative, — if the most critical cross-examination and thorough analysis of the testimony can detect few discrepancies of importance, and those few even are accounted for by the varied circumstances under which the different witnesses testify, — and if among these witnesses *collusion is impossible*, — what would be the force of their combined testimony ? Would it be weak, or would it

be morally demonstrative, no matter what the character of the individuals? If, instead of four, five, or six witnesses, there were ten, fifteen, or twenty, most of them without the possibility of collusion; if, instead of twenty, we had fifty, seventy-five, or a hundred witnesses,—would not our conclusion be established firmly, if it were not already beyond the possibility of a doubt? Now the witnesses of the Baron von Reichenbach, whose testimony fulfils the above conditions, number over TWO HUNDRED. They are of both sexes, of all ages, of every different condition of health, and of every grade in society. There are among them innkeepers and army officers, — hatters, sailors, and surgeons, — painters, farmers, bakers, and barristers, — merchants, tradesmen, physicists, philologists, and philosophers. Some even of the nobility are among them, and, finally, there is Professor Endlicher, in himself a host. The concurrence of so many and such witnesses, where collusion is impossible, is conclusive proof. Now if any one wishes to reject for no reason this accumulation of evidence, he is welcome. Let him, however, at least furnish a plausible explanation for what then becomes a MIRACLE. Every one may choose, but after choosing let him meet the consequence.

How, then, do we stand? Reichenbach is accurate, the witnesses are truthful. Is there no third hypothesis which may attack our belief in the truth of this discovery? There is: an hypothesis which, however absurd, is still conceivable, and which may account for a part, perhaps a half, of the facts, but not the whole. When the Baron and Professor Endlicher entered the darkened room where stood the *Gloxinia*, it is conceivable that, in consequence of a strong wish, a strong volition in the mind of the former, that Endlicher should see that flower in a peculiar manner, therefore Endlicher, without seeing the flower, actually thought, actually *believed*, he did see it in that identical manner. Conceivable this hypothesis no doubt is. If, therefore, any one prefers to believe that Reichenbach's *will* produced in the minds of the witnesses false perceptions of light and heat, rather than believe those perceptions were truthful, again he is welcome to do so. Still even this hypothesis fails. For many of the experiments of Reichenbach resulted in unexpected conclusions, which he was at the time unprepared for and unable to explain. This analysis shows, then, not only that the witnesses thought they saw, but did see, the phenomena proving the existence of the Odic force.

When a series of experiments is presented, the first question that arises is, Are the facts as they appear? This has just been decided in the affirmative. Secondly, What do the facts prove? May not the result of the experiments be explained under some of the previously known laws of nature? May not, in the present case, the phenomena be produced in accordance with the laws of heat, of magnetism, or of electricity? Many of the phenomena, if looked upon as isolated facts, might be confounded with those of heat, many might be confounded with those of electricity; but most of them, and the most remarkable, are totally inconsistent with and inexplicable by the known laws of heat, or electricity, or magnetism. The phenomena prove, then, the existence of a new force; and Reichenbach, using the privilege of a discoverer, calls this force *OD*. In his scientific treatise, cautious and rigorous in his speculations, he attempts to explain by *Od* only one of the great problems of nature which have foiled the efforts of science heretofore. He made a hollow iron sphere two feet in diameter, and passed through the centre in a vertical direction an iron pole, around which he twined six strands of copper wire, and connected the ends to a voltaic pile. The phenomena which ensued exactly resembled the Aurora Borealis; and, since Sir Humphrey Davy's explanation of the Northern Light as an electrical phenomenon has been disproved by the facts discovered since his time, Reichenbach conjectures that *Od* may be its real cause. The fact that *Od* exists in the presence of chemical change may explain the "vulgar superstition," which, however, claims an origin far back in the darkness of antiquity, and which has perhaps at all times numbered among its believers half the inhabitants of the earth, that ghosts are seen flitting over new graves. The terrified imagination of the beholder invests with human form the flickering *Odic* light which exhales from the ground.

One of Reichenbach's experiments proved that the magnet drew after it the arm of a cataleptic patient when in a state of perfect unconsciousness. Is it then impossible, that, if half a dozen men place upon a table the tips of their fingers, which we know to be constantly giving off *Od*, the table may be *Odized* in such a manner, either positively or negatively, as to be attracted by some one of the men? It is a well-established fact in physics, that common light will permeate a thin plate of gold. May not *Odic* light so permeate a thicker plate, that the words written on a slip of paper, and placed in the centre of a nest of boxes, may be visible to a person highly sen-

sitive,—to a clairvoyant? Water in motion we know produces Od; is it not possible that a stream of water many feet under ground, may by the peculiarities of the Od be discovered, thus explaining the fable of the divining-rod? May not mines of metal and coal be discovered in a similar way? Finally, may not mesmerism find here an easy and probable explanation?

But it is possible, perhaps probable, that ghosts, table-moving, clairvoyance, and mesmerism may all turn out to be mere ingenious deceptions. Whether these are beyond an explanation, or whether Od is destined to explain them, is of little consequence. For this new force, we may fairly presume, will eventually rise to an equal importance with magnetism and electricity, with which forces it should be scientifically classed. That in the half-dozen years since its discovery it has not pushed forward practical science, is no more than may be said of almost all other discoveries. The difficulty before noticed, that, since it pervades all nature, it cannot by any known means be isolated, may, in the end, proportionally increase its utility. But whether Od is to explain the occult phenomena of life, whether it is to draw out as on a chart the hidden principles of all vegetable and animal existence; whether it will enable us to repel for a while the ugly gripe of disease and death, or whether it shall fail in all this; even if it refuse to communicate, like electricity, our wishes with the speed of lightning; even though it be unable to guide us with the accuracy of the compass over the stormy waters in a starless night; even though it refuse to urge, like steam, the rapid car; even though, like a cruel tyrant, it jeer at the very thought of condescending to aid in any human enterprise,—it will still claim and receive a pre-eminent rank among discoveries, by appealing, not to utility, but to intellect. Even if it satisfy none of man's desires, or gratify none of his passions, it will find its appropriate office in expanding and elevating his mind. For the highest, noblest function of any discovery is to develop and explain the eternal ideas of the Creator, as they are manifested in this his creation.

THOREAU AND HIS BOOKS.*

"Silence, good Meton! cried Anaxagoras, or I may begin to talk of a luminary whose light has not yet reached the earth."—PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

"I sing of times trans-shifting; and I write
How roses first came red and lilies white."—HERRICK.

SOME books are for sea-side reading; others for the 'country.' Some for one time, some for another. A few for all times and all places. But just see, gentle reader, (for such are all the readers of the *Harvard Magazine*.) with what propriety of time and place I read Mr. Thoreau's charming books!

If you knew of a small island, beautiful in its situation, beautiful in itself, rising with its green trees and shrubbery like a mermaid's palace from the ocean; where a thousand years ago Thorwald Ericsson, bold Icelandic Columbus, landed, saying, "This spot is beautiful, here should I like to build myself a habitation,"—there living and dying; where, two hundred and thirty-four years ago last month, a handful of English Puritans landed and kept the first New England Sabbath,—uncomfortably enough, no doubt, yet not without great thankfulness and sincerity unknown in these days; and where now live voyagers, life voyagers, whose lives seem as natural and fair as the trees growing up around them;—would not that be the place? Would you have a better spot than this, pray, where in summer days to read pleasant books? There might you sit in an arbor, quite unartificial, of young balm-of-Gilead trees (*Populus candicans*, as Mr. Thoreau would stop to add), and, thus intimate with Nature, interpret with a finer sense her commissioned reporters. Music should not be wanting; from the trees and the shore might you hear the old eternal song, *Das alte ew'ge Lied*, heard long enough ago,—never sung out; and with such advantages your book should acquire an adventitious beauty which you would in vain seek for elsewhere. You assent to this, dear reader,—not without a smile, perhaps,—but you assent. Prosaic as you boast of being, you confess to a little romance,—in fact, if the truth were known, considerable. Old as you are, how often do you go to bed repeating

* 1. *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1849.

2. *Walden; or, Life in the Woods*. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1854.

snatches of verse, or thinking of the time you first saw Betsey at the party and how hastily time is dealing with you! And even you, bravadoing, rough-seeming youth, even you, in your more private hours, glancing at a favorite engraving, wonder with a not unpleasant anxiety when you *shall* see Betsey, — one who alone shall at last know what is best in you, and solve for you an as yet only pleasant mystery.

Be that as it may, there in such wise did I read these pleasant volumes, enjoying their many beauties, and endeavoring — not always successfully — to understand and approve the philosophy therein set forth; where beauties occurred I used an appropriate book-mark, a green leaf, while the tree also sung its approval. From the passages thus distinguished, and from the inspiration of that hour, 'the recurrence of the ray divine,' I had written "an article" which was intended for these pages. But fortunately for you, dear reader, a circumstance has occurred which renders its publication unnecessary. Strangely and unexpectedly enough, a criticism on this subject has come into my hands, written apparently by a person who has passed some of his days in that pleasant village of Concord. I therefore, somewhat reluctantly, lay my own aside, with all its admiration-marks, beautiful passages, trite quotations, and extravagant (though, by your leave, sincere) expressions, natural to all young writers. How I came by this is neither for you to ask nor me to answer. There is no romance about it. I neither found it in the trunk of a tree, nor enveloped in ominous mystery in my letter-box at the post-office. It is enough that I have it; and I will make such selections therefrom as I hope will not be displeasing to you. "Did you talk?" said one to a friend who had visited Cole-ridge. "No; I could never get in a word." We have the critic at a vast advantage, and shall slip in a word whenever we choose.

Thus, with a slight flourish of trumpets does the Unknown begin: —

"Sails between worlds and worlds." — MILTON.

"Where is he that loves the woods,
At home in all green solitudes." — CRANCH.

"THANKS! O Pliniogenes, for those rare books! Verily, Concord, thou art a blessed town; dear to me, every stone in thy streets, every drop in thy river. Here long since lived the brave farmer-warriors, and here to-day dwell many worthy men. Here lives the

serenest and best of poets ; here, the Arcadian lover of Priscilla ; here, at times, comes the eloquent ' Sayer,' hushing the noisy street with a peaceful presence ; here, the dreaming Howadji, in his linen frock, sought a true and simple life ; and here lives and labors Plinigenes, — artisan, farmer, *natural* historian, philosopher, and poet, —

‘ Foreteller of the vernal ides,
Wise harbinger of spheres and tides,’ —

of whom the world has much yet to hear, — somewhat of whom the world shall hear, if these papers come to light.”

Here follow some ill-considered remarks on criticism, not wholly uninteresting to the reader, from which we take the following ; as though a critic should prejudice his mind by reading a book beforehand !

“ I never allow myself to give an opinion of any book whatever, until I have read it considerably, and endeavored sincerely to understand the spirit of the author. Why can we not have some charity and conscientiousness in our criticisms ? We must be truthful and impartial, *ruat cælum* ; but do not, pray, sacrifice justice to a love of pungent sarcasm. That is a good saying of Teufelsdröckh : ‘ Sarcasm I now see to be the language of the Devil ; for which reason I have long since as good as renounced it.’ How indignant were we all, some years ago, at the treatment which our best poet received in a leading Review, in which his verses were compared with ‘ the great Panjandrum with the little button at the top,’ &c. Think of it ! Think of this, and then read his *Each and All*, *The Problem*, *Wood-Notes*, *The Amulet*, etc., and I will not listen to your remarks upon the Reviewer. It has often reminded me of that saying of Sir Thomas Moore in his epistle to Peter Giles : ‘ *Some love only old things*, and many like nothing but what is their own. Some again, when they meet in taverns, take upon them, among their cups, to pass censure very freely on all writers, and, with a supercilious liberty, to condemn everything they do not like ; in which they have an advantage, like that of a bald man, who can catch hold of another by the hair, while the other cannot return the like upon him.’ The lines of a poet, turned and twisted, quoted *ex parte*, sadly misrepresent him. As if one should mangle Beethoven’s Fifth Symphony by skipping from the allegro to the andante, playing both together, and stopping in the *crescendo* of a climax ; which, as a whole, is a very beautiful and very transcendental per-

formance. The poet's children came home so bespattered with the mud of the critic that we hardly knew them, and it is no wonder that they are thought by some to have a strange bearing. But there is no fear for them ; it is the 'strange boy' who makes the great man. As Dr. Holmes says, one may stand at the street corners and sell the gilt farthings of Tupper, when he can't give away the golden guineas of Tennyson ; and he might have added, 'or of Emerson.' When will these two-penny *platitudes*, without the government stamp, be prohibited ? "

The Unknown grows impatient ! and perhaps not wholly without reason. He concludes : —

"The spirit of the criticism which I complain of, seems worse to me than the matter itself. 'The great Panjandrum' business does n't amount to anything ; — 't is merely a 'cover for hidden fire,' like Pickwick's warming-pan, — only there 's a deal more brass in it."

But let us come to that "somewhat" of "Pliniogenes."

Mr. Thoreau's first book is a pleasant narrative of a week's journey on the "Concord and Merrimack rivers." Many people smile at the title, as who should say, What was Thoreau doing on those streams, that he should publish an account of his journey ? I have written no account of my last excursion to Nahant. True ; but Mr. Thoreau might have done so, and made a valuable book, I doubt not. This Merrimack navigation was not for trading purposes, — no ventures for Lowell or Concord (N. H.) ; neither, geographically speaking, for discovery. Yet the intelligent reader may find that discoveries, not wholly unimportant or uninteresting, were made, and natural phenomena recorded in a pleasant way, which in no way whatever are recorded in the text-books. If the reader remembers that, according to the Unknown, he is both poet and philosopher, the matter will become plain. He says : "I had often stood on the banks of the Conoord, watching the lapse of the current, an emblem of all progress, the weeds at the bottom gently bending down the stream, shaken by the watery wind, ere long to die and go down likewise. The occasional logs and stems of trees that floated past, fulfilling their fate, were objects of singular interest to me, and at last I resolved to launch myself on its bosom, and float whither it would bear me." And thus they float (Mr. Thoreau and his brother) down the Concord and up the Merrimack, in a skiff, "which had cost us a week's labor, painted green below, with a border of blue, with reference to the two elements in which it was to

spend its existence." Thus they float through the pleasant days, and at night — pitching their tent on the bank, where "huckleberries still hanging on the bushes, . . . bread and sugar, and cocoa boiled in river water, made our repast" — they jot down the adventures of the day (and night), what they have seen and heard, and reflections thereupon. But here is a philosophic scintillation from the critic.

"'Fulfilling their fate'! 'Es leuchtet mir ein,'" cries he; "plainly enough, thou art somewhat a fatalist. That Concord River was merely a symbol, standing for that irresistible stream of Fate which bore you on. This it is which has shifted you from one occupation to another, dissatisfied you with all, and at last placed you in your true position as priest and poet of Nature."

Rare doctrine this, for these sensible Christian days! Is this form of Napoleonism also *redivivus*? But let us hear of Mr. Thoreau as the "priest and poet of Nature"; for, in thus specifying his "profession," the critic hits the nail on the head.

"The journey from Concord-upon-Concord to the sources of the Merrimack, and back, occupied a week. The author has therefore divided his book according to the days of the week, discussing topics somewhat appropriate to each day, as well as to the scenes through which they were passing. This he has very successfully done; and in this light his book is an artistic and beautiful performance,—more so, I think, than *Walden*. This refers to the form merely, not to the matter, a good deal of which is surprisingly true and beautiful, though not without much that is open to just criticism. Pliniogenes, as my well-meant *sobriquet* asserts, is a man wonderfully intimate with Nature, versed in all her secrets, as well as a rugged, hearty, and not unfrequently blunt philosopher; a *natural* philosopher in more than one sense. Horace will never have a better illustration of that verse, —

'Rusticus, abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva.'

Though answering to both, he is more truly the poet than the priest of Nature. As the latter, his philosophy is sometimes at fault, and his homilies not wholly important or intelligible; so that you may sometimes sleep under them, and not be a great loser. Only be sure and wake up in time to hear the most rare and beautiful psalm and benediction at the end! If not, you lose much, and your friends will in vain endeavor to communicate the blessing

which has fallen upon them. But, as the poet of Nature, Pliniogenes is unsurpassed. I never read or heard of a man who lived so *near* to nature. He says himself: 'There is in my nature, methinks, a singular yearning toward all wildness. I know of no redeeming qualities in myself but a sincere love for some things, and when I am reproved, I fall back on to this ground.' Courage! Pliniogenes, it is good ground. Only, when you 're there, don't chanticleer it too loudly, in derision of our poor footholds, — footholds which we like somewhat, feel their disadvantages, yet think to toil on with them to the end, — not without improvement, — keeping the best heart we may. Yet, O Pliniogenes, shout to us from the woods, — tell us that best refreshing news of yours! We need it, and love it; and welcome it as it comes, — refreshing in the dust of this battle, which you forsake. (Ah! do you succeed?) Surely, if I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes.

"This extraordinary lover of Nature adapts himself to all her moods and tempers; studies her least whim or caprice. The day is his; the night also is his. Think of a man wandering the whole night through, and the next day producing a lecture on 'Moonlight.' He is, more by nature than book-culture, both zoölogist and botanist. No bird or flower escapes his eye; indeed, the poet thinks they meet him half-way. He says: —

'And such I knew, a forest seer,
A minstrel of the natural year,
A lover true, who knew by heart
Each joy the mountain dales impart.
It seemed that Nature could not raise
A plant in any secret place,
But he would come in the very hour
It opened in its virgin bower,
(As if a sunbeam showed the place,)
And tell its long-descended race,
As if by secret light he knew
Where in far fields the orchis grew.*

"The sounds, too, of Nature, — from the chirping sparrow to the screeching owl; † from the lowing cow to the tr-r-o-o-nking frog, — who has ever heard them as he has? That chapter of *Walden* on *Sounds*! I have read and re-read it, always with delight. It deserves binding by itself, and gilt binding at that."

* Emerson, Woodnotes, pp. 69, 70.

† Walden, p. 135.

Thus the delighted critic. We confess we share his delight, but were he here, we would ask him if Mr. Thoreau understands as well the sublime in Nature as the detail ; though we afterwards find quoted a description of daybreak on the Saddleback Mountain, which is hardly less sublime than anything which has been said to Mont Blanc.* Setting forth the author as the poet of Nature, various quotations are made, of which we select the following.

"Behold," says the critic, "the poetry of Botany. The happy Pliniogenes, seated in his skiff, 'painted green with a border of blue,' 'loaded the evening before at our door, with potatoes and melons from a patch which we had cultivated,' is fairly embarked. 'Gradually,' says he, 'the village murmur subsided, and we seemed to be embarked on the placid current of our dreams, floating from past to future, as silently as one awakes to fresh morning or evening thoughts. We glided noiselessly down the stream. The banks had passed the height of their beauty, and some of the bright flowers showed, by their faded tints, that the season was verging towards the afternoon of the year ; but this sombre tinge enhanced their sincerity. The narrow-leaved willow lay along the surface of the water, in masses of light green foliage, interspersed with the large white bells of the button-bush. The rose-colored polygonum raised its head proudly above the water on either hand, and flowering at this season and in these localities, in the midst of dense fields of the white species which skirted the sides of the stream, its little streak of red looked very rare and precious. The pure white blossoms of the arrow-head stood in the shallower parts, and a few cardinals on the margin, still proudly surveying themselves reflected in the water, though the latter, as well as the pickerel-weed, was now nearly out of blossom. The snake-head, *Chelone glabra*, grew close to the shore, while a kind of coreopsis, turning its brazen face to the sun, full and rank, and a tall, dull, red flower, *Eupatorium purpureum*, or trumpet-weed, formed the rear rank of the fluvial array. The bright blue flowers of the soapwort gentian were sprinkled here and there in the adjacent meadows, like flowers which Proserpine had dropped, and still farther in the fields, or higher on the banks, were seen the Virginia rhexia and drooping neottia, or ladies' tresses ; while from the more distant way-sides and the banks where the sun had lodged was reflected a dull yellow

* A Week on the Concord, &c., pp. 198, 199.

beam from the ranks of tansy, now in its prime. In short, Nature seemed to have adorned herself for our departure with a profusion of fringes and curls, mingled with the bright tints of flowers, reflected in the water. But we missed the white water-lily, which is the queen of river-flowers, its reign being over for this season. He makes his voyage too late, perhaps, by a true water-clock, who delays so long. I have passed down the river before sunrise, on a summer morning, between fields of lilies still shut in sleep; and when at length the flakes of sunlight from over the bank fell on the surface of the water, *whole fields of white blossoms seemed to flash open before me as I floated along, like the unfolding of a banner*, so sensible is this flower to the influence of the sun's rays.'

"A rare and pleasant way has this navigator of treating these matters. In other places he speaks of the willow, in a way to remind one of the music suggested to Beethoven by that tree.

"In the matter of fishes, I have hitherto seen little but dry facts, if such can be called dry. Has the reader ever read any 'poetry of zoölogy'? This is what Pliniogenes says of fishes: 'Whether we live by the sea-side or by the lakes and rivers, it concerns us to attend to the nature of fishes. . . . There are fishes wherever there is a fluid medium, and even in clouds and in melted metals we detect their semblance. Think how in winter you can sink a line down straight in a pasture, through snow and through ice, and pull up a bright, slippery, dumb, subterranean silver or golden fish! I have thus stood over them (the breams) half an hour at a time, and stroked them familiarly without frightening them, suffering them to nibble my fingers harmlessly, and have even taken them out of the water with my hands, by letting the fingers gradually close about them as they are poised over the palm, and with the utmost gentleness raising them slowly to the surface. They keep up a constant sculling or waving motion with their fins, exceedingly graceful, and expressive of their humble happiness. The edges of the dorsal and caudal fins have a singular dusty golden reflection. Seen in its native element, it is a very beautiful and compact fish, perfect in all its parts, and looks like a brilliant coin fresh from the mint. It is a perfect jewel of the river; the green, red, coppery, and golden reflections of its mottled sides in harmony with the sunlit brown and yellow pebbles. I have often attracted these small perch to the shore at evening, by rippling the water with my fingers. It is a true fish, such as the angler loves to put into his basket, or hang at the

top of his willow twig in shady afternoons, along the banks of the stream. The Chivin, Dace, Roach, or Cousin Trout, *Leuciscus pulchellus*, any angler is glad to hook for its rarity. It is commonly a silvery, soft-scaled fish, of graceful, scholar-like, and classical look, like many a picture in an English book. The red chivin, according to some, is still the same fish, with its tints deepened, they think, by the darker water it inhabits, *as the red clouds swim in the twilight atmosphere*. I have caught white chivin of great size in the Abol-jacknagesic, at the base of Mount Ktaadn, but no red ones there. The latter variety seems not to have been sufficiently observed. The shiner, *Leuciscus crysoleucas*, is a gold or silver fish that passes current in the river, its limber tail rippling the surface in sport or flight. The pickerel, *Esox reticulatus*, the swiftest, wariest, and most ravenous of fishes, is a solemn, stately ruminant fish, lurking under the shadow of a pad at noon, with still, circumspect, voracious eye, motionless as a jewel set in the water.'

"How can I refrain," asks the critic, "from illustrating this poetical intimacy with Nature with such passages as these? Speaking of the transparency of the air and water, as they dipped their way along, between fresh masses of foliage, overrun with the grape and smaller flowering vines, the author says: 'The birds seemed to *flit through submerged groves, alighting on the yielding sprays, and their clear notes to come up from below*. The world seemed holiday or prouder pageantry, with silken streamers flying, and the course of our lives to wind on before us like a green lane into a country maze at the season when fruit-trees are in blossom. Why should not our whole life and its scenery be actually thus fair and distinct?'

"And again at sunset he writes: 'Vespers had already rung in many a dim and watery chapel down below, where the shadow of weeds were extended in length over the sandy floor. The vesper-tinial pout had already begun to flit on leathern fin, and the finny gossips withdrew from the fluvial streets to creeks and coves, and other private haunts, excepting a few of the stronger fish, which anchored in the stream, stemming the tide even in their dreams.'

"Still more characteristic of the author is the following: 'I have stood under a tree in the woods half a day at a time, during a heavy rain, in the summer and yet employed myself happily and profitably there, prying with microscopic eye into the crevices of the bank, or the leaves, or the fringe at my feet. I can fancy that it would

be a luxury to stand up to one's chin in some retired swamp a whole summer's day, scenting the wild honeysuckle and bilberry blows, and lulled by the minstrelsy of gnats and mosquitos! Say twelve hours of genial and familiar intercourse with the leopard frog; the sun to rise behind alder and dogwood, climb buoyantly to his meridian of two handsbreadth, and finally to sink to rest behind some bold western hammock. To hear the *evening chant of the mosquito from a thousand green chapels*, and the bittern begin to boom from some concealed fort, like a sunset gun!

"Sweet are the honeysuckles and bilberry blows, O Pliniogenes; sweet, too, the minstrelsy of gnats and mosquitos; but do they not bite? I have heard that a wise man has spent ten years over a Nautilus preliminary to a dissection; * but what transcendent knowledge do you bring us from that 'twelve hours of genial and familiar intercourse with the leopard frog'?"

"It is but one step from this swamp to the clouds. Hear this from the mountains: 'All around beneath me was spread for a hundred miles on every side, as far as the eye could reach, an undulating country of clouds, answering in varied swell of its surface to the terrestrial world it veiled. It was such a country as we might see in dreams, with all the delights of paradise. There were immense snowy pastures and shady vales between the vaporous mountains! But when its own sun began to rise on this pure world I found myself a dweller in the dazzling halls of aurora, drifting amid the saffron-colored clouds and playing with the rosy fingers of the dawn in the very path of the sun's chariot and sprinkled with its dewy dust, surveying with a benignant smile, and near at hand, the far-darting glances of the god.'"

But let us hear something of the priest and philosopher.

"'Their Christ' and 'my Buddha'!" † cries the Critic, "'Shakespeare youthfully green' beside the 'cosmogonical philosophy of the Bhāgavāt Gēētā'! In what unpleasant lands have fallen our noble lines? O where the end of this eternal Eastern business, — this Buddha and Brahm panegyric! Make the most you can of your 'Buddha'; pass him through all forms of animate existence, from the time his creation depends on a flower-stalk to that last transmigration into annihilation which is not annihilation, he is not worthy to be compared to Jesus Christ, much less to our God, with whom he cor-

* Agassiz's Lectures.

† A Week, etc., p. 72.

responds in the Buddhist mythology. And as for Shakespeare and the Bhāgvat Gēeta, I should value more one drama of the great bard, than all the dialogues of Krēśhnā and Arjōon together. Rare books those Eastern works; but what avails it to learn that the 'souls of women and of the inferior tribes are doomed to transmigration till they can be regenerated in the body of a *Brāhmān*' ;* that the man 'who may be happy in his soul,' 'hath no interest either in that which is done or that which is not done' ; † that 'the *Yōgēē* sitteth upon the sacred grass' during the 'purification of his soul, keeping his head, neck, and body steady without motion, his eyes fixed on the point of his nose, looking at no other place around.' For these things you shall see, as well as the wise things which Pliniogenes has quoted. Wonderful God, for our purposes, that *Brahm*, whose existence is a 'dreamless sleep,' ‡ 'who can neither be called *Sāt* (*ens*) nor *Asāt* (*non ens*)' ; § neither the *ego* nor the *non-ego*, the *ich* nor the *nicht-ich*, the *me* nor the *not-me*. O philosophers, your jargon is at fault; schoolmen, your vocabularies are defective. Now do I see why those good Eastern people regard creation — to us not wholly unreal — as a 'delusion,' since to them it is only an '*appearance*' of this *Brahm*, this *existing non-existence* ! Transcendentalism, thy name is *Brahm* ! "

Peace, O Unknown ! There are many very wise things in those books ; and Mr. Thoreau esteems them for the most part for their "rare intellectuality." Yet he plays too long upon that one string, — we get too much of that heathenish music, when we have as good or better of our own. Nor is Shakespeare "youthfully green" by the side of anybody. As the critic rather aptly concludes this topic : —

"Your *Buddhas* and *Brahmas* and *Vedas* are (not to speak it flip-pantly) all very good in their way ; and we will attend to them. But I insist upon it, we have a better way ; that, since that sublime life of Christ, we have a better religion, and thereby a better philosophy ; that the Hebrew Scriptures have more grandeur and sublimity, with less obscurity, than the Hindoo. And as they are better fitted for a somewhat enlightened and civilized nation like our own, I trust we shall continue, dear Pliniogenes, to prefer them, emulating, in the study thereof, your 'twelve hours of genial and familiar intercourse with the leopard frog,' and the *Yōgēē*, sitting on 'the sacred

* As the *Veds* declare.

† Bhāgvat Gēeta, p. 46.

‡ Rev. James F. Clarke's Lectures.

§ Bhāgvat Gēeta, p. 103.

grass which is called *Kōōs*, 'his eyes fixed on the point of his nose, looking at no other place.' " *

Here, dear reader, we come to an abrupt *cetera desunt*. Though disappointed in not finding something of *Walden*, I agree with you that we should not enter that somewhat Dantean wood, after this pleasanter river excursion. Rather let us come "out of the woods" and crow, in satisfaction of our safe return. Even Mr. Thoreau does the like : —

"As it grew later in the afternoon, and we rowed leisurely up the gentle stream, shut in between fragrant and blooming banks, where we had first pitched our tent, and drew nearer to the fields where our lives had passed, we seemed to detect the hues of our native sky in the southwest horizon. Thus thoughtfully we were rowing homeward to find some autumnal work to do, and help on the revolution of the seasons."

The critic, however, adds, that, in event of a further "illumination," (which he confidently expects,) however feeble, he may furnish other matter; that he has something more to say of "Plinigenes" as priest and philosopher, and alludes to his wholesale condemnation of newspapers, as "a worse than Napoleonic 'outrooting of journalism'"; his remarks upon philanthropists and reformers, as "darkly unintelligible to those unacquainted with him, to few, indeed, wholly clear"; and his numerous complaints against society, "not always placid and serene," as "reminding one a little of what Mr. Carlyle calls a 'running shriek.'" The critic will remember that Mr. Thoreau, where he speaks of "browsing Olive-Branches," † has some excellent remarks upon newspapers; that reformers, alas! may sometimes begin with themselves; and that society, God knows, is bad enough. The question is, whether Mr. Thoreau takes the right way, or any way, to mend it. On the whole, we think he has no business with it. He has as distinct an office — mission, if you will — as any which Mr. Pierce can dispense, and many times more honorable. As the critic says, he is the "priest and poet of Nature," but, as the Night-song runs, —

"Zu was anderm taugt er nicht."

Further alluding to *Walden*, as a "book, though less artistic than its predecessor, yet in other respects superior, and in every way worthy the attention [he might have added, the admiration] of all honest

* Bhāgvat Geeta, p. 63.

† *Walden*, p. 119.

readers," the critic disappears in the sunset cloud of this farewell apostrophe. Speaking of the discontent of some of his friends with society, and what prompted them to organize (?) the "Brook Farm Community," as "a true and noble aspiration for a better life," and of this joined with a certain "natural wildness" as shaping the destiny of Mr. Thoreau, he says: "This is the dæmon, seemingly satirical, with a head for the stars, and hoofs to dig in the earth, which harries you now, as it ever will. This it is which causes you to shift from 'pencil-making,' 'huckleberrying,' or thy more praiseworthy and excellent surveying, 'from fear of doing a good business'; — a Brahministic antipathy to what is, in a worldly sense, practical. This, which sent you dreaming down the Concord River, and up the Merrimack. Spiritually, poetically Quixotic pilgrimage! Rozinantean bark! Quaint navigators! Dreams infinitely beautiful, and sometimes, as the best dreams are, infinitely unintelligible! — Ah! Pliniogenes, if, in that divine pilgrimage, that Ulyssean wandering, (for the fates are not idle with thee,) thou hadst met with some Calypso's island, what dreams should we not have had! — And this, at last, which drove thee restless from a peaceful home, to live like a Gaboon savage, materially, at *Walden Pond*; spiritually, a true — the truest — prophet of Nature. Your life is a poem, O Pliniogenes, of shifting scene and changing metre. Only make it, I pray you, always fair and intelligible. It has the freshness of morning, the beauty of evening. Give it the clearness of noonday. Lacking the rare gift of verse, you may never give it that final form, but you may live for us a 'many-colored' poem.

'My life has been the poem I would have writ,
But I could not both live and utter it.'

Landor says, "There are writings which must lie long upon the straw before they mellow to the taste; and there are summer fruits that cannot abide the keeping." There is also a fruit of the tropics, protected by a rough and shaggy coat, which affords both meat and milk at all seasons. Such are Mr. Thoreau's books.

"Still, O Pliniogenes, shout to us from the woods; tell us that best refreshing news of yours! Thy voice bringeth the breath of the pines, the song of birds, and the perfume of flowers. We need it and love it, and welcome it as it comes, — refreshing in the dust of this battle which you forsake."

NEW BOOKS.

The Complete Poetical Works of COLLINS, GRAY, and GOLDSMITH, with Biographical Sketches and Notes. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co.

WE are under obligations to the publishers for a copy of this work, which forms a part of the edition of the works of the English poets which they are now issuing, under the editorial care of Mr. Epes Sargent. It contains the whole of the poetical writings of three men who, if not the greatest, stand very high among the truest, purest, and best of English poets. From their common love of nature and reverence for truth, and their common purity and happiness of disposition, they are very fitly joined together here. A peculiar feature of this edition is the introduction of a newly discovered poem of Goldsmith's, which is taken from the edition of his works lately published by Mr. Murray, in London, in which it first appeared. It is a translation of Vida's celebrated poem on "The Game of Chess," and the English editor assures us that there is reason to trust its authenticity. The biographical notices which form a part of the volume are compiled, for the most part, from English writers, and present chiefly the literary history of their subjects, thus forming very useful introductions to their works. In mechanical execution and general appearance the book is worthy of its contents, and that is enough to say. Its publishers have conferred a real benefit on the public by its issue, giving us an unexpensive and yet elegant volume, whose external beauty will satisfy the refined taste which seeks gratification in the true poetry which fills it.

Woman's Rights Tracts. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

SOME unknown friend of that new reform known as the Woman's Rights movement has circulated these tracts among us during the past month. They are in the order of their numbers. 1st. *Speech of Wendell Phillips at Worcester, October, 1851.* 2d. Theodore Parker's *Sermon of the Public Function of Woman.* 3d. *Enfranchisement of Woman*, reprinted from the Westminster Review for July, 1851. 4th. *Woman and her Wishes*, by T. W. Higginson. 5th. *The Responsibilities of Woman*, a Speech by Mrs. C. J. H. Nichols.

All these pamphlets are valuable each in its way. The article from the Westminster Review is a clear and comprehensive statement of the question at issue, and its author ably supports his position, that women should be freed from all the external restraints which they now complain of, and that to them, as widely as to men, the whole field of human action should be opened.

The speech of Mrs. Nichols is full of illustrations, drawn from her own experience, showing the evils which exist at present. That of Wendell Phillips grapples boldly with the objections made by timid persons to the proposed reform. He says:—

“It is no fanciful, no superficial movement, based on a few individual tastes, in morbid sympathy with tales of individual suffering. It is a great social protest against the very fabric of society. It is a question which goes down,—we admit it, and are willing to meet the issue,—goes down beneath the altar at which you worship, goes down beneath this social system in which you live.”

Mr. Higginson's Essay is written with that earnestness which characterizes all that he does and says. He has devoted himself to this reform with the same noble spirit which has already made him one of the foremost friends of the slave, the drunkard, and the unfortunate of all classes.

Mr. Parker's Sermon is bold and strong, like all that comes from his lips or pen.

We confess we do not see how the arguments and appeals of these orators and essayists can be met, or what answer the advocates of things as they are can make to them. It becomes us, young men, just beginning the world for ourselves, to examine into these things, and choose which side we shall take. It is easy to sneer at “Woman's Rights,” and their champions, but which of us who remembers his mother or his sister will wish to do so, at least until he has fairly examined the whole matter? One thing is certain, that the existing social system is sadly imperfect, and allows the perpetration of fearful wrongs. Can we not do something to change it? At any rate, to quote from Mr. Parker:—

“Respect, with the profoundest reverence respect the mother that bore you, the sisters who bless you, the woman that you love, the woman that you marry. As you seek to possess your own manly rights, seek also, by that great arm, by that powerful brain,—seek to vindicate her rights as woman, as your own as man.”

S.

Sermons, by THOMAS T. STONE. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

THIS modest volume contains some of the fruits of a long and devoted Christian ministry. Mr. Stone preached for some years in Eastport, Me.; he was then settled in Salem, and within a year or two has removed to Bolton, where he now preaches. He has never been widely known, but he has made many warm friends by the simplicity and beauty of his character, and the universal excellence of his sermons. They show deep thought, great beauty of expression, and a sincere and warm religious faith. We are sure no one can read them without feeling the better for it, and loving the gentle, thoughtful soul whose offering they are.

S.

Outlines of a Mechanical Theory of Storms. By T. BASSNETT. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THIS is a new work on meteorology, in which the author sets forth a theory totally at variance with the Newtonian system of gravitation. He professes to be able to predict the weather for any place, after a short residence in the place, and a series of observations, from which he deduces his results by strictly scientific methods. He attaches the greatest importance to lunar influences, exerted as he thinks by means of a vorticoose motion in the luminiferous ether, which he takes to be the electric fluid. The subject is an interesting one, and Mr. Bassnett's theory is, in some respects, plausible, but, so far as we can see, totally unsupported by facts. He seems, however, to have studied the matter with care and patience, and his labors deserve attention, although we may not accept his startling conclusions. S.

WILL'S Chemistry. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co.

THIS work is a translation from the latest enlarged German edition of Will's "*Analytische Chemie*," and fully sustains the high reputation of its author as a practical teacher of chemistry. It exhibits the experience of more than twenty years, devoted exclusively to chemical instruction in the laboratory of Liebig at Giessen. Within the compass of a small octavo volume, the whole subject of qualitative and quantitative analysis is thoroughly discussed; and although by no means intended as a general treatise on chemistry, it may be taken up with advantage by a person wholly unacquainted with the science. Every reaction is minutely described and expressed in symbols in the form of an equation, thus insuring the habit of accuracy, which is of the utmost importance, and which can be attained in no other way. It does not, like the otherwise excellent works of Rosé and Fresenius, bewilder the student by a multitude of directions for which no reason is assigned, but it leaves it, in almost every instance, to his own ingenuity to arrange the minuter details of manipulation. A partial translation of an early edition of this work was published a few years since for the use of the chemical department of the Lawrence Scientific School, as the best work on the subject then written. The volume now before us contains all the valuable matter of the former, revised and corrected by the author wherever recent investigations have brought new facts to light, besides the addition of the whole part which treats of quantitative inorganic and organic determinations. G.

EDITORS' TABLE.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to all our friends, and all our enemies, if we have any. A Happy New Year to our venerable Alma Mater; to our beloved President, whom to look upon is to honor and love; and to all our worthy Professors, Tutors, and Proctors! A Happy New Year to all fathers, mothers, sisters, and loving maidens, whose hopes hang on the college life of their dear ones among us! A Happy New Year to our infant Magazine, born amid difficulties, but not doomed, we hope, to perish in the cradle; and to you also, dear Reader, whose favor we seek to *acquire honestly*.

But our New Year's greetings do not quite end here. A just New Year to you, O tyrants! all the world over; to you, wherever you may be, who trample on men; to you who oppress millions; and to you whose petty despotism only crushes some solitary soul! A stern New Year to you, unjust judges, legislators, and magistrates, who smite down justice with the dagger hid under the sacred mantle of law! A fruitful New Year to you, brave reformers, sowing for us the seeds of happy changes! A merciful New Year to you, who, in the pilgrimage of life, have gone astray, seduced by strong temptation! A blessed New Year to you whose lives seem wasted and blighted; to all despairing exiles; all disappointed youths who have lost their places in the ranks of men; all that mourn the dead, who, dying, took more than their own life with them! A kindly New Year to the poor, who, God knows, have need enough of it! A glorious New Year to all who do service in the holy cause of mankind, — who feed the hungry, who labor for the oppressed, who instruct the ignorant, who comfort and restore the despairing! A repentant New Year to thee, O Fatherland, whose prosperity has beguiled thee into sin, leading thee on to fearful crime! Not plentiful harvests, nor richly laden ships, nor new lands to enlarge thy border, may this youngest child of Time bring to thee, — not these alone, — but rather sorrow and shame for thy past misdeeds, and a manly justice, humility, and generosity for the future.

And for each of us, dear Reader, what better prayer can we offer than the simple orison of Tiny Tim, —

"GOD BLESS US ALL!"

THE WAR. — Since the publication of our last number many important events have taken place, but the topic of all-absorbing interest is the European War. The Historical Address of Mr. Bancroft, the Thanksgiving vacation, the meeting of Congress, the indictment of Massachusetts men for freedom of speech, — these, and a thousand other matters of greater or less consequence, are mostly forgotten in the fever for foreign news. Russia still holds her strong position in the Crimea, and thousands upon thousands of brave men are falling in that disastrous siege. Who can foresee the end? To some the taming of Russian pride seems certain; others look for such a termination of the war as will leave the Czar master of Eastern Europe, and reduce England to a second-rate power. To us it is clear that England has made great mistakes in regard to Russia, — mistakes of which Kossuth well reminded her in his late speech at the Polish Banquet. But she may yet retrieve them, and it may be that the Slavonic race, which now seems destined to such wide dominion, will be checked in its rapid advances. Still, no one can deny that this is a crisis in England's history. Her sons feel it so, and are hastening home from foreign lands to volunteer in her fleets and armies. Our sympathies go with them, and we echo the words of Britain's Laureate, using them of herself: —

"Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle altar gazing down,
She god-like grasps the triple forks,
And king-like wears the crown:

"Her open eyes desire the truth,
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears!"

We have been favored, by a classical friend, with the following "Translations from an Old Writer," which seem to preserve very well the spirit of the original. The plan is a good ode, and we should be pleased to see in print an American "Arundines Cami," or, still better, the effusions of some second Vincent Bourne, whose brilliant translations and original pieces in Latin will bear reading even after Horace or Tibullus. Who will give us an *Iter per Carolum*, or an *Iter Geologicum* for our next number?

The second of the two following pieces was *done* into Latin prose by the immortal Elia; but it is well worthy the nobler garb of poetry which here envelops it.

I. *De Femina quæ in Solea vixit.*

Olim femina erat solea quæ vixit, et illa
Tam multos habuit natos, ut quid faciendum
Esset, nesciret: sic prompsit jus sine pane
Atque dedit natis. Tranquilla in pace quiescant!

II. *De Puero cui fuit Artocreas ex carne boum factum.*

Parvulus in latebris consedit forte Johannes
Horner, — confectum ex carne boum comedens
Artocreas. Tum demum, infixo pollice, prunum
Extrahit, exclamans: "Sum bonus et sapiens!"

R.

MUSIC. — A musical friend has handed us the following notice of the Musical Fund Society and its second concert, which we give as "our own sentiments better expressed." It is a pity that concerts so fine as these should not be fully attended.

The Boston Musical Fund Society. — We are glad to see that this Society has reorganized its orchestra, and now boasts of having the best company of musicians in America. They have given two concerts this season, which gave ample proof of their skill, — a skill, too, which was not thrown away upon "Yankee-Doodle" or a "rub-a-dub" Polka. We have never heard a more thoroughly artistic and tasteful performance than the concert of December 16th. To hear the symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven interpreted by such artists is no common treat. If Schultze had tried to win applause by showing the melody of his violin instead of his own agility, we should have liked him better; we go to the circus to see a harlequin, — at a concert we want music. The accompaniment to Mendelssohn's two-part song was rather too powerful for the trumpets; but with these slight faults the performance was most admirable, and did credit to Mr. Suck and his orchestra. The audience has diminished in numbers from preceding years, but has improved in quality. There are much fewer of those inconsiderate people who, like the dog in the manger, will neither themselves enjoy the music, nor suffer others to do so. In short, the concert-room is no longer the scene of noisy flirtation.

P.

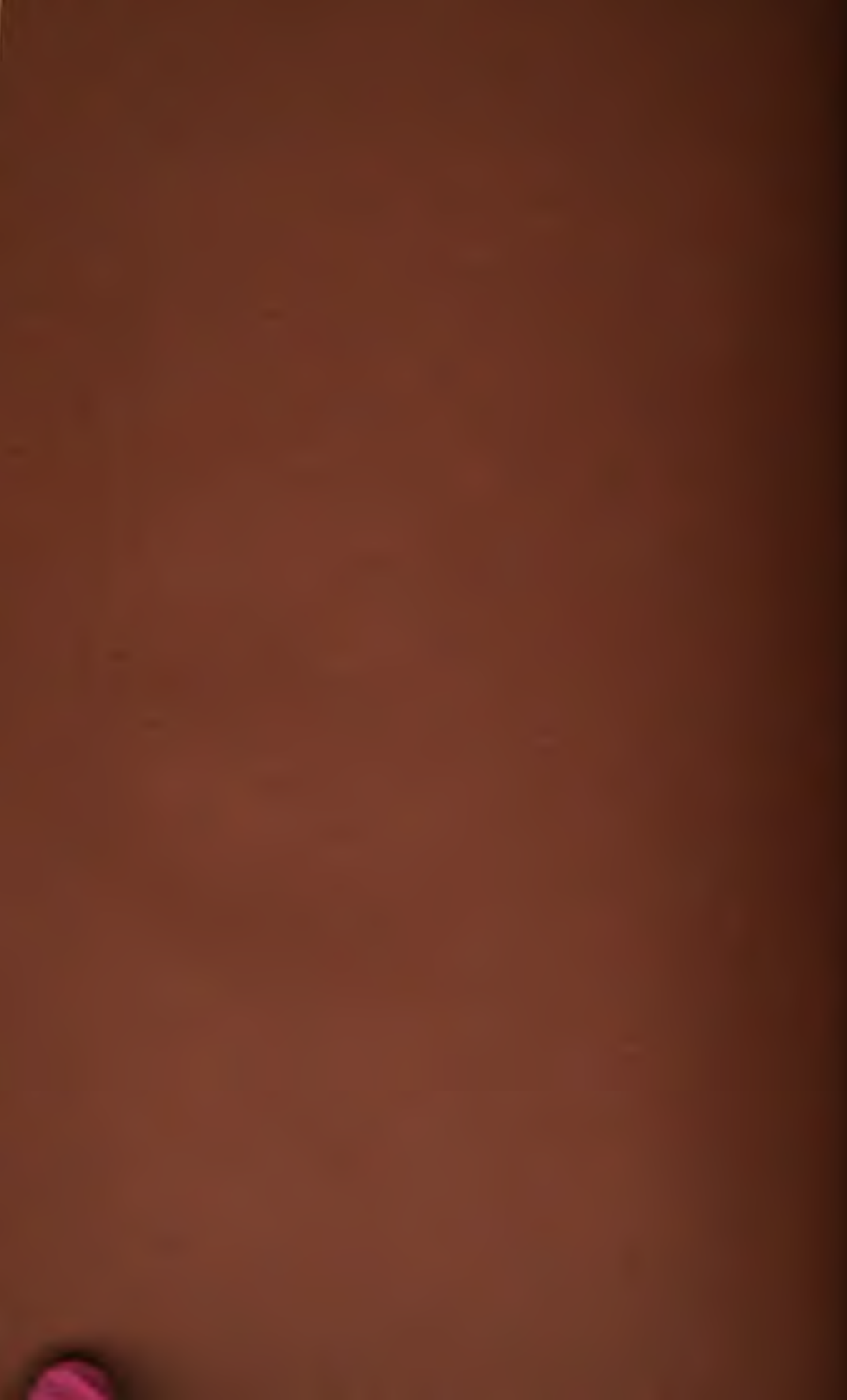
TO UNDERGRADUATES.

As the Editors' Address is somewhat general in its character, we wish here to address ourselves more particularly to our brother students. And first, as to contributions to our pages. We invite all Undergraduates to send us articles for publication, on any subject they choose to treat; and we promise them an impartial judgment so far as we can give it, reserving to ourselves the right of rejecting any article we think unfit for the press. All papers will be published anonymously, unless the writer chooses to sign his name; but the Editors will deem it a sufficient reason for rejecting an article, that we do not know the author's name, since we must know who is responsible for what we print. We hope to receive a good supply of papers on all subjects, — and would especially solicit carefully written scientific articles.

Our Magazine is started with no intention of using its pages to "squin" the College Government, and we shall avoid all personalities of every kind.

We intend to publish about the first of each month. Each number will contain forty-eight pages; and if we meet with good support, we shall increase the number.

We hope you will one and all take such an interest in this nursing of yours, as to support it handsomely. We have the promise of valuable articles from many of the best writers in College, and have no doubt we shall receive others, equally valuable, from sources now unknown to us. We ask you all, therefore, to give us your encouragement, your articles, and — your subscriptions. Our Magazine will be issued by Mr. John Bartlett, who takes upon himself the duties of its publication. He will see that subscribers receive their copies regularly, — and all business communications may be addressed to him.



THE

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THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

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No. 3.

THE ENGLISH TABLE-TALKERS.

It is only one of the unexplained and unexplainable contradictions in man's nature, that, however artificial and affected he may be in himself, he is yet madly fond of simplicity and naturalness in the abstract and in others. He may be himself the impersonation of stiff, strait, stately dignity, but he asks for quiet ease and natural carelessness in his friends. He sits himself, solemn and frozen, and doles out his wit or wisdom in measured tones, as if his two lips were a metre to count and register, as they pass through, just how much light and heat he is giving to the world ; but all the time he expects his neighbor to sit there before him with careless ease, and let the words come tumbling out as heedless as boys at play, telling without stint all that he thinks and sees and feels.

For the above remarks we wish it understood that we make no claim of originality. We merely mean by them to show why table-talkers and table-talking are such petted favorites of the world. It is because they are simplicity and nature the most simple and natural ; the least artificial of men in their least artificial of moods ; genius in its dressing-gown and slippers. Among the great table-talkers, with perhaps a single exception, we shall find a wonderfully small degree of artificialness of thought or style. To make a great talker there must be a good degree of enthusiasm, if a little wild so much the better, and affectation and enthusiasm are sworn foes. They sometimes meet, it is true ; sometimes one even gives birth to

the other; but they always quarrel when they come together, and, as there are no quarrellings like the quarrellings of brothers, their very relationship makes their blows harder and heavier.

It is then this feeling in the reader, that he is hearing a man like himself talk as men always talk, and not an author very unlike himself write as authors too often write, that has sent the readers of a great many centuries to their respective bookstores for the works of table-talkers; that has made the Centuries of John Wolf, the Deiphonosophistæ of Athenæus, the Bibliotheca of Plotius, and all the Noces and Ana without number, — all books of table-talk in their way, — favorites with their own times and readers. The Ana of the French were a class of works which belonged to the French character. They were little more than strange stories and spicy gossip, sometimes wretchedly puerile and weak, sometimes, as in the case of the Scaligerana and Perroniana, full of acute criticism and sparkling wit; both kinds, perhaps, with equal readiness fitting themselves to the half-taught French mind of their time.

The first of the English Table-Talkers about whom we have anything to say, the first who is worth saying anything about, is John Selden; Selden not as the member of Parliament, the stout opponent of Popery, and the author of many heavy volumes on Jewish Law and English Politics, but as “the profoundly learned and unparalleled Antiquary,” “the living Library,” whose secretary collected and preserved his conversation, and gave to the world a pleasant book of easy talk twenty years after the talker had left it.

Great men, like misfortunes, never come single; genius, like misery, is fond of company; and so the world’s best spirits always herd together in the best times, and leave other ages, bare and desolate, to darkness and mediocrity. In one of these happy times, at one of the most brilliant of the world’s levees of genius, Selden made his appearance. As he modestly entered the assembly and made his bow at the door, he found already a goodly company collected. Ben Jonson, Sir Thomas Browne, Drayton, Donne, and William Shakespeare, Dramatist and Player of the time, were there before him. They greeted the new guest with a cordial welcome, gave him a seat at their social table in the Mermaid Tavern on Friday Street, and allowed his table-talk to mingle with those famous words,

“So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest.”

It seems hard to reconcile the life of John Selden with his character. Fond of literary leisure and full of literary taste, his whole life was a scene of political struggle and quarrelling about Church and State. Very learned in law and antiquity, upright, sensible, and firm, he seems, as a matter of course, simply because he was John Selden, to have been set up as a sort of *ex officio* breakwater against which the King and the Pope might dash themselves into foam and fury as long and as loudly as they pleased. It seems impossible to read his best works, however full they may be of politics and law, without feeling that the political and legal had supplanted the merely literary and learned; that the lean oxen of Church and State had devoured the fatter and richer kine of literature and social life.

To make the Table-Talk of Selden, his secretary, the Reverend Richard Milward, has thrown together some few hundreds of short remarks, crowded full of meaning, giving us their author's sense of various matters of weight and high consequence. The true beauty of these Ana of the English politician is their sound good-sense, and the true, clear-eyed thought that fills them. Prejudice and inherited bias are very good things as mere life-preservers to keep the poor weak creature on the surface who is not swimmer enough to support himself; but our strong talker casts all these helps away, and, boldly diving down through sea-weed and cross-currents, brings up the pearl without tarnish from the bottom. One of the brightest points in his life is the hard work he did for his age. Without any weak love for the vices and errors of his time, or any inability to look forward to better and happier times to come, he devoted himself to the place where he had been put. He knew, what warm visionaries are too apt to forget, that he had not been born in the seventeenth century to do the work of the eighteenth, and so he lived and labored and talked for the century to which he had been sent. And his works, like those of all true men, to whom posthumous fame is not an object but an accident, though fitted to all ages, belonged peculiarly to his own. His editor is anxious that in reading him we should "distinguish Times, and carry along with us the When and the Why many of these things were spoken." His caution is not, though it ought to be, unnecessary. Books, like medicines, are successful and popular only as they suit the needs and complaints of their patients. The last century's book-list would fall dead in the present. It may be doubted whether Joseph Addi-

son, publishing the *Spectator* every Saturday in 1855, would make it a profitable speculation.

Selden's philosophy is peculiarly cheerful and happy. The discontent of his fellow-men gives him no uneasiness. He generously subscribes to stupid books, and patronizes their stupid authors. His loud fire roars up his great Elizabethan chimney, his good cheer stands close at his elbow, and he says very sensibly, "I will keep myself warm and moist as long as I live, for I shall be cold and dry when I am dead." He had learned the lesson, that much of evil is only the excess or abuse of what itself is good. "Pleasures of Meat and Drink," he says, "are forbidden those who know not how to use them, just as Nurses cry Pah! when they see a Knife in a Child's Hand, and they will never say anything to a Man"; and so, conscious to himself that he knew how to use it, he took the knife, and, with all the world's old nurses, with Pope Urban the Eighth at their head, shrieking Pah! in his ears, he cut the hard knots of Romish bigotry and superstition, and the false, cramped philosophy of his day, and cherished his friends, and talked his sound sense, and no doubt enjoyed his life, with all its labors, like a great, true, and good-souled man. Thus we leave him.

"A lesser, coming, claimeth eye and ear." The book called *WALPOLIANA* is a collection of brilliant remarks, criticisms, and anecdotes, gathered from the conversation of the Honorable Horace Walpole. It resembles, more than any other of our English books of Table-Talk, the French *Ana* of which we have spoken, as Walpole himself, in his polished manners, refined taste, and versatility of talents, bore strong likeness to the French wits and scholars to whom those collections belonged. He was one of the most refined of those courtly gentlemen who surrounded the courts of George the First and Second when the polished refinement and elegant littleness of courtier life too often left no time or place for private virtue and the sounder and truer excellences of domestic life. Nothing can differ more than the Table-Talk of Selden and Walpole. One talked sense, and the other scandal. Walpole comes in his court dress, blazing with jewels, sparkling and quivering with reflected light. Selden, in a good plain suit, wears a single great true diamond, beaming out like the sun, and shaming all lesser lights with its own deep brilliancy. Life is the stuff of which Literature is made, and Selden going to Man and dissecting and anatomizing the raw material, is a very different thing from Walpole delicately fingering the

manufactured article in Books and works of Taste. Selden could pass through life's journey and bear its brunts and bruises. Walpole is a frailer thing, must be labelled, "This side up with care," and be kept always dry and warm. Walpole's present reputation and chance of future fame rest on his letters to the great men and women of his time. He was one of the greatest of letter-writers, and, perhaps we may say, *consequently* not one of the greatest of men. There is talent needed in a good letter, as in any other good thing, but it is never of the highest, and often of the lowest kind. As a general thing we read letters to be interested and informed, but not improved; and so if interest and information, but not improvement, are the result, we have no thoughts of a complaint of breach of promise. Men do not drop true genius into the post-office, or trust the evidence of a great soul to the letter-bag. With Horace Walpole the peculiar inspiration of the letter-writer breathes over his whole life, giving to that life beauty, but not depth, grace, but not greatness, an inspiration of ready wit, and faultless taste. As a mere work of tasteful art, his life is as exquisitely perfect as any can be conceived. There is no jarring or harshness anywhere, no awkward jumping after what he cannot reach, no clumsy parody upon the greatness which is not in the man. His life is as full of delicate refinement as his letters.

Walpoliana is witty and piquant, full of the anecdote and gossip of its day. When we open it for the first time, we are astonished to find how many of the clearest and most sparkling streams of old popular newspaper story spring from this little fountain. A man who talks like this need not have told us that he considered a good Comedy to be a greater effort of the human mind than a good Tragedy. He has evidently a sentinel eye set all the time to stop any vagabond grace or prettiness that may be about, and bring it up to head-quarters to be examined, and to give an account of itself. He does not give us much deep thought, or sober, serious truth; but then he tells some most capital stories, and draws some most lifelike pictures of his friends, and some most startling ones of his enemies. We could not read the book with relish, letting it shape itself into the easy grace and talk with the fluent tongue of the sharp-witted courtier, without finding that he preferred portraits to history, the sparkle and flash of the moment to the steady light of future years, and himself, Horace Walpole, to everything and everybody besides. He was not a great man. We must even be candid, and say he was

not a good man. Greatness and goodness both require something greater and better than the mere selfish life of a courtier or a man of taste to work themselves out in. In the beautiful German story of Undine, the Water-Nymph, forbidden a soul till she could find something mortal to love, may give us perhaps the clew to Walpole's want. He is a thoroughly selfish man. It is soul that he needs; and this a mere self-loving, self-seeking gentleman, living a courtly life of literary taste and leisure, loving nothing mortal but himself, glowing with no warm enthusiasm, cannot have. His mother took him to Court, and he made his first heartless bow to his king when he was ten years old, and he continued to kneel and kiss hands in the same heartless way, whenever it could be of use to him, all through his life.

But though neither the greatest nor the best of lives, yet lives like Horace Walpole's are not useless. The strength and worth of men like Selden are needed most, but Walpole's refinement and polish have still their work to do. Our old world needs, first of all and most of all, strong timbers and thick walls to keep out rain and wind and snow, but then if a man comes and offers to shape these walls into grace, and paint their blank height in fresco, there is no reason why we should not let him do it, and thank him for it too.

There are two other great Table-Talkers whose names we intended should have found a place in our sketch; but the narrow limits of a short article in a not very lengthy magazine warn us to hurry them across our stage. Their books are Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson*, and the *Table-Talk of S. T. Coleridge*. The first work professes to be, and is, a Biography; but it is also a book of Table-Talk, filled with the Ana of one of the best talkers that ever lived. It has been the friend and companion of half the world, ever since it first appeared. We should as soon think of finding a new text for Shakespeare, or going into original raptures over the last new poet, as of saying anything new or original about Johnson, or Boswell's *Life of him*. Everybody scolds at Boswell, professes to despise him, calls him hard names, and then reads his book over and over again. Johnson's was a hard life to write, and not an easy one to live. With affection and flattery and friends enough around him, he had no friend within him. He had no enemy like Samuel Johnson. There is nothing of the supreme self-content of Walpole about him. Johnson had some egotism, Walpole was all selfishness. The one saw the world for himself first, and second for a friend, but the other

first, second, and last considered Horace Walpole for all the world, and all the world for Horace Walpole. The struggle of Johnson's life was made up of constant skirmishing with the foes within him; and his Table-Talk is the gazette which tells of success or defeat in these encounters. Sometimes Vanity conquers his stubborn soul, and sends in some proud sneer or cool piece of self-praise for its report; then Temper gains a victory, and we hear the old Doctor railing or snarling at Boswell for some unfortunate compliment; but yet the day seldom ends without the true goodness of the man winning the field, and Boswell goes off happy with a sugared word, and Johnson groaning or roaring with the wounds he has given to himself. The man who had to be coaxed into favor before a request could be asked, and whose friends and equals were afraid to remonstrate with him except by a Round Robin, was yet capable of the truest delicacy, the purest modesty, the most religious love for all that was greater and better than himself. His Table-Talk is more full of self than any other we have noticed. Selden gives us politics and common sense; Walpole gives us court scandal, sparkling wit, and cutting criticism; but Boswell's hero gives us Samuel Johnson, the kind, the proud, the angry, and the good.

There never was a man who made less bustle about living, and about whose life more bustle has been made, than Coleridge. We are not going to swell this bustle with our little noise. Great men are not to be learned like a writing-master's running hand, by an improved method, in a few short lessons. Coleridge is not any more to be analyzed in half a page than his Table-Talk is to be comprehended in half an hour. We only place his name as a noble cap-stone to our talkers' monument; and a more fitting one could not be found, for of all talkers he is the most universal. Selden's sense and Walpole's wit and Johnson's character, all united, make a part of Coleridge, and he supplies the rest himself. The warmth that fills the book is half its charm. There is enough of sense and enough of enthusiasm besides to make it glow with genius. In him our story seems to be reversed; it is not love that gives him a soul, but his own natural soul that teaches him to love and honor what is good and true.

We have chosen four men as noticeable Table-Talkers who are great independently of all power in this kind; but we think that to most men who understand their greatness wholly, this is its most attractive side. Boswell's Life and Selden's Table-Talk are far more

read than Rasselas or the Mare Clausum. Men like to be talked to, better than to be preached at; they prefer the easy-chair to the pulpit. They have a right to the advantage. Yet Selden and Johnson no doubt thought more of what they wrote than of what they said. They counted their logic more mighty than their talk. But while monster Logic stands whirling and dashing his clumsy cudgel at the brains of vacancy, the pigmy giant-queller, Tom Thumb Talk steps up behind, coolly spits him on his little sword, then cuts off the great shaggy head at his leisure, and lays it down at the world's feet.

Table-Talking is not to be despised. It is no mean thing, and has been the making, as we have seen, of no mean men. Who knows, little as it seems, but it is what man is made for? Who knows but men have tongues and heads and brains given to them that they may be Table-Talkers? "You abuse snuff!" says Coleridge; "perhaps it is the final cause of the human nose."

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

NO. III.

A MOHAMMEDAN, a Roman Catholic, and an Episcopalian have combined together to wage war against a respectable, middle-aged gentleman of the Greek Church, and have sworn to strip him of his hide and tallow, and hang him high with his own hemp. In fact, they sold the skin before they had killed the bear. The bill of sale was published in all the leading journals, and heralded forth to the nations of the world. The middle-aged gentleman was, first, to be severely beaten and bruised; secondly, he was to pay for being beaten and bruised; thirdly, he was to make a present of two or three handsome estates to his enemies, to show that he bore no malice towards them; and, lastly, he was to be put in the balance of power, and, if found wanting, permitted to go in peace, but, should he unluckily prove too stout, then was he to be submitted to a further course of hard rubbing, until sufficiently reduced in size. When they had thus publicly announced their intentions, the three members of *la belle alliance* prepared for the conflict. M. Crapaud took off his coat; Mr. Bull said he was *going* to take off his coat;

but Mohammed Effendi was more vigorous in his proceedings. Though small of stature, he was of undaunted courage, and he swore a great and long oath, that the fair lands, which had been won by the cimeter of his ancestors, should not be taken away by the bayonet of a Northern barbarian; and with this he drew forth his sword, and precipitated himself, fez foremost, against the foe, with such fury as fairly to drive him to the other side of the Danube. The French and English sat, all the while, at Gallipoli, or Varna, smoking their pipes and dying of the cholera quite cosily. But no sooner did they behold the success of their ally, than they plucked up amazingly, and determined to presently do such deeds as would make the Danubian victories appear quite trifling, in comparison. They knew, however, that the greatness of a triumph was in direct proportion to the greatness of the difficulties overcome; so they wisely threw as many impediments in their own way as possible. Instead, therefore, of attacking the Russians in the principalities, they put their troops on ship-board; taking good care to leave their tents and clean shirts behind, and set sail for the Tauric Chersonese. There, as they had been told, were a well-built city and strong fort; both of which they intended without delay to capture, and sleep comfortably under cover during the following winter. But, unfortunately, the ground had been preoccupied by certain bigoted Greek Catholics, who, inflamed by strong waters and by piety, offered a stout resistance to the invaders, and defended their fortress with an obstinacy quite unexpected. So there both parties have remained, ever since, wading about in the mud and killing each other.

Mr. Wedgwood, a long time ago, discovered that a negro was a "man and a brother," and made a good sum of money by the sale of little bits of pottery on which this aphorism was imprinted. So spotless did the inhabitants of Great Britain become, after this application of pipe-clay, that they all turned Abolitionists, and have ever since labored incessantly to meliorate the condition of the blacks. In the course of this great and pious work, they have left no stone right side uppermost. They have subscribed to antislavery associations, and shot Kafirs, and endeavored to stir up a civil war in the United States; in a word, they have done everything in their power for the glory of the cause of freedom and of *Rex, Dei gratia*. To such an extent is the feeling of opposition to slave labor carried, that the English make no use whatsoever of cotton, or sugar, or coffee,

or tobacco, — except, indeed, in a few instances ; as in shirts, sheets, yarn, stockings, gloves, dresses, &c., — in tea, puddings, cake, candy, confectionery, etc., — before dinner, after dinner, in the evening, in the morning, and perhaps at some other times, — in pipes, cigars, snuff, plug, and two or three other forms besides. Mr. Smith lights his cigar, and swears at slaveholders ; Mrs. Smith takes a sip of very sweet coffee, and drops several tears for the oppressed Ethiopian ; Miss Smith makes cotton pincushions for the antislavery fair ; and Master Smith thinks he should like to marry “ Sally dear.”

So here are the English, a nation of fierce warriors and white-hot Abolitionists. A fighting man is dangerous at all times ; but a *moral* fighting man is thrice to be feared. He finds no end of moles in his neighbor’s eyes, and is always desirous of removing the foreign particles, no matter whether he destroys the patient’s sight or not. Thus, old Mr. Bull one day discovered that his own flesh and blood owned slaves in the West Indies. “ Good gracious ! ” cried the indignant parent, “ my children keeping their fellow-creatures in bondage ! This shall be remedied ! ” In vain did the children whimper, and request their father not to be rash. The planters were ruined, and so were the negroes ; but Mr. Bull was elevated on a pinnacle of moral glory. The power was in his hands, and he carried out the higher law with a noble disregard for consequences.

Such a strong, quick-tempered, obstinate old gentleman is sometimes a dangerous person. “ Those slaveholding, fillibustering, manifest-destiny Yankees,” he says, “ will presently take another large slice of somebody’s else land, and make half a dozen slave States out of it. I don’t object to the acquisition of territory, — I myself do a good deal of that sort of thing in India ; but the negroes — ” (A groan.) “ You speak well,” says Napoleon II., twisting his moustache gravely ; “ the Americans are a dangerous people. They are under the tyranny of a licentious press, and it would be well to check them.” Then follows a duet, accompanied by drums and trumpets.

Mr. Bull (base). We will take Sebastop-o-ol (*quavering*).

Napoleon II. (tenor). Yes ! yes ! we will, my friend ; and this murderous and bloody Czar, who scoffs at our re-religion, and — and all that sort of thing, shall pay the penalty of his fell design.

Mr. B. (hopefully). So he shall ! So he shall ! Let the villain but refund the pounds, the shillings, the pence, the farthings, I have

expended, and never mind my troops, who have died in the mud. They have been buried ; a regular chaplain of the Church of England has repeated the proper prayers ; they are all in heaven, and there 's an end of 'em.

Nap. II. Most true, my friend ; and, with our veterans, hardened in the wars, we will assail those wicked Yankees.

Grand finale (together). God allons save enfans the de la Queen patrié, etc.

And who, or what, would be our national defences, in case the red-bodied English and the red-legged French should suddenly appear on our shores ? Listen to a great Governor. "Some judicious military organization should exist in every republic, for the defence of its liberties and rights. We need no standing army, with the germinal seeds of an efficient volunteer militia sown in our midst. A standing army becomes the mere machine of the dominant authorities, while the volunteer soldiery unite the skill of the tactician to the enlightened sentiment and feeling of the citizen." I doubt if a Sophomore, in his first theme, ever wrote a finer piece of English than the above. Observe what perspicuity is attained by the judicious use of adjectives. The "seeds" are "germinal," the "authorities" are "dominant," and the "sentiment" is "enlightened." This last adjective is particularly expressive, not only from its intrinsic novelty, but also on account of the appropriate connection in which it is used. We might vary the phrase, by saying, instead of "enlightened sentiment," "illuminated opinion." But the beauties of style become as naught when compared with the sound and original opinions contained in this remarkable quotation. "We need no standing army." No army to protect our extensive frontier from the incursions of savages ! No army to guard the numerous parties of traders and emigrants that every year cross the great plains of Texas and New Mexico ! No army, as a nucleus, round which the militia may gather in time of war ! Cadmus Gardner goes to a military seed-store ; he buys a large paper of germinal dragon's teeth, and sows them in a barrel of gunpowder ; and, in a trice, bayonets, sabres, shakos, and cocked-hats begin to push through the surface. Soldiers jump out of the barrel faster than bayonets out of a juggler's hat ; and, in less time than it would take to beat the *rappel* through Paris, a mighty army of "volunteer soldiery," uniting "the skill of the tactician to, &c.," appears in the field. We don't want West Point any more. Burn up the tents, and turn the barracks into oyster-saloons.

If we want a house built, we employ an experienced carpenter ; if we are sick, we intrust our bodies to the care of a physician of good education ; but in war we find the exception that proves the rule. Pick out a fair, plump, germinal seed ; sow it in your " midst," and, presto, there springs up a full-grown captain of engineers, with his head full of logarithms, the integral and differential calculi, theories of projectiles, plans of sieges, and twenty other kinds of knowledge, essential to a thoroughly educated officer. In the United States army, eight or ten years are required to make such a man ; but our ingenious Governor can manufacture a thousand of them in a single day. O blessed discovery ! There will be no more blundering reviews, thank the Lord ! In future the infantry will cease to tread on each others' heels, and to get out of step ; the cavalry will, in some cases, be able to sit on their horses, and the artillery will fire shells without bursting their guns. How unfortunate that this excellent theory was not known at the time of the last war with Great Britain ; for then we should have had a useful militia force. Such troops would have crossed the river at Queenstown, and defeated General Brock ; they would not have fled at Baltimore, and they would have made some show of resistance at Bladensburg. What toil and trouble too would have been saved to poor General Scott, if such men had been under his command ! Conceive, if you *can*, of a model brigade of volunteers ; the men well drilled, obedient, and orderly ; the officers courteous, and properly instructed in the art of war. With such soldiers, the lieutenants of the regular army might have taken command in their respective companies, instead of being obliged to gallop about after the volunteer colonels, in order to keep them out of all kinds of military blunders (e. g. throwing up field-works with the inclined plane *towards* the enemy).

But let us throw the veil of oblivion over the unfortunate results of militia discipline. In future all will be well ; for I venture to say, that, if the sovereigns of Europe can be brought to believe in Governor Gardner's militia theory, they will be very loath to engage in a war with the United States.

SCULPTURE.

AN ODE.

FAIR Art! thy future who can comprehend,
 Who tell thy glories of ancestral fame!
 No shameful legends linger round thy name,
 No doubtful blessings at thy shrines descend,
 But life, and growth of soul, all Being's end.
 In every generous soul two altars rise,
 And o'er them smile two bright divinities,
 Who often, as in thee, their flames together blend;
 Then Truth embracing Beauty charms the mind,
 And thou, inspired with far diviner tone,
 Dost thy great lessons, to inform mankind,
 Pour through the form of some half-conscious stone,
 And make stern virtue awe the charms of sense,
 While nations bow before thy silent eloquence.

Hail, voiceless Hermes! purest of the Arts!
 Thy stony forms are Clio's truest page,
 One living language of earth's earlier age,
 Which all the earlier wealth of soul imparts
 To guide our genius and sublime our hearts:
 Man's greatest thoughts enshrine themselves in thee,
 And when thy deep-souled sister, Poesy,
 Can win thy noble praise, the joyous tear-drop starts.
 Be thine the worth to aim at more than praise,
 To stay the sunny smile on Beauty's cheek,
 To send heroic deeds to latest days,
 And bid earth's "few" to future ages speak,
 As now that Grecian, fairest child of thee,
 Doth teach our age the price, the worth, of Liberty.

THE LIMITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

NEWTON, in his old age, was once complimented for his great scientific attainments. His answer is worthy of eternal remembrance. "To myself," replied he, "I seem to be a child, wandering upon the sea-shore, while the broad ocean of truth lies unexplored before me." In this age of progress in arts and sciences, when all

join in saying, How wise, how learned we are! it is well to bear in mind these humble words of that great philosopher, and to see how much of truth's vast ocean man has really explored. Every one must well recollect the swelling consciousness of profound Latin scholarship which filled his bosom, when the declension of *musa* had been mastered. Few are they in whom that childish elation ends with childhood. The drop of water indeed contains the same elements as the entire ocean, but, while the proportion is the same, the quantity is infinitely different. Many gaze so long upon their single little drop that its image covers the retina, and they are unable to perceive anything else. It seems almost to require the intellect of a Newton to perceive a Newton's ignorance.

How much then do we really know? How far have we truly penetrated the mysteries of Nature, and how far are learned terms veils only for human ignorance? Let us look at some of the questions which meet us at the very entrance to science.

Chemistry tells us that all bodies are composed of atoms. But what is an atom? The chemist says it is an ultimate particle of matter, so small as not to be perceivable by the senses. The metaphysician says that no such indivisible particles exist, because each one would occupy space, and all space is divisible. Here, then, we are stopped on the threshold by a question which never can be answered, by a limit to knowledge. All that chemical formulas mean is, that certain substances, which to-day calls simple and to-morrow may show to be compound, combine with each other according to certain ratios. So far they are valuable, but they express very external relations, and not even those in a universal form. For at the next step we meet certain bodies, called isomeric, which have all the same chemical composition, as, for example, sugar, gum, starch, and wood. Carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen are found in all these in precisely the same proportions, but united according to less simple ratios. These isomeric compounds are among the most unstable of chemical combinations, and occur only in organic bodies, where the continual changes which life occasions demand instability of composition. But while the wisdom which thus skilfully adapts them to their functions is so apparent, Chemistry is wholly unable to prove how it is done. She only presents a *mêre* speculation, which can never be verified until matter shall be proved to consist of ultimate indivisible particles.

Mineralogy shows us that inorganic bodies have each its peculiar

crystalline structure ; that all crystals are formed according to mathematical principles around certain sets of axes, and that corresponding angles of all crystals of the same species are always equal. Each substance has its own peculiar crystalline form, but why galena always appears in cubes, or fluor-spar in octahedrons, Mineralogy cannot say. She only gives some conditions under which crystallization occurs, but not its cause. She records some general principles which have been gathered from an extensive observation of facts, but nothing more. Why those principles are so, — why they are what they are, rather than something else, — are mysteries too deep for science. "The crystal is formed," says Mineralogy, "by a regular arrangement of the constituent molecules around the axes of the crystal by a power of crystallization inherent in those molecules." And what is that phrase, "the power of crystallization," but a mere name for something which Science cannot explain ?

If we grant, however, that matter is divisible into atoms, the question instantly arises, what is the nature of those ultimate particles ? Here we fare worse than before. Theory even is at fault. Some indeed deny to it any substance whatever, and say it is only a union of certain forces without any substratum in which those forces may inhere. This is, however, only a speculation which it is impossible either to prove or to disprove. We have reached a limit of knowledge, and Science modestly confesses her utter inability to pass beyond it.

Botany, again, teaches that the little seed consists of two parts, the germ of the future plant, and the food for its infant growth. If this seed be placed in the warm, moist earth, the germ will swell, will consume the food which surrounds it, and appear above the ground. Light must then be provided, or its form will be stunted, and chlorophyll, which gives it a green color, will not be generated. Here, then, we have five elements at work to produce the plant, the germ, its food, moisture, heat, and light. What is the relation between them which occasions so wonderful a result ? It is true, we can trace back all the development of the plant to the sun's action by light and heat. But it is only the *development*. The sun creates nothing. It only propels and aids vegetation. It only excites, but does not make the motive power. The germ must possess that mysterious vitality which we call vegetable life, or no amount of light and heat can, under any circumstances, cherish the seed into a plant.

This peculiar power, then, resides in the germ. Can we not find it there? Again our progress is checked. The minutest microscopic examinations, conducted by the most learned botanists, reveal nothing beyond the simple nucleated cell, a little chamber with a small nucleus, or dot, in it. Here we stop. We behold the outermost visible bound of life. We find such a cell in the germ, and we can find nothing further. But what is there in such a cell which can be developed into a tree? Botany has no answer for the question. Again, when the germ begins to grow, a part grows upward into a stem, and another part grows downward into a root. The plant has a kind of polarity. The stem will always grow upward. The root will always grow downward. No artificial device can change this tendency. If we invert the seed, and thus reverse the relative positions of root and stem, each will curve round, until it comes into its natural position, and then the root will seek the earth, and the stem the air. There is no mechanical explanation of this. All attempts at it have signally failed. It is a fact, an ultimate fact, a limit to knowledge. So, too, the motions of plants are occasioned by a kind of muscular contraction. The sunlight is the immediate condition of its action, and excites the inherent power. But why or how it does this we can no more explain than why or how our will contracts the ultimate cells of the muscles of our arm, and thus raises it.

Many at the present day are disposed to reject as much as possible the connection of spirit and matter. But if we concede an immaterial essence to animals, we are equally bound to do so to plants. The phenomena of vegetable life are no more to be explained by material causes than the phenomena of animal life. Those who believe that "animals are," as one of our greatest of natural philosophers terms them, "thoughts of God, expressed in matter," must also include plants under the same definition.

We have spoken of the nucleated cell as the extreme bound to our knowledge of vegetable life. It is more. It is the extreme material bound to our knowledge of all life. Embryology has been carried far enough to show that all animal life comes from an egg. Yet when the eggs of a fish, a serpent, a bird, and a man are examined under the microscope, we obtain the same result, a simple nucleated cell. And these simple cells, thus obtained from sources so entirely diverse, cannot be distinguished from one another by the nicest examination. As far as the most powerful microscopes can

show, they are precisely similar. Yet all know how different is the developed form of each. When man has reached these simplest forms of life, he is wholly at fault. The chemist cannot detect any difference between vegetable and animal albumen. The microscopist cannot recognize even the grand divisions of life, and tell the plant from the animal, and the animal from the man. These simple cells, then, are absolutely identical in appearance and composition. Yet there must be a difference, since their developments are so unlike. Science shows that this difference is not material. It must, therefore, be in the immaterial, organizing principle of life. What this is, Science is unable to point out. She has reached another limit of knowledge, and what is hidden here she leaves to a higher power to reveal.

Zoölogy traces one uniform plan of construction through all vertebrated animals, which at last finds its full and perfect development in man.. This grand fact is the basis of all comparative anatomy, and the wonderful truths which it reveals prove that the human form is the perfection of all form. But what is the meaning of this grand fact? Why is there this constant appearance, this constant shadowing forth of the human form throughout the whole system of animal life? Is it no more than a chance coincidence which human ingenuity has found out, or is it not rather an expression of a great truth which lies too deep for mere science to fathom? The misunderstanding of it has given rise to the theories of progressive development, and the wild schemes of Oken and his followers. Science has indeed rejected these, because they could not stand the test of even scientific investigation, but she has given no substitute in their place. The grand fact still remains only as a fact, and Science has not yet dared to grasp the magnificent truth which thus connects all animal life with man, and through man with that Being in whose image man is made.

When we pass to other sciences which deal with larger considerations, we are again barred from all but the most superficial knowledge. In studying with the microscope, minuteness stops our progress. When we turn to the more imposing, but not more wonderful, sciences of Astronomy and Geology, immensity opens before us, and infinity refuses to be measured.

The relations of Astronomy give an idea of infinity in space. The astronomer points his telescope to a star, and tells us that the ray of light which is entering the lens left that star four thousand

years ago, although that ray has been travelling two hundred thousand miles during every second of that time. He declares that he has drawn two lines converging toward that star from points two hundred million miles asunder, and yet has found them to appear perfectly parallel, because its distance is so vast. And finally, he proves that our solar system, immense as we deem it, is only a collection of moons revolving about the sun, which is itself only one planet of a still greater system. In Astronomy we deal with inconceivable velocities, magnitudes, and distances, and to our finite powers these are indeed limits of knowledge.

The relations of Geology give an idea of infinity in time. History is measured by years and centuries. In history a hundred years is a long period. It is time enough for crowns to be won and lost; for an Alexander to conquer a mighty empire, and for his successors to dismember it. In Geology centuries are but seconds; thousands of years but minutes. The chronology of history covers less than six thousand years. Hugh Miller stands on the sea-shore, and, pointing to a rocky cliff, declares that *nine little inches* are more than the geological equivalent there of history's boasted ages. Sir Charles Lyell tells us that the Falls of Niagara have worked backwards through seven miles of solid rock, and calculates that this operation must have required at least thirty-five thousand years. This seems a long time, yet it is inconsiderable when compared with the ages in which Geology deals. We must count the cycles of time which the building of that rocky barrier required before the waters could begin its destruction; we must number the epochs consumed in forming the vast strata on which that wall itself is based, before we commence the reckoning of those thirty-five thousand years. Compared with such periods, the chronology of history sinks into insignificance.

Buried beneath the surface of the earth are enormous layers of coal, the relics of the vegetation of former ages. A single acre of coal, three feet deep, contains as much vegetable matter as two thousand acres of our densest forest land. We call the old Elm on Boston Common *great*, but how many such trees, how many generations of such trees, lie buried beneath England or the United States? And how many years did their growth require? The wildest fancy cannot comprehend the answer to that question. Yet race after race of animals and plants has been created, has lived, has died, has been buried, and turned into solid rock, to form in its

turn a new dwelling-place for new creations and new races, since that luxuriant vegetation clothed the earth in living robes.

Geology does not attempt to define these periods of time. She calls them epochs, eras, ages; she goes no farther. Human calculation is at fault, for science has no unit of measure, language no name, for the age of that globe whose mere crust alone calls upon us to conceive of infinite time. Geology finds no trace of a beginning, and she perceives no sign of an ending:—

"Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."

Natural Philosophy fares no better than her sister sciences. We say that the power of gravitation holds at once the planets in their orbits, and the tear upon the infant's cheek. But the words "power of gravitation" are only the expression of a constant fact, not of the causes of that fact. We see all objects around us kept in their places by an agency which acts with perfect regularity, and that agency we call the power of gravitation; but it is only a mere name for something of which science knows nothing.

Light, radiant heat, and probably electricity, are all transmitted by the vibrations of an elastic ether. Of its nature we know nothing, and the only proof of its existence is, that known facts cannot be explained without supposing its existence. But those known facts again reveal to us a new series of wonderful results. We consider platinum, gold, diamond, and marble as solid, dense, compact bodies, yet they are all permeated by a material fluid which can conduct light and heat through them. What then becomes of our idea of solidity? We are forced to admit the porosity of matter, and allow that between the particles of which it is composed there are spaces which are comparatively vast. Many chemists, indeed, suppose that every separate atom is surrounded by a sphere of heat which attracts other atoms to within a certain limit, and then repels them, and thus explain the universal compressibility of matter.

But when we have granted the existence of a calorific and luminous ether, we have only pushed our ignorance one step farther off. We know nothing more of that which is transmitted, than we do of the medium which transmits. Light and heat travel from point to point by undulations of this ether. What the ether is which undulates, we know not. What the light which results from those undulations is, we know not. The ether may transmit the light, but the light is not ether. The ether may transmit the heat, but heat is not

ether. Light and heat, the two grand elements which research is every day more and more clearly showing to be the essentials of material existence, are wholly unknown to Science in everything but a few of their effects. Yet we cry, How wise, how learned !

When we turn from the external world to ourselves ; when we scan the other end of that connecting chain which binds us to nature, and nature to us, do we know more ? Are we able to understand how man is related to that fair universe in which he lives, any more clearly than how its different parts are united to one another ? In self-examination we bring in the strange power of consciousness, and can study by its means that being which we call self. Here we have spirit working upon spirit, and we look upon existence from the other end of the chain. Can we not, from this point of view, learn some more interior truth, and at last solve a few at least of the many mysteries which hide from us the true connection of matter and spirit ? Not at all. Here, in our expected stronghold, we pause before an impassable barrier upon the very threshold.

Man has certain senses. How is it that they act ? I hear the tolling of a bell. How do I hear it ? O, says Science, the hammer falls upon the bell, and makes the metal vibrate. The vibrations of the metal cause the air to undulate. The undulations of the air strike upon the tympanum of the ear, which in its turn transmits them to the parts behind. And what then ? What have the vibrations of matter to do with hearing ? To this Science has no reply. Her part is finished. When she has collected and classified facts, her work is done. She deals only with the *effects* and *modes* of action, not with the powers which express themselves by those effects and through those modes. Her names for forces, for all things which imply causation, are expressions no more definite than the x , y , z of the mathematician. They are the unknown quantities of physics. For them we must supply some active cause, but what is its nature Science does not show. Her idea of causation is confined to simple continuity on one plane. In scientific analysis, matter, and nothing else, acts upon matter. A link is wanting in the chain, if this constant continuity is broken. Science does its work well and faithfully, but it regards only the most external relations of things. It meets everywhere barriers to its progress, and is not to be blamed, because it does not uselessly desert its field of labor to strive to overcome them. But since Physics adopts symbols, as well as Mathematics, we must always remember that they are only symbols,

and are in truth expressive, only when we substitute a positive power for the dead letter.

A few of the most obvious bounds to human knowledge have been here adduced merely as types of a class. The special student of every science, as he advances in his study, is only climbing up a mountain-side, where every step extends, indeed, the horizon, and shows how vast are the regions which lie beyond, but at the same time discloses only their vastness. When the eye passes over the few near objects close at hand, and strives to embrace the distant prospect, the landscape grows dimmer and more misty, until at last the blue sky meets the earth, and even a dim and misty view is cut off. A few general principles in every science are well established. Passing beyond those, into the world of theory, the mist thickens into haze, and darkness soon conceals all things.

On all sides, then, we find limits to knowledge, — insurmountable obstacles which scientific research can never overstep. For what purpose have they been mentioned here, and what is the lesson which they teach?

It is a most important one. These scientific names are regarded by many as something more than mere devices to conceal ignorance, and as fully explaining the phenomena of nature. They have placed Science on a false footing. Instead of representing her as humbly collecting and classifying facts, they have raised her into the dignified position of an expounder of nature's mysteries. She is supposed to tear away the curtain and show the secret wheels of the vast machine, and the great inmost spring of its perpetual motion. In a word, she is supposed to reveal *causes* instead of *effects*.

It is this fatal error which has given birth to the varied forms of materialism and infidelity, to those monstrous systems which attribute power to matter, and resolve an omnipotent God into a mere scheme of physical forces. If spirit enters at all into these expressions of philosophy, it is only as a vague, indefinable, impersonal essence, without form, and of slight and unknown use in God's universe. The laws of nature are substituted for the laws of God, and to live according to them is declared to be the best and noblest life. These systems are all the more dangerous, because they clothe themselves with the specious garb of liberality, and reject all kinds of religious faith as fetters on truth. In Germany and France they have spread widely, and embrace among their votaries some of the most eminent scientific men. It seems almost as if the days of the

Encyclopedists were returning, and were undermining the foundation of all faith in preparation for another horrible tragedy like that of 1794. These theories are rapidly spreading in our own country. They start up in various shapes, and here, in the midst of our own student world, they leave their traces. The truths of Science, which no reasoning man can doubt, clash, not with true religion, but with what are supposed to be truths of religion. And here Science performs a noble work. She sweeps away old errors, and opens for us the path to truth. It is a fact full of the deepest significance, that all at once, within the last fifty years, Science has pointed out so many inconsistencies in the old doctrines of the Church. But it is one that has been foully misinterpreted. Our foes are a different set from those who attacked the old Reformers. Considerations of which they knew nothing rise up now to point out mistakes in their teachings. It is our work to correct those mistakes; to take away from the fabric those rotten beams, which have served their temporary purpose, and to supply substantial supports of truth. There is a right way to harmonize nature and religion, but it is not by materialism, or by the annihilation of all faith in everything but self. Faith in something is absolutely essential to the full development of a man's powers, and it is a terrible mistake to suppose that the true way of making religion and philosophy coincide, is to strike out religion altogether.

It is this object which the theories of materialism are striving to accomplish, and it is this which calls for an earnest effort to keep clearly before our eyes the limits of knowledge. It requires study to perceive, even indistinctly, how little we know, and there are many who seem wholly unaware of the existence of an unexplored ocean. It is the duty of those who, like us, have been allowed a distant glance toward its shore, to bear witness at least to its existence. All the knowledge which man can gain, small as it is, is received in trust to be used for some good purpose. The man who studies solely for self is as truly a miser as he who hoards his gold in iron vaults. And surely there is no nobler way to use it than in combating this tendency to unspiritualize nature.

In our midst there is a political party, which proposes, as one of its objects, to crush a certain religious sect, by depriving it of political power. This same party, which so anxiously desires a pure religion to prevail among office-holders, cast, at the recent election of a chaplain for the Massachusetts Legislature, some eighty votes

for an individual who holds such views, as, in the opinion of many persons, hardly entitle him to be called a clergyman of the Christian Church. It is a singular instance of the union of intolerance with a dubious kind of liberality, and it is a striking indication of change in feeling, that the same General Court, which in its earlier days excluded from all political power, and even from the elective franchise, all persons who were not church-members, should, in 1855, cast eighty votes for such a chaplain.

This is not the time for a strife among different denominations of Christians. Religious faith is not so fervid now, that we should fear evil results from the predominance of any particular sect, certainly not from one which is tottering under the weight of centuries of error. The true fight lies between religion and irreligion, between positive faith and negative indifference.

But how is this struggle to be carried on? Certainly not by an alliance with time-honored error, and the perpetuation of old abuses. There is a way. Science was not allowed to reveal the truths which contradict ancient dogmas, until the power of explaining them had also been given to men. The disease was not suffered to appear until the remedy had been imparted, and, like all other diseases, this, too, is a curative process. There is an interpretation of nature which reconciles these difficulties, places Science on its true basis, and is not startled by the strange revelations of the last half-century. Those stubborn facts which have so alarmed some theologians only afford additional proof of its truth. But this is not the place to discuss this branch of our subject. Those who desire to learn cannot fail in their search.

If Science proves anything, she proves that the world of nature is only a world of effects. Every effect must have a cause, and, if Philosophy proves anything, it proves that all causes are immaterial and spiritual. If, then, we are justified in inferring anything from Science and Philosophy, it is that a vast world of immaterial, spiritual causes underlies this world of natural effects. But when Philosophy attempts to go farther, she is unable to advance a single step. The sciences of the microscope fail to obtain anything but divisible particles and the simple cell. Natural Philosophy presents symbols for unknown forces, but cannot interpret them. Astronomy reveals infinity in space. Geology bids us conceive of infinity in time. These relations of Science are, it is true, external only, but they are so vast, so magnificent, that the mind is utterly unable to

grasp them. Her range is narrow, but it far exceeds human imaginations. We are, indeed, looking upon that broad, unexplored ocean, whose blue waters stretch into the distance farther than

"The gazing eye can pierce,
Or fancy urge the sight."

Immensity is before us, eternity around us. The mind can form no conception of either. Both are infinite, and Philosophy can measure neither. And she is satisfied. She has reached that bound beyond which humanity can never pass. She is standing on the limits of knowledge.

There is no such thing as truth alone. As well might we try to separate light from heat, form from essence, or body from soul, as to sunder philosophy from religion. Science gives us truth, the majestic plan, the grand skeleton of the universe. But unless the great, warm heart is beating within, and sending its living flood to the outermost bounds of its gigantic frame, it is only a lifeless corpse, tremendous indeed, but dead. True Philosophy does not attempt it. Overwhelmed by the grandeur of the infinite, she gladly turns from the majestic voices of the universe, which everywhere proclaim a Great First Cause, to the simple story of revelation, which tells of a loving Father. But she then changes her names. She is no longer mere knowledge. She no longer deals with the dry bones of human science. God breathes into the rigid outlines of infinite truth the living essence of infinite love, and philosophy then becomes religion, death life, and time eternity.

A.

LILIAN.

SOME three or four years ago there appeared in the *Christian Register*, a paper of small circulation published in Boston, a poem called "Lilian." It was written for the *Register*, (which, by the way, has numbered among its contributors that sweet poet of a few songs, Jones Very,) and was marked by no initial or other sign to help us guess the author's name. Its length, and the obscurity of parts of it, perhaps, prevented its being read by many even of the readers of the *Register*, — at any rate, it attracted no general notice. Here and there a young man, chancing to read it, kept it in

his heart, as one does a sweet strain of remembered music, — or a girl of quick eye and intuitive appreciation of all things fair and noble put it in her scrap-book, and quoted it to her correspondents; but we dare say no dozen of our readers ever heard of it. Therefore we make bold to print some portions of it, hoping they will give others something like the pleasure with which we read the whole poem.

The story, which is hinted at rather than told, is of a daughter of that unhappy race whose enslavement is the shame and the curse of our country. Lilian, so fair as to pass unsuspected for a maiden of unmingled blood, has escaped from bondage, and lives among the mountains of New England. She is beloved by one who knew not the secret of her birth, nor the dread fear of returning to slavery, which weighed heavy on her spirit. At length she knows that she is pursued, — for it is after the fatal summer of 1850, — and, to avoid the unnamed woes of the slave, as she goes homeward from her love-tryst, she throws herself into the brook flowing in the bottom of a deep ravine, across which her path leads. Her lover, when she is missed, and found dead in the mountain chasm, falls under suspicion of her murder. The fatal web of circumstances tightens about him, and he dies a felon's death for his imaginary crime. Long afterwards, there comes from the South a confession of the two slave-hunters, who, near by, had watched the maiden's death; and so the horrible injustice of the lover's punishment is made clear.

This is the story in brief, — and, as will be seen, it touches on that vast material for tragedy and romance which our disastrous social system affords us, and which is the true field of the poet and the novelist for years to come. Mrs. Stowe has shown us where to look for a subject, if we would write to the heart of the world. But to our quotations. Read this quiet description : —

"A speck here, journeying to the west
One sees a mount with beetling top, —
The very plunge of the wave, when drop
The flashing curls from its sharp white crest.

"And soon you come to the mountain land,
Where, peak o'er peak, in their cloud abodes,
Like Titans now at peace with the gods, —
The ancient, beautiful brethren stand.

*"Above the belts where summer clings,
Where silence ever wakes and broods,
Around their wild and vapory woods,
Low rustling its enchanted wings, —*

*"We listen through their clinging mist
For hymns in calm, pure childhood heard, —
Old hymns of faith from those that guard
The snow and the sacred amethyst.*

*"Thou dost not feel their music cease,
When at thy feet some little bloom
Smiles suddenly from covert gloom,
And minds thee of a lowlier peace.*

*"Those threaded sunbeams of the wood,
The wildering rivulets, merrily
Kiss thine intruding feet and flee, —
As careless of thy higher mood.*

*"Gold green the blessed valleys lie,
By giant shadows now embraced,
And now with sunbeams interlaced,
And panting 'neath the happy sky."*

This must surely have been written among the White Hills, — where, as you climb up the steep side of Mount Washington, the devious Ammonoosuck crosses your path, and wets your feet seven times. The description of the "granite-walled stream," too, reminds one of the Flume in Lincoln, before you come to Franconia, and the "great vision of the guarded mount." Amid all this beauty, and the transcendent joy of love, the dark hour comes to Lilian.

*"At length, the ill foreshadowed came,
And hope called home its latest beam;
She caught one day the evil gleam,
Of eyes, — she knew those eyes, — the same
That turned to nightmare childhood's dream.*

*"And wending homeward through the even,
She stopped above the rivulet's flow,
And looked into the dark below,
And up the empty, silent heaven,
And could not measure her great woe.*

*"The waters kept their pleasant din
From peopled wastes and wilds untrod;*

And brightly over love's abode
The beauteous day shut softly in,
Like a great passion-flower of God."

As she plans her own death, and thinks of her lover's life without her, she says, sweetly, —

"But now, if from his path, at length,
I glide like last night's pleasant dream,
Which could not wait the morning's beam,
Though memory has its bitter strength,
The sweet, too, stays to comfort him.

"God pardon me my selfish heart!
But is it not best then to be
A clear strain gone, — a memory
Of good, — alloyed not, — as thou art,
Bird, to home watchers in the tree?

"'T were good, then, when to-morrow's sun
Comes with its slow inspiring on,
To be one beauteous ray withdrawn,
A sweet want in the heart of one,
A silence through the waking dawn."

Notice the imaginative force of the following verses. In the brook lies the corpse of Lilian, and the awful secret is made more terrible by the unconscious gayety of the lover.

"The jubilant waters far below
Went harping over twig and stone,
And roots with black moss overgrown, —
One scarce had noticed in their flow
A slightly changed and muffled tone.

"One only, who, forbidden still
To follow her, said in heart play,
'I will haste round the longer way,
And, while obedient, have my will,
And see her once again to-day.'

"He waited long beside her door, —
Then said, 'Her foot is swift and light;
An hour ago, if I read right,
She passed this happy threshold o'er.'
He stooped and kissed it 'neath the night.

"And laughing at his vigil vain, —
And thinking when the sun's gold edge

Should ripple o'er the eastern ridge
Of clouds, they two would meet again, —
He loitered homeward by the bridge.

"There listening, — 'Is it mists of night
That break thy murmur to the ear? '
Or pausest thou, shuddering with some fear,
Or burdened with a new delight?
Dear stream, thy voice is not so clear.

"*'Perhaps, through wood and rocky reach,
A spirit of the wave, thy bride,
Runs softly wimpling to thy side,
And thou, confused in thy speech,
For painful joy dost talk so wide.'*

"He, musing as his pathway led,
Met comrades from the field's late task.
A happy lover what can mask?
Not night or silence. — Greetings said,
'Your Lilian, — is she well?' they ask.

"The calm, far starlight healing fell
On scarred trunk and broken ridge,
And seemed to give an answering pledge,
As he replied, 'My love is well,
We parted yonder at the bridge.'"

Our quotations can give but a faint idea of the power and pathos of the entire poem, — for who can judge a poet by his quotable passages? Nor can we give entire any of the shorter poems which the author of "Lilian" has written, and which we have seen in print or manuscript. None of them seem to us so fine as "Lilian," and there are marked faults in all, as in that, — but also more beauties. Here is the opening of "Mabel": —

"Like broken thoughts in dreams,
Gentle Mabel, thou art here,
And I know thy voice of cheer,
And the spring sound of thy laughter
Gushing near.

"Earth and Heaven have blest thee,
For thine eyes are deep with bliss,
And thy lips love shaped to kiss,
And there 's that within thee
Passes this."

Is not this beautiful? Yet in its connection it is still more so.

In *Thalatta* — a book of Poems of the Sea, published a year or two since — two poems by the author of "Lilian" are printed, with her name, — which he who cares to know may read there. One of these is a "Hymn to the Sea; the other is called "Bertha." Of the first, one of the editors of *Thalatta* — himself a man of fine taste, and an enthusiast in poetry — says: "It *just missed* being the greatest thing ever written on the subject, I sometimes think." We should say this is higher praise than it deserves; but let our readers judge for themselves. "Bertha" was first printed in the Salem Gazette, where also appeared "Susanna," — a poem of the mountains, as "Bertha" is of the sea. Both have fine passages, and rise far above the level of magazine poetry in general.

In this short notice we can do little more than commend these verses and their author to the attention of lovers of poetry. She (for it is a woman who wrote them) has given evidence of a power which may yet develop into something greater and nobler than has yet been shown by any American poet of her sex. Who can tell what the future may have in store? Let us who belong to the party of Hope put faith in youth, though Time destroy our visions of to-day to replace them by fairer pictures in the magic lantern of to-morrow.

MACARONIC LITERATURE.

EVERY one knows those comical little pieces beginning, "Felis sedit by a hole," and "Novus vir Bonus vir ivit ad caudam vel," etc.; but few probably are aware to what extent such styles of writing have been cultivated, or how much of wit and humor has been displayed in compositions of this kind. Even in serious compositions we not unfrequently find Latin words mixed up with one of the modern languages of Europe, and sometimes several of the latter are met with at once in conjunction with the Latin. Whatever attention this *mélange* may deserve as a literary curiosity, we can hardly commend it on the score of good taste, and we are compelled to regret that the writers had not confined themselves to one of the languages at a time. Perhaps in that case they would have succeeded better in both.

When, however, in humorous compositions, the language is purposely corrupted in order to increase the comic effect, the case is different. The incongruity of two languages, especially if one be the dignified and stately Latin and the other one of the lighter modern languages, often makes their union exceedingly ludicrous, and renders the humor still more amusing. Accordingly, men of considerable ability have not disdained to employ themselves with the numerous varieties of this style, and there are found compositions which are not unworthy the attention of those who possess any perception of the ludicrous.

The different varieties are almost numberless, for it has always been a favorite amusement with men learned in several languages to devise new methods of uniting them, or to invent new languages from them bearing no resemblance to the old. There is an amusing instance of the latter in the case of an English *savant* who translated the Bible into the language of the Isle of Formosa, and gave instruction in this newly discovered tongue, which, it is hardly necessary to say, originated with himself. The learned world was so deceived by this ingenious humbug, that the Bishop of London had an idea of founding a professorship of it for the instruction of missionaries.

Among the most common varieties, beside the jumble of two languages without rules which is most frequently met with, may be enumerated the *Latin de cuisine*, the *Pedantesque*, and the *Macaronic*. As the Macaronic has been cultivated more extensively than the others, and by men of greater ability, we propose to present a short sketch of its history, first, however, giving examples of the others for comparison. This is the more necessary, because by many, in fact most writers on the subject, all these styles have been confounded together under the general name of Macaronic, and this name has even been applied to compositions written in a single modern language without any admixture of Latin or Greek, — an application which, as will presently appear, is very erroneous.

Perhaps the best example in our language of the facetious intermixture of Latin without regard to rules is by the celebrated Porson, and was written at the time of the expected French invasion. We give a portion of it as a specimen : —

" Ego nunquam audivi such terrible news,
As at this present tempus my sensus confuse ;
I'm drawn for a miles, I must go cum Marte
And, concinus ense, engage Bonaparte.

"Such tempora nunquam videbant majores,
 For then their opponents had different mores ;
 But we will soon prove to this Corsican vaunter,
 Though times may be changed, Britons never mutantur."

For specimens of *Latin de cuisine*, or as we call it, less euphoniously, Hog Latin, we refer the reader to his first Latin exercises, where, if his experience is like our own, he will find numerous examples. We may assure him, however, that much of the Latin of the Middle Ages is of this character.

The *Pedantesque* and the *Macaronic* are directly opposed to each other in the method of uniting the two languages employed. The *Pedantesque*, using the radicals of one of the ancient languages, gives them the inflections and construction of the modern, and inserts occasionally Greek or Latin expressions unaltered. It is, therefore, as its name implies, simply an affected style of writing in the vulgar tongue. The following example is from Rabelais :—

" ' Mon amy, dont viens-tu à ceste heure ? ' L'escolier respondit : ' De l'alme, inclyte et celebre academie que l'on vocite Lutèce.' ' Et à quoy passez-vous le temps ? ' ' Nous transfretons la Sequane au dilucule et crepuscule ; nous deambulons par les compites et quadrivies de l'urbe, nous despumons la verbocination latiale (nous crachons le langage latin), et comme verisimiles amorabonds (et comme véritables amoureux), captons la benevolence de l'omniforme et omnigène sexe féminin.' "

The *Macaronic*, on the contrary, subjects the words of the vulgar tongue to the inflections and construction of the ancient, so that the composition is entirely Latin except in the radicals. "Macaronic verses," says Leigh Hunt, "are laughable, from the combination of the familiar and unfamiliar in the mixture of the two languages. It is like forcing a solemn schoolmaster to join in the antics of his boys." This remark of Hunt, however, is equally applicable to all kinds of mixed writing. The true *Macaronic*, then, has rules of its own, and may easily be distinguished from all other styles, though, as we have indicated, the name is often improperly applied.

The style originated in Italy, but specimens are found in almost every language of Europe, some of which excel the original Italian. The merit of inventing the style is disputed by three writers who lived about the middle of the fifteenth century, Bassano, Tifi d'Odassi, and Allione d'Asti. Their productions display considerable wit and humor, but are somewhat too free for quotation. In fact, most Maca-

ronic poetry abounds in passages such as in expurgated editions are usually represented by stars to afford an opportunity for the exercise of imagination on the part of the reader. But it must be borne in mind that this poetry was written in an age when men could never be humorous without being vulgar at the same time.

The Homer of this style of writing, "parvis componere magna," is Theophilus Folengo, who wrote under the fictitious name of Merlin Coccaïe. His productions indicate an exceedingly grotesque humor and keen perception of the ludicrous, and he is considered by some writers as the prototype of Rabelais. He is not very particular as to the objects of his satire, and hits popes, kings, priests, and people right and left, without respect for religion, learning, or anything else. To support the character of monk, which he assumed at the age of sixteen, he wrote some serious pieces; but after running away from the convent he led rather a harum-scarum life, and wrote accordingly. His best works are a kind of burlesque epic, an account of his adventures, and some smaller comic pieces, all of which are excellent of their kind. We give an extract from his *Chaos del Tre per Uno*.

"Cingar erat strictissimus alter Achates.

Is veterem duxit Margutti a sanguine razzam,
 Qui risu quondam simia cagante crepavit.
 At Cingar trincatus erat truffator in arte
 Cingaris, aut vecchium segato dente cavallum
 Per juvenem vendens, aut bolsum fraude barattans,
 Scarnus in aspectu reliquo sed corpore nervis
 Plenus erat, nudusque caput, rizzusque capillos.
 At sassinandi poltronam exercuit artem,
 In macchis quandoque latens malaguida viarum,
 Namque viandantes ad boscos arte tirabat,
 Spoiabatque illos sibi nec restante camisa;
 Sachellam semper noctu post terga ferebat
 Sgaraboldellis plenam surdisque tenais;
 His mercadantum reserebat sæpe botegas,
 Compagnosque ipsos, pannis finoque veluto
 Tornabat caricos ad ladrorum antra Cypadam,
 Officioque boni compagni quisquis ajuttum
 Porrexisset ei, tolta sibi parte botini
 Ibat contentus," etc.

In this exquisitely humorous description of the *fidus Achates* of Baldus, the hero of his poem, how comically do the Italian words come in, in their dignified Latin attire, like monkeys in doctors' gowns!

The same character is mentioned in another place : —

"Squassabat quondam pelagi fortuna schiazzum
 Qui de salata carne plenus erat.
 Frangitur arbor, aquas sorbet sfondata carina
 Et plorans cœli quisque domandat opem,
 Cingar se misit tantum rosegare mezenos
 Ac si non esset tunc prigolandus aquis
 Scindatur quare mangiet nec donet ajuttum
 Respondet: Quia sum sat bibiturus edo."

Encouraged by the success of these first Macaronic writers, a host of others followed in the same path, imitating the license and the style of their predecessors, but unfortunately, like most imitators, destitute of their wit and humor. It was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century that another good Macaronic poet appeared. This was Cesare Orsini, whose works in this style consist of a little volume of short pieces displaying considerable satiric talent and humor. In his introduction he tells us that, as the Muses were unwilling to receive him upon Parnassus, he went off to the court of Bacchus in the country of Cocagne, where he was welcomed in the most friendly manner by the Macaronic Muses, who gave him the name of Magister Stopinus. Under this assumed name he satirizes some of the prevalent vices of the time by means of ironical praise, in a very pleasant manner. The following specimens will give an idea of his style.

"DE LAUDIBUS BOSLÆ.

"Quid Mæcenates aut Augusti ante fuissent
 Quid tot Romani, Græci, tenerique barones,
 Si non cantassent illorum gesta bosardis
 Carminibus vates? Quos Carolus nomine magnus
 Cumque paladinis Orlandus sive Rinaldus,
 De tot paganis potuissent ferre triumphos
 Si non mensognas dixissent mille poetæ?" etc.

"DE LAUDIBUS IGNORANTLÆ.

"Quid juvat in cunctis vitæ studiare diebus?
 Quid juvat assiduas scribendo spendere noctes?
 Quid juvat in tantis cervellum perdere libris?
 Hi mala mille gerunt, hi portant mille travajos
 Hi mentes hominum curis de tristibus implent
 Hi spessum nostras animas cum corpore perdunt.
 O vos felices nimium nimiumque beati
 Ignoranti!" etc.

We have only room to mention one other Italian Macaronic poet, Meno Beguoso, who flourished about the middle of the eighteenth century. His works consist of a number of little pieces, including, among others, a burlesque heroic, "The Battle of the Rats and Frogs," quite facetious, but not so good as the works of his predecessors.

The French have been quite successful in this style, but began to attempt it somewhat later than the Italians, their first poet, Antoine d'Arena, having been contemporary with Folengo. His principal work is his *Meygra Entrepriza*, a pleasant account of the adventures of Charles the Fifth in the war of Provence, containing many curious and interesting particulars not so fully detailed by other writers. Our limits will not allow us to quote at sufficient length to give an idea of his style. Rabelais and Molière are the only two other French writers worthy of notice. Rabelais was a great admirer of Folengo, and is said to have drawn largely from him in his humorous works. He has no passages purely Macaronic, if we except the catalogue of the library of St. Victor, but expressions in this style are often woven in with a kind of French jargon in a very humorous manner. But perhaps the best Macaronic in French is the burlesque initiation ceremony with which the *Malade Imaginaire* closes, which is a charming satire on the medical practitioners of Molière's time. It is too well known to be quoted here.

It is a curious fact, that some very distinguished French and Italian preachers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries made use of the Macaronic style to a considerable extent in their sermons. The incongruity between the subjects treated of by them and this comic style seems to us at the present day exceedingly ludicrous. We give a specimen. The preacher, Robert Messier, having described the coming of the women to the tomb of Christ, continues : — "Sed hic notandum est quod mulieres per angelum sunt licentiatæ eundi trattandi et loquendi; et nihil est novi quia est natura earum. Unde triplices singularias gratias dedit Deus mulieribus :

Flere loqui nere
Statuit Deus in muliere."

The Spanish, Portuguese, and also the Germans, have attempted the Macaronic style with some success; but as their compositions are neither very numerous nor very brilliant, we pass them by. We must, however, mention a peculiar kind of Portuguese production,

which is at the same time Latin as well as Portuguese. It is not, to be sure, truly Macaronic, but it resembles this style, and has even been mistaken for it; we therefore insert an example, but rather as a literary curiosity than on account of any merit in the compositions themselves.

“O quam divinos acquiris terra triumphos
 Tam fortes animos alta de sorte creando!
 De numero sancto gentes tu firma reservas!
 Per longos annos vivas tu terra beata,
 Contra non sanctos te armas furiosa paganos.”

Next to the Italians the English may be considered the most successful in Macaronic poetry, and their writers in it are quite as numerous as those of Italy. Macaronic expressions occur in manuscripts of a date as early as the fourteenth century, especially in connection with that mixed style of which we have already given an example from the pen of Porson; but the first composition of any extent appeared about a century after the time of Folengo, and the English poet undoubtedly took the idea from him. This piece, the *Polemo-Middinia*, by W. Drummond of Hawthornden, is a mock heroic, the character of which the reader can learn from the following extracts. The mustering of one of the forces is thus described:—

“Non tulit affrontam tantam; verum agmine facto,
 Convocat extemplo barowmannos atque ladæos,
 Tumlantesque simul reckoso ex kitchine boyos,
 Hunc qui dirtiferas tersit cum dishcloute dishas,
 Hunc qui gruelias scivit bene lickere plettas,
 Coalheughos nigri girnantes more Divelli;
 Lifeguardamque sibi sævas vocat improba lassas,
 Maggyam magis doctam milkare covæas,
 Et doctam suepare flouras et sternere beddas,
 Quæque novit spinnare et longas ducere threddas;
 Nansyam, claves bene quæ keepaverat omnes,
 Quæque lanam cardare solet greasy-fingria Betty,” etc.

Those who are tempted to look for parallel passages are referred to *Æn.* VII. 647 et seq.

Another Macaronic writer of about the same period is George Ruggle, who is only known by a comedy, *Ignoramus*, which he wrote to play before the king on the occasion of a visit to the University of Cambridge, of which Ruggle was then a member. This composition is in *Latin de cuisine* interspersed with Macaronic ex-

pressions, and is a pleasant satire upon lawyers, worthy in some passages of Molière himself.

Though it is quite familiar to many of our readers, we cannot forbear transcribing a little piece by Dr. King, which he pretends to have found in manuscripts dating back as far as the Orphean hymns, but which is nothing but a Greek Macaronic translation of "Boys, boys, come out to play," etc. : —

“ Κύμμετε μείβοιες, μείβοιες κύμμετε πλακείν
Μωνή ισασβρίτας θηβέρει τόπα νοῦνα διαῖ,
Κύμμετε σὺν οὐπῶ σὺν λούδῳ κύμμετε καύλῳ,
Λεύσετε συνηῆραν, μείβοιες, λεύσετε βέδδον,
Σὺν τοῖς κομραδοῖσιν ἐνὶ στρέεσσι πλάοντες.”

This is the only specimen of Greek Macaronic verse in our language, with one exception, the *Uniomachia*, by an unknown author, from which we will give some extracts, after speaking of Dr. Geddes, the most facetious of all the Macaronic poets.

This author was a Scotchman educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood, and was involved in numerous theological and philosophical controversies ; but being naturally of a facetious disposition, he found time from severer studies to amuse himself with some little pieces in the Macaronic style. His principal work is a humorous account of a meeting of dissenters, under the title of *Epistola ad Fratrem*. Some of the hits would apply with considerable force to our modern conventions of reformers.

“ Placatis stomachis latrantibus, atque feroci
Ingluvie expleta, properamus ad *lépa* Bacchi
Rite absolvenda, et burnantem extinguere thirstum.
Arripimus glassas, largosque ducimus haustus.
Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum ?
Vere olim dixit, quisquis fuit ille poeta.
Jam cupimus cuncti sua quæ sit copia fandi
Monstrare, et quæ vis ardentia cudere verba.”

At this point the more rabid reformers attempt to pass some very bitter resolutions, but the chairman harangues them thus : —

“ ‘ Quis furor, o cives ! quæ vos dementia cepit
Ut tam pacificas epulas turbare velitis !
Non vanis verbis pretiosum spendere tempus
Adsumus — Eja ergo, ventosum wagere bellum
Cessemus ; sedem et propriam jam quisque resumat.
Et, curis vacui, media de nocte bibamus !
Impransi, melius res magnas discutietimus.’ ”

Subsequitur plausus magnus, sed non generalis;
Nam quidam expressly venere ut speechificarent."

There are many other authors of Macaronic verses whom we might name, but our limits will only allow us to make some extracts from the *Uniomachia*, to which we have alluded. This poem was originally written in Greek, but in this form it is very rare; we can therefore give only a Latin translation, with some of the notes on the original Greek, all of which are the work of the unknown author of the piece. The subject is a quarrel in a debating society called the Union.

"Sicut cattorum clangor circum attica sonat
Qui postquam scilicet anum * effugerunt et broomam nigram
Dormiunt domorum roofibus cum charis wifis;
Sic sonuit noisa omnium qui Union frequentant,
Stellæ in campo, Rambleros expellentium.
Socii omnes instructi fuerunt, una cum ducibus quique,
Dextra sedent Rambleri, sinistraque Masichi."

In the course of the quarrel, —

"Surrexit Masiches magnanimus,
Sed terribiles shouti Ramblerorum et Masichorum
Roofum shookaverunt domi, et ejus stoppata est vox,
Sicut cum in circo taurum baitant † feri agrestes,
Ipse taurus non timet in corde bravo, cum doggos circumspectat
Sic Masiches," etc.

The description of the finale may be recognized as characteristic : —

"Et tunc convivia formant, separatim quinque,
Epulantur ostrea, et aquam spiritu-mixtam bonam pro stomacho
Βραδία πίνουσίν τε καὶ ἐκσώχουσι στυγάρπους." ‡

* "(Original *Ὀλδμαῖδ.*) Pessime hoc verbum vertit Paunchius quasi instrumentum ex fenestra detrusum. Melius noster Heavysternius pro ano id accipiendum putat, Eng. Oldmaid."

† "Apud hunc populum barbarus mos fuit tauros infelices palo (Eng. Stake) deligandi, et canibus vexandi, ut hac sævitia, utentes offellas (Eng. Beef-stakes) molliores redderent. Heavysternius."

‡ "*Βραδία*, etc. In hoc antiquissimo poemate, nullus est locus isto corruptior. Hem! tibi solertiam veterum commentatorum! Hi enim insulsissimi, et magis asinorum nomine quam doctorum digni dicunt; Britannos olim nec non et Batavos, herba quadam perniciose, et ad intoxicandum idonea, cui nomen fictum dederunt *tobacco* usos esse. Hanc bene circumplicatam et inflammatam labris eos interposuisse, et aeris suctione per eam *σμάξαι*, id est, flammam et fumum excitasse et inspirata expirasse. Has aniles fabulas, has meras nugas credat Judæus Apella non ego. Quam nihil de eo pro certo habeo, nihil proferre audeo. Hunc versum, lector benevole, si me audis, omnino rejice."

It is to be regretted that the author, in the Latin version of his poem, had not adhered more strictly to the rules of prosody, for the Greek is very carefully written, as may be seen from the closing line, which we give in its original form. The note on this line, which is inserted entire, is equal to anything of the kind we have ever seen.

We here close our little sketch of Macaronic poetry, hoping that, if any one of our readers is indisposed to be amused by the specimens we have given, he will regard them as literary curiosities, and as such worthy of his attention.

The Life of P. T. BARNUM, written by Himself. New York: Redfield. 1855.

It has been truly said, that, if the full and true history of any man, the real inner life of the soul which is so hidden by the outside seeming, could be opened to the view of mankind, it would make the most interesting and valuable book which was ever given to the world. The volume before us is one of the last attempts to accomplish this object, and it may fairly be called a remarkable production. Mr. Barnum is no more an imitator in the writing of his autobiography than in the devising of those schemes which he so delights to call "humbugs," since he can place before the word the adjective *magnificent*. If it be any gratification to the author to know that he has written an original work, he has assuredly bought the right to revel in all the triumph which the thought may afford him. But he has bought it at a price which few would be willing to pay. Since the day when Rousseau published those "Confessions" which have conferred upon their author so unenviable a reputation, we know of no one who has dared with such deliberate effrontery to insult the world by offering to its inspection so unblushing a record of moral obliquity.

Mr. Barnum, according to his own account of himself, passed through an apprenticeship which was well suited to prepare him for his after life. He soon learned, as he tells us, the truth of the old adage, "There 's cheating in all trades but ours." His readers, however, are hardly prepared to admit such an exception in favor of his own profession. Having tried ineffectually to grow rich by con-

necting himself with various lotteries, he very generously teaches the world how enormous is the system of swindling upon which that species of gambling is based. "Thousands of persons are at this day squandering in lottery tickets and lottery policies the money which their families need. If this *exposé* shall have the effect of curing their ruinous infatuation, I, for one, shall not be sorry." This kind avowal is only made, however, at the present day, when he no longer deals with such means of gaining wealth. The knowledge then produced a very different effect, for he adds, in the very next sentence: "After learning the *profitable* basis of the foregoing facts, I went to our Connecticut lottery managers, and from that time obtained my tickets directly from them at 'the scheme-price.'" And this passage affords a fair sample of the life which this book lays open to our gaze. When he has made all the money which he possibly can, by any system of imposition, he strives to make a little more still by a frank confession of the nefarious means which he had previously employed.

The first part of the book abounds in stories which closely resemble in style and matter those often published in certain newspapers, and purporting to be from "Down East" correspondents. They certainly rank high among such literary compositions, and some of them are, it must be confessed, quite amusing. Yet at the very moment that they are exciting a smile, we feel provoked at our inability to restrain it, for it seems a concession to the lower part of our nature. We are indeed forced to laugh, but it is against our will, and only makes us feel a deeper contempt for that which caused it.

We pass rapidly over the earlier portions of his life. They are filled with accounts of unsuccessful attempts on a small scale at accomplishing that which was afterwards effected by larger undertakings. The elaborate impositions of Joice Heth and Vivalla, together with travelling circuses, occupied his attention at this time. When the attractions of the nurse of Washington began to fail, an ingenious rumor that she was not alive, but was only an automaton figure, moved by springs, whose voice was supplied by an attendant ventriloquist, served to fill his rooms again with the credulous public. And when, too, the novelty of Signor Vivalla's performances were losing their zest, mock challenges and false trials of skill were devised, and, while the outside world believed that there was genuine rivalry between the performers, they were both in truth only hirelings of Mr. Barnum, pitted against each other in pretended strife merely as

a business speculation. Afterwards he resumed the occupation of an itinerant showman. Far be it from us to cast any reflections upon any honest mode of gaining a subsistence. Honesty and a faithful performance of duty command respect in every station of life, and he alone is degraded by his work who stoops to deception and trickery in its accomplishment.

In 1841 he established himself, by a series of equivocal manœuvres, in the American Museum. About a year after that event he met with Tom Thumb. The defence which he gives of his conduct in regard to this minute gentleman is so entirely unique that it deserves to be quoted : —

“ I had heard of a remarkably small child in Bridgeport, and by my request my brother brought him to the hotel. He was the smallest child I ever saw that could walk alone. He was not two feet in height, and weighed sixteen pounds. He was a bright-eyed little fellow, with light hair and ruddy cheeks, was perfectly healthy, and as symmetrical as an Apollo. He was exceedingly bashful, but after some coaxing he was induced to converse with me, and informed me that his name was CHARLES S. STRATTON, son of Sherwood E. Stratton.

“ He was only five years old, and to exhibit a dwarf of that age might provoke the question, How do you know that he *is* a dwarf? Some license might indeed be taken with the facts; but, even with this advantage, I felt that the adventure was nothing more than an experiment, and I engaged him for the short term of *four weeks, at three dollars per week*, — all charges, including travelling expenses and board of himself and mother, being at my expense.

“ They arrived in New York on Thanksgiving Day, December 8, 1842, and Mrs. Stratton was greatly astonished to find her son heralded in my Museum bills as General TOM THUMB, a dwarf of eleven years of age, just arrived from England!

“ This announcement contained two deceptions. I shall not attempt to justify them, but may be allowed to plead circumstances in extenuation. The boy was undoubtedly a dwarf, and I had the most reliable evidence that he had grown little, if any, since he was six months old; but had I announced him as only five years of age, it would have been impossible to excite the interest or awaken the curiosity of the public. The thing I aimed at was to assure them that he was *really a dwarf*, — and in *this* at least they were not deceived.

“It was of no consequence, in reality, when he was born or where he came from; and if the announcement that he was a *foreigner* answered, the people had only themselves to blame if they did not get their money’s worth when they visited the exhibition. I had observed the American fancy for European exotics; and if the deception, practised for a season in my dwarf experiment, has done anything towards checking our disgraceful preference for foreigners, I may readily be pardoned for the offence I here acknowledge.”

Such a defence, offered seriously, as it is, requires no comment. It speaks plainly for itself.

We now come to the best part of the book, to the account of Jenny Lind. It is pleasant to find that the warm welcome which she received, and the kind feelings which were manifested towards her by the whole country, were not undeserved. Few characters which have been subjected to a scrutiny as close have escaped with a fame so unsullied as hers; and it is indeed pleasant to meet with so beautiful a being who is *real*, in the midst of so much false show and mere invention. The simple goodness of heart and quiet charity which gained her so many friends are described by Mr. Barnum in a very interesting manner; and he relates many incidents which had not yet reached the public ear. This portion of the book is its almost solitary redeeming trait, and some of the anecdotes are quite touching. We will quote one here about her treatment of poor Vivalla and his dog, whom she saw at Havana.

“I found my little Italian plate-dancer, VIVALLA, here. He called on me frequently. He was in great distress, having lost the use of his limbs on the left side of his body by paralysis. He was thus unable to earn a livelihood, although he still kept a performing dog, which turned a spinning-wheel, and performed some curious tricks. One day, as I was passing him out of the front gate, Miss Lind inquired who he was. I briefly recounted to her his history. She expressed deep interest in his case, and said something should be set apart for him in the ‘benefit’ which she was about to give for charity. Accordingly, when the benefit came off, Miss Lind appropriated \$500 to him, and I made the necessary arrangements for his return to his friends in Italy.

“The same day, Vivalla called and brought her a basket of the most luscious fruit that he could procure. The little fellow was very happy and extremely grateful. Miss Lind had gone out for a ride. ‘God bless me! I am so happy; she is such a good lady. I shall

see my brothers and sisters again. Oh, she is a very good lady,' said poor Vivalla, overcome by his feelings. He begged me to thank her for him, and give her the fruit. As he was passing out of the door, he hesitated a moment, and then said, 'Mr. Barnum, I should like so much to have the good lady see my dog turn a wheel; it is very nice; he can spin very good. Shall I bring the dog and wheel for her? She is such a good lady, I wish to please her very much.' I smiled, and told him she would not care for the dog; that he was quite welcome to the money, and that she refused to see the priest that morning from the convent, because she never received thanks for favors.

"When Jenny came in, I gave her the fruit, and laughingly told that Vivalla wished to show how his performing dog could turn a spinning-wheel.

"'Poor man, poor man! do let him come; it is all the good creature can do for me,' exclaimed Jenny; and the tears flowed thick and fast down her cheeks. 'I like that, I like that!' she continued; 'do let the poor creature come and bring his dog. It will make him *so* happy!'

"I confess it made *me* happy, and I exclaimed, for my heart was full, 'God bless you! it will make him cry for joy. He shall come to-morrow.'

"I saw Vivalla that same evening, and delighted him with the intelligence that Jenny would see his dog perform the next day, at four o'clock precisely.

"For full half an hour before the time appointed did Jenny Lind sit in her window on the second floor, and watch for Vivalla and his dog. A few minutes before the appointed hour, she saw him coming. 'Ah, here he comes! here he comes!' she exclaimed in delight, as she ran down stairs and opened the door to admit him. A negro boy was bringing the small spinning-wheel, while Vivalla led the dog. Handing the boy a silver coin, she motioned him away; and, taking the wheel in her arms, she said, 'This is very kind of you, to come with your dog. Follow me. I will carry the wheel up stairs.' Her servant offered to take the wheel, but no, she would let no one carry it but herself. She called us all up to her parlor, and for one full hour did she devote herself to the happy Italian. She went down on her knees to pet the dog, and to ask Vivalla all sorts of questions about his performances, his former course of life, his friends in Italy, and his present hopes and determinations. Then

she sang and played for him, gave him some refreshments, and finally insisted on carrying his wheel to the door, from whence her servant accompanied Vivalla to his boarding-house.

"Poor Vivalla! He was probably never so happy before, but his enjoyment did not exceed that of Miss Lind. That scene alone would have paid me for all my labors during the entire musical campaign."

After passing this pleasant oasis in the book, we again come forth into the same old barren waste. Mr. Barnum appears to greater advantage in his intercourse with the gentle, kind-hearted Swede, than he does anywhere else, and he manifests a generosity in some parts of it which we are not prepared to expect. He shows that he is not deficient in kind feeling, and that there are some noble traits underlying his strange ignorance of moral honesty. The beautiful songstress had pierced through somewhat of the outside crust, but as we go on, the wound quickly heals over, and Barnum is himself again. Tom Thumb and Jenny Lind had made him a rich man, and he now indulged in such "humbugs" as the "Woolly Horse" and the "Buffalo Hunt," apparently from an amateur fondness for such things.

He now appears in a new character, in that of a lecturer on temperance. This book reveals a queer inconsistency. His labors in supporting the temperance cause appear to have been single-hearted, and certainly at times were performed at some personal inconvenience. He looks back upon them with delight, as a means by which he did much good to his fellow-men. He also speaks of the intensity of his religious faith, and the consolation which he derived from it, when he was a wandering showman, poor and unfortunate. He tells us that he often held meetings of his circus-riders, where he used to read to them such sermons as he could obtain, and exhort them to be good. "I always attended church regularly, and was never without a Bible in my trunk, which I took frequent occasion to read." He seems, in short, to have been accustomed to spend the day and evening in the invention and practice of the most flagrant devices for outwitting his audiences, and afterwards, to devote half an hour to the contemplation of the inestimable benefits of religion! Mr. Barnum must certainly be convinced of the total inefficacy of works, and believe in salvation by faith alone.

Excess of candor is a fault of which it is seldom necessary to complain. But Mr. Barnum has carried his frankness too far. It

is his very sincerity which makes his book so bad. He presents the picture of a man who seems wholly unable to perceive the difference between truth and falsehood; who deems all kinds of deceit perfectly fair, and abstractly right; and who, finally, instead of hiding his head in shame, sums up his career in the following expressive words:—

“As a business man, undoubtedly, my prime object has been to put money in my purse. But what I have said here will prepare the reader for what I conceive to be a just and altogether reasonable claim, that I have been a public benefactor, to an extent seldom paralleled in the histories of professed and professional philanthropists.”

No qualms of conscience annoy Mr. Barnum. After a life full of the most unequivocal expedients to accomplish the grand object of gaining wealth, he boldly comes forward and demands our gratitude for those very expedients! He first says, with old Prometheus:

Ἐκὼν, ἐκὼν ἡμάρτον, οὐκ ἀρνήσομαι.

and then he even dares to add, with the grand old Titan:

Θνητοῖς δ' ἀρήγων αὐτὸς ἡρόρμην πόνουσ.

To us this seems to be the worst, the most pernicious volume which we have ever read, for it defends, and clothes in brilliant colors, our great failing, the unhallowed love of gold. Wealth is only good, when it is regarded as the personification of good uses, and it is never good when obtained by dishonest means. It is exactly this truth which Mr. Barnum's book puts out of sight. It tries to remove the ancient landmarks of right and wrong, and to give to both a common heritage. It tries to show that success will not only gild the means in the eyes of others, but will also bind the guard within and afford unalloyed happiness, because forsooth the fetters are golden. It is this which makes Mr. Barnum's autobiography so insidious, so dangerous, a book. Sad indeed is the sight, when the sacred veil which conceals private life is rent asunder only that the poison which swelters in one man's heart may flow through the land, and taint its dwellers with its foul corruption of honesty and truth.

NEW BOOKS.

The Poetical Works of THOMAS HOOD. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854.

WE are indebted to the publishers for a copy of the works of this favorite author, in their excellent edition of the British Standard Poets. As the various editions which have hitherto been published in America have been copied from *copyright* English editions, containing only a portion of his writings, this may be considered the first *complete* collection of his humorous and serious poems that has appeared in this country. While all will be glad to see his poetry of both kinds under the same cover, we think that the more lively poems will receive the most attention. For it is especially as a humorist that Hood has been known to fame. And his humor was of that nature which did not descend to bitter and malignant satire, but, genial and philanthropic, cheered and warmed everything with which it came in contact. His name will live in the same category with Addison and Steele, Thackeray and Dickens, and no prouder epitaph could be written than the one which now adorns his bust upon the monument erected to his memory: "He sang 'The Song of the Shirt.'"

This book, with the others of the series, may be obtained in Cambridge of Mr. J. Bartlett.

C.

The Life of Horace Greeley. By J. PARTON. New York: Mason Brothers. 1854.

No sort of book is so fascinating as a well-written biography, — and especially if its hero be a man of strong and amiable character. This *Life of Horace Greeley* satisfies both these requisites, and has given us many an hour's keen enjoyment in the reading. It is the life of an American, — such a man as could have grown up in no other country than ours; and to have produced such a man is an honor to our country, — as much as the life of Barnum is our disgrace, as well as his own. An upright, generous, and sincere *man*, — a democrat to the core, — a genuine philanthropist, — a hater and assaulter of all kinds of pretence, — we are willing Horace Greeley should be, as he is, the most influential man in the land. His paper is a great success; but his life is still greater, and we thank Mr. Parton, whoever he may be, for telling us the story of it. He does it, too, in a most readable manner; his style, without being faultless, is clear, picturesque, and energetic. Moreover, he is thoroughly independent. He does not glorify his hero at the expense of truth, so far as we can see, but he speaks his mind in the frankest way on every subject that comes before him. If you want to know what he thinks of the old political parties, or

this nine days' wonder of a new one, — of Fourierism, of Spiritualism, of Calvinism, or of any conceivable *ism*, or champion of it, coming up for notice in this book, — Mr. Parton makes a clean breast, and gives you his "screed." Now we like this in an author, especially in an American author.

This book suggests to young men like ourselves the gravest questions for discussion. Read it, and it will set you thinking of the organization of labor, — that great problem of the age, which it should be America's mission to solve; of People's Colleges, or some other way of remedying the inefficiency of our collegiate system; and of a dozen other reforms which you will find advocated by the editor of the *Tribune*. Above all, it will fill you with courage and hope, such as went with young Greeley from the New Hampshire cabin, where he learned to read by the light of the pine-wood fire, with his head almost in the ashes, and longed to be a printer, — through the labors of his boyhood and youth in a dozen printing-offices, — up to his lofty and noble position. You will wonder that you ever doubted the capacity of mankind for virtue and heroism, and you will learn to put your trust in the future, for which Horace Greeley so manfully labors, and over whose destinies the eye of Infinite Love for ever watches.

S.

Flower Fables. By LOUISA MAY ALCOTT. Boston: George W. Briggs & Co.

WE are not children, — but it is not long since we were; and remembering that golden time, when the sun was brighter, the flowers twice as many, the rivers larger, and everything fairer, than it ever has been since, we welcome this book of fables for children, and so does the little sister to whom we have given a copy. The writer of them was herself a girl of sixteen when they were written, — years ago, — and of course their chief charm is for younger people than we venerable undergraduates. And the children (whose judgment is best) declare loudly for the book, and listen pleased for hours to the adventures of Lily-Bell and Thistledown and the kind little Ripple. But others also can find a pleasure in the love and knowledge of Nature which the book shows, and in its graceful fancies and sweet lessons of charity and patience. The men and women who write stories for children do a greater work for the world than we are wont to think of. Horace praised poets because they formed the "tender mouth" of children, and turned them from the vile to the beautiful. Miss Alcott does not need to

"Claim

The shelter from her sire of an immortal name,"

for she has earned praises for herself.

S.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Prospero. "I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been."

The Tempest.

"HOME-KEEPING youth," says Valentine, "have ever homely wits"; the little stars move in little orbits; the little drumming husband is perfectly contented in the narrow limits of his domestic pint-pot; and thus, as our humble watch-tower stands at no very majestic height among the literary observatories of the day, it is not to be expected that our monthly review of strange things done and wonders seen on this our earth should be crowded very full of marvellous discovery, deep thought, or shrewd, sharp-eyed political wisdom. "Two months ago," as the King says in Hamlet, "here came a gentleman." Two months ago it was our privilege to pour into the bosoms of our friends our New-Year's torrent of milk and honey, wit and wisdom. According, then, to Prospero's plan, we are in debt for the record of two months' share of the world's actions and passions. We perhaps have done little enough even of our little share of earth's great work; but the months themselves, at least, have been very busy, panting and fainting with their toil. They have been going to and fro, keeping the world's wheels always oiled and running, giving the monstrous machinery not a moment's rest, now putting a hand to the workman's hammer to build up society strongly and firmly, and now madly lending their strength to some vagrant whirlwind to tear it away again, and sink it lower than before; and now they come back and spread before us their report. They tell a sad story of a wretched army away off towards where the sun comes up, where the graves already outnumber the tents, and every day heaps up still more of the one and pulls down still more of the other; while, as far as we can learn, the great, high, black fortress frowns down upon them a trifle higher and blacker than when the first shell sent the advance-guard of the long ghostly caravan up to the world of spirits, some months ago. Still the red tide rolls on, surging and tossing with plumes and bayonets and standards from England onto the Continent, from the Continent into the Crimea, and from the Crimea into Eternity. Every week ships it invoices of coats, caps, and cannon-balls for the cause of right, justice, and religion. Is it not a pity, considering the precarious nature of a man's wants in that region, that the Government cannot employ a few of those accomplished needle-women of whom the poet tells, who, so conveniently,

"Sew at once with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt"?

It would at least allow men to be a little more decent and respectable, whether in living, dying, or being buried. But prophets with good eyes or cabinet spectacles, on their seventy-times-seventh climbing of the mountain, tell us that they discover a minute cloud arising out of the sea, about the size of an excessively small child's hand, promising a speedy shower of peace to the nations, and justice to the world, particularly the Czar. It seems that the mighty army is beginning to grumble and make wry faces at its daily dose, so long repeated, of shells and brimstone (*without treacle*), and to think if it would not be well to hush up the whole matter, to "draw its mantle round the wound, and say, 'Nay, nay, 't is well,'" and then, with a flourish of trumpets and a farewell volley, to turn on its heel and imitate the great French king of whom the song-book tells us, who "with twice ten thousand men marched up the hill, and then — marched down again." It will not make half so loud or long or grand a show in marching down as it did in marching up. Alas, poor Continent! your crop of whirlwind is fast ripening for the harvest. "Better," sings the poet, — "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." If we trust his word, this same Cathay, wherever it is, must be a tolerably wretched place.

"Is there no virtue extant?" Nearer home the great wheels seem to be mov-

ing with a little less of rumble, jumble, and jar. The two New-Year's months have passed pretty much as winter months are apt to do. Congress has been sitting at Washington, kindly working, as always, for the country's good; times, they tell us, have been hard, and money scarce; music has been lying gently on the country's spirit from innumerable opera-houses and concert-rooms, from Grisi and Mario down to the lowest and darkest stages of Negro Minstrel-dom; a New Year has been sent to the world, and a new Professor has been nominated at Harvard; the thermometer has been down unreasonably low, and prices have been up uncomfortably high; and so on with *et ceteras* numberless.

Truly it is not a very promising report that our two months have to give of what they have been doing and seeing all this time. Does it not really seem time that the world was put under proper medical treatment, that quackery and patent pills were thrown to the winds, and some regular practitioner of the old-fashioned school, hung round with desperate-looking vials, should be called in to feel the pulse of his monstrous patient, and prescribe a good old dose of his ancient physic? We are not going to offer our advice. It is almost too daring an attempt for us to cure the world even of two months' ailing. But though we cannot cure, we claim our right to grumble. The poor little weak cur, who is afraid to attack with tooth and claw the great mastiff, who goes sweeping and swaggering by, may yet snarl and snap as loud as he pleases at a safe distance behind the rails of his domestic fence, — may bark till his dog's ears shake with rage, and his small tail trembles and quivers with unavailing fury. Good friends, our barking and snarling is over for the present.

ANSA MATER, AGAIN. — Those of our readers who have read, in former times, the beautiful verses in Mother Goose upon the Grenadier and the Bar-Maid, will perhaps be pleased to see them *Polyglottized* as below.

I. *Caupona Ministra atque Miles.*

Quis huc propinquat? — Miles sum procerior.
Ehodium, quid optas? — Cervisiæ unum poculum.
Ubi est pecunia? — Sum nequaquam, eheu, memor.
Abi, facesse, temulentia caput!

II. *Ἡ Κάπηλις καὶ ὁ Στρατιώτης.*

Τίς ἔρχεται; — Στρατιώτης τίς δ' ἐνψήλοφος.
Τινός δ' ἀπορείς; — Ἐνός δε καθάρου ζύθου.
Ποῦ ἔστι γῆς νόμισμα; — Ἐγὼ δ' ἀμνημονῶ.
Ἄπει, ἔρρ' εἰς κόρακας, πάροις οἰνόφυλξ!

III. *Das Zuhlbudenmädchen und der Grenadier.*

Wer kommt hierher? — Ein Grenadier.
Was wünschen Sie? — Ein' Kanne Bier.
Wo ist Ihr Geld? — Ich habe vergessen.
Weggehen Sie, betrunkenes Wesen!

IV. *La Fille de la Taverne et le Grenadier.*

Qu'est ce qui vient? — Grenadier.
Que voulez-vous? — Un pot de bière.
Où est l'argent? — J'ai oublié.
Allez vous en, ivrogne sacré!

C.

TO UNDERGRADUATES.

As the Editors' Address is somewhat general in its character, we wish here to address ourselves more particularly to our brother students. And first, as to contributions to our pages. We invite all Undergraduates to send us articles for publication, on any subject they choose to treat; and we promise them an impartial judgment so far as we can give it, reserving to ourselves the right of rejecting any article we think unfit for the press. All papers will be published anonymously, unless the writer chooses to sign his name; but the Editors will deem it a sufficient reason for rejecting an article, that we do not know the author's name, since we must know who is responsible for what we print. We hope to receive a good supply of papers on all subjects, — and would especially solicit carefully written scientific articles.

Our Magazine is started with no intention of using its pages to "squib" the College Government, and we shall avoid all personalities of every kind.

We intend to publish about the first of each month. Each number will contain forty-eight pages; and if we meet with good support, we shall increase the number.

We hope you will one and all take such an interest in this purring of yours, as to support it handsomely. We have the promise of valuable articles from many of the best writers in College, and have no doubt we shall receive others, equally valuable, from sources now unknown to us. We ask you all, therefore, to give us your encouragement, your articles, and — your subscriptions. Our Magazine will be issued by Mr. John Bartlett, who takes upon himself the duties of its publication. He will see that subscribers receive their copies regularly, — and all business communications may be addressed to him.



THE

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THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1855.

No. 4.

THE DIAL.*

A CHAPTER FOR THE UNWRITTEN HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MR. HECKER, a German by birth, who was at one time connected with the Associationists at Brook Farm, but for some years has been a Catholic priest, has lately published a book on Catholicism and Transcendentalism, in which he endeavors to show, first, that there is no middle ground tenable between his present and his former ultra-Transcendental position; and, second, that his present position (in the bosom of the Roman Church) is the only true and safe one. We do not mean to review Mr. Hecker's book, but we take occasion of its appearance to say a few words of those Transcendentalists whom he so zealously attacks, and of *The Dial*, which was for a time a sort of exponent of the Transcendental movement in New England. But before going farther, it may be worth while to define Transcendentalism. There is no term which has been more abused for the last twenty years than this same word, — none whose meaning has been so misconceived and perverted. Judging from the common tone of the newspapers and of society, a Transcendentalist is a sort of chaos of obscurity, nonsense, and atheism. To hear the talk of many well-meaning clergymen, one would sup-

* *Catholicism and Transcendentalism.* By I. T. HECKER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855.

The Dial. A Magazine for Literature, Philosophy, and Religion. To be continued Quarterly. Boston. July, 1840, to July, 1844.

pose that Transcendentalists, and especially German Transcendentalists, are a set of pernicious sophists, who are laboring with all the ingenuity of the Devil to destroy good morals, uproot piety, and introduce a universal anarchy. We are glad to find, however, that juster views on this point are gaining ground among us.

As those who talk thus wildly about Transcendentalism are usually great sticklers for authority, it may be well to begin our definition by stating that Socrates and Plato, and the noble fathers of the Stoic school, were Transcendentalists, — that Paul and all the Apostles were so, pre-eminently, — that Luther and the great saints and martyrs of the Christian Church were so too, — that all great poets, painters, sculptors, musicians, are of this sect, and will be so till the end of time. For Transcendentalism is neither more nor less than Idealism, — Spiritualism ; not in its wretched modern sense, — for our so-called Spiritualism is but a thinly veiled Materialism, — but in its best and highest meaning. The Transcendentalist believes in what *transcends* the senses ; he believes in inspiration, flowing ever fresh and pure from the Infinite Source of all wisdom and power ; he believes in the human soul, its power, its divine lineage, and its glorious destiny. He values the past, but he values more the present, and most of all the future, — that great promised land of all our hopes. He does not believe that all truth is enshrined in any book, or any institution, for he holds that man is always greater than his achievements, and God infinitely greater than either our memory or our comprehension. Such, briefly, is Transcendentalism in its most general sense.

In a more limited acceptance, it is opposed to Sensationalism in metaphysics, and is the doctrine of those who maintain the opposite opinion from Locke and his school, as to the origin of our ideas. The Sensationalists say, that all our ideas are the results of experience, — of the evidence of our senses. This notion developed is blank Materialism. The Transcendentalists, on the other hand, ascribe certain of our ideas to intuition ; they believe in conceptions which *transcend* the power of the senses, — and hence their name. The founder of this modern Transcendentalism was Kant, whose great genius is now recognized even in England, where, to the shame of her metaphysicians, he was almost unknown till half a century after his greatest work had been published.*

* Sir William Hamilton has remarked on Dr. Reid's ignorance of the meta-

After Kant, in his own country, came Fichte,* Jacobi, Hegel, Schelling, Schleiermacher, and others, — at variance among themselves, but all teaching the Transcendental philosophy in some form.

The study of these German writers, together with that of Plato and the Alexandrians, of Plutarch and Epictetus, and of the sacred books of the Hindoos and the Persians, gave a great impulse to Transcendentalism in this country. Twenty-five years ago German literature was almost a sealed book to American scholars. Thanks to Dr. Frothingham, to George Bancroft, Professors Stuart and Robinson, George Ripley, Theodore Parker, and a few others, the same could not be said ten years later.

In 1840, the causes of which we have spoken had been long at work among scholars, while to a much larger class had come similar influences from the writings of Coleridge and Carlyle, especially the latter, whose *Sartor Resartus* has been to many a young man the guide to a new life. Emerson, too, through his lectures and his *Nature*, had produced a deep, if not a wide, effect in New England. Emerson, indeed, is the Representative Man of American Transcendentalism, nor can we better describe the period of its culmination, in 1840 and 1841, than in his own felicitous words.

“No one can converse much with different classes of society in New England, without remarking the progress of a revolution. Those who share in it have no external organization, no badge, no creed, no name. They do not vote, or print, or even meet together.

physical labors of his German contemporaries, and this is especially true in relation to Kant. Kant was born in 1724, fourteen years after Reid, and printed his *Critic of Pure Reason* in 1781, fifteen years before Reid's death; yet the latter does not seem ever to have heard of him. Even Dugald Stewart, who lived till 1828, never fully understood what it was that Kant had done. Sir William Hamilton is the first British philosopher of eminence who has clearly comprehended and done justice to the masterly metaphysics of Germany.

* Fichte has been represented by some as a fatalist, but, as it seems to us, with an entire misconception of his philosophy. His error was rather that he asserted too strongly the freedom of the individual will. He exalted the individual at the expense of the universe, making all things dependent for their existence on the existence of the individual to whom they stand related. A short but excellent memoir of the noble and devoted life of Fichte, written by William Smith, of Edinburgh, was published in Boston some years ago, with a preface by Mr. Weiss, now of New Bedford. A son of Fichte is one of the eminent living philosophers of Germany, and, we understand, is doing a good work for his country by his writings and his professorial lectures.

They do not know each other's faces or names. They are united only in a common love of truth, and love of its work. They are of all conditions and constitutions. Of these acolytes, if some are happily born and well bred, many are no doubt ill dressed, ill placed, ill made, — with as many scars of hereditary vice as other men. Without pomp, without trumpet, in lonely and obscure places, in solitude, in servitude, in compunctions and privations, trudging beside the team in the dusty road, or drudging a hireling in other men's cornfields, schoolmasters who teach a few children rudiments for a pittance, ministers of small parishes of the obscurer sects, lone women in dependent condition, matrons and young maidens, rich and poor, beautiful and hard-favored, without concert or proclamation of any kind, they have silently given in their several adherence to a new hope, and in all companies do signify a greater trust in the nature and resources of man than the laws or the popular opinions will well allow.

“This spirit of the time is felt by every individual with some difference, — to each one casting its light upon the objects nearest to his temper and habits of thought ; — to one, coming in the shape of special reforms in the state ; to another, in modifications of the various callings of men, and the customs of business ; to a third, opening a new scope for literature and art ; to a fourth, in philosophical insight ; to a fifth, in the vast solitudes of prayer. It is in every form a protest against usage, and a search for principles.”— *The Dial*, Vol. I. pp. 2, 3.

We copy this from the first number of *The Dial*, a quarterly magazine, which first appeared in July, 1840, and continued to be published for four years. Of its origin, history, and character we shall now speak.

We think it was in 1837 that a club of gentlemen and ladies who believed in the new views was formed in the neighborhood of Boston. Its president was the Rev. Dr. Francis, then settled at Watertown, now a Professor in the Theological School at Cambridge. Its other members were Ralph Waldo Emerson, then, as now, living at Concord ; A. Bronson Alcott, of Boston ; Theodore Parker, of West Roxbury ; Margaret Fuller ; Rev. W. H. Channing ; Rev. George Ripley, then preaching in Boston, now an associate Editor of *The Tribune* ; Elizabeth Peabody ; John S. Dwight, now Editor of the *Journal of Music* ; Henry D. Thoreau ; Rev. F. H. Hedge, then of West Cambridge, now of Providence ; Rev. C. A. Bartol,

now of Boston; Rev. James F. Clarke; Jones Very, the poet; Rev. Caleb Stetson, then of Medford; Robert Bartlett; Charles S. Wheeler;* and some others. They met in turn at the houses of the members, who were then all living within twenty miles of Boston. One of the results of their discussions was the establishment of *The Dial*, in 1840.

The new magazine opened with as brilliant a display of talent among its contributors as any American magazine has shown, before or since. Almost all its writers have since won distinction for themselves, — some of them a permanent fame. Not a few are now connected with that successful and independent magazine, *Putnam's Monthly*. The editors of *The Dial* for the first two years were George Ripley and Margaret Fuller. The opening address (a part of which we quoted above) was written by Emerson, besides which the first number contained articles by the two editors, by Charles Emerson, whose early death destroyed such bright hopes, by J. S. Dwight, W. H. Channing, Theodore Parker, Thoreau, Alcott, and Emerson. Many of these writers continued to contribute to *The Dial* as long as it lived, and to them were added others. F. H. Hedge, James F. Clarke, William E. Channing the younger, Thomas T. Stone, C. P. Cranch, Jones Very, James Russell Lowell, W. B. Greene, and George W. Curtis, who has since earned such a brilliant reputation as the author of *The Potiphar Papers* and the crowd-drawing lecturer, — all wrote more or less for *The Dial*. In these pages first appeared *The Problem*, *The Sphinx*, *Woodnotes*, *The Snow-Storm*, and many more of Emerson's poems, matchless for their peculiar beauty. Here, also, many of his lectures were first published, and some of his essays, together with many papers which have never been collected in a volume. Here were printed the famous *Orphic Sayings* of Mr. Alcott, which provoked so much laughter at the expense of *The Dial*, but which embalm so much fine and rare thought that they over-compensate a thousand fold for what in them is absurd or ludicrous. Margaret Fuller contributed much from the stores of her immense reading and the richer treasures of her noble thought, — writing in a style which must interest by

* The names of these young men recall the memory of the many sons of Harvard who, within twenty years, have died in early manhood, just as their brilliant talents were opening a noble career to them. Charles Emerson, James Jackson, Charles Hayward, S. T. Hildreth, Charles S. Wheeler, Robert Bartlett, Robert Wheaton, — how many a young Lycidas does our Alma Mater deplore!

its earnestness, even though it offend by its many faults. Theodore Parker published here several profound essays on German literature and historical Christianity, and also a few of his early sermons, preached at West Roxbury long before his name had become known, as now, over half the world.

Thoreau wrote on natural history, with his pen so wonderfully accurate ; but he has many papers besides on the classic poets, and in one number a complete translation of the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus. These five — Emerson, Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker, and Thoreau — were the chief writers, but there were many others of much ability. John S. Dwight, now acknowledged to be the finest musical critic among us, wrote much for the earlier numbers. So did George Ripley, the very opposite of Mr. Dwight, hard, clear, and strong.

Many graceful flowers of verse one can find, too, in these four volumes, and a great deal of honest, sound, original criticism.

Why, then, did *The Dial* fail to succeed ? for it died, as we understand, of starvation, after occasioning considerable pecuniary loss to those engaged in it. The chief reason was, we think, that it was in advance of the times. Since 1840, a great change has taken place in New England; and much in literature that was then laughed at and neglected is now admired. But then few would listen to, or try to understand, these new doctrines, set forth in language a little different from that of the daily newspaper or the President's Message. They afforded matter for the delicate wit of the *Boston Post*, and the name of *The Dial* was almost enough to provoke a laugh of itself. The freshness of its criticism, the originality of thought manifested in it, its independent opinions, all were forgotten by an undiscerning public.

Besides this, it was not managed with the practical skill and shrewdness which, in the recent case of *Putnam's Magazine*, have given that such marked success. Neither Margaret Fuller, who edited it for the first two years, nor Mr. Emerson, its last editor, was very well fitted for such a place. The contributors were not paid, and consequently the quality of the articles offered deteriorated, while their number diminished. Most of those who wrote for it had other objects of attention more engrossing and more attractive. So *The Dial* died after lingering for a few months, and its readers went back to the *North American Review* and the *Christian Examiner*, till, in 1847, the *Massachusetts Quarterly* was started, to die, in its turn, at the end of its third volume.

But brief as the existence of *The Dial* was, the influence of the movement in which it originated was by no means so short-lived. In 1840, the Transcendentalists were a sect neither numerous nor held in much consideration, but since that time their mark has been set on the best literature of the country. They have, to a great degree, revolutionized the public mind. The effect of their labors may be traced in the higher tone of criticism, and the more generous philosophy, which now prevail. *Putnam's Monthly* is an approximation to the end for which *The Dial* was set up. When shall we have in New England a magazine which, to the enterprise and briskness of *Putnam*, shall add the high purpose and rare genius of *The Dial*, and so satisfy a need which has long been felt among us?

NOTE. — In preparing this paper we have consulted *The Dial* itself, and the *Life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli*. *The Dial* is now a rare work, and can hardly be obtained at any of the shops. Through the kindness of Mr. Alcott, the College Library and the Boston Athenæum each now possess the four volumes. We have been chiefly indebted for our facts, however, to conversations had with several persons intimately concerned in the publication of *The Dial*. We may have made mistakes in these facts, but we are confident they are few.

PATIENCE.

In the high Heaven, home of endless glee,
Sits a bright angel at the Father's knee, —
Loving and beautiful and wise is she.

How ill can picture feeble words of mine
The holy thought with which her deep eyes shine,
Her gentle grace, her majesty divine!

A nearer influence of the all-loving Sire,
A brighter kindling of celestial fire,
Declare her highest in the heavenly choir.

Often she goes, on willing service sent,
To lead men home from earthly banishment;
Leaves the glad Heaven, but leaves it well content.

Crossing the threshold of her native skies,
She veils the lustre of her starry eyes,
And hides her beauties under sordid guise.

Her face, that seemeth neither young nor old,
Set in sharp wrinkles, still and sad and cold,
Speaks stern endurance, — suffering untold.

No lesser angels at her bidding run ;
Splendor, power, glory, riches, she has none ;
And the proud scorn her, and the feeble shun.

Whom she would guide, she grasps with iron hand,
And leads him sorrowing to the better land,
With sharp reproval and severe command.

Flowers never bloom along her pathway bleak,
Unceasing tears wet every pilgrim's cheek ;
Therefore few, very few, her guidance seek.

O holy Patience ! standing at thy side,
I saw thee frown, I heard thee harshly chide, —
Nor frown nor chiding might thy beauty hide.

I knew thy secret, and my sharpened eyes,
Piercing the vileness of thy close disguise,
Saw that thou wert indeed a seraph from the skies.

And though thou seem'st with earthly dust defiled,
Though earthly discords mar thine accents mild,
Still, still I know thee for the Heaven's child.

But he who never for reward doth ask,
Who never shrinks from his appointed task,
For him and only him thou wholly drop'st the mask.

Happiest of mortals ! he shall clearly see
Thy perfect loveliness, and stand with thee
In the high Heaven at the Father's knee.

MEMORIES.

As calmest waters mirror heaven the best,
So best befit remembrances of thee
Calm, holy hours, from earthly passion free,
Sweet twilight musings, — Sabbaths in the breast.

No stooping thought, nor any grovelling care,
The sacred whiteness of that place shall stain,
Where, far from heartless joys and rites profane,
Memory has reared to thee an altar fair.

Yet frequent visitors shall kiss the shrine,
And ever keep its vestal lamp alight, —
All noble thoughts, all dreams divinely bright,
That waken or delight this soul of mine.

Even Love shall dare with faltering step draw near,
Trembling and blushing at his own sweet zeal, —
With face half hidden shall devoutly kneel,
In timid reverence and in holy fear.

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

NO. IV.

THE militia needs reform, — there is no doubt about that; even our Governor thinks so, with the advice and consent of his Council. Nay, more, he has set about the great work with praiseworthy vigor; changing the numbers of regiments in the most fearless manner; disbanding companies; breaking battalion officers, like so many string-beans; and even bearding gray-haired and bullioned generals, without the smallest regard to the number or quality of their herring-bones. Imitating the good example of the old Dutch commander, he rushes about, slashing at everything that looks like a pumpkin. It is to be hoped that he will not fall over his own scabbard.

Let us beware, however, of all *partial* reforms; while we carefully wash the dirty boy's face, let us also brush his hair, dust his jacket, darn his stockings, and replace the missing buttons on his shirt. While we attend to organization, while we subject the state of discipline to the strictest scrutiny, while we peer into the cartridge-box and rummage in the sabre-tasche, let us not forget to inquire concerning the efficiency of the present mode of *drilling*. Various hand-books have been compiled, by officers of the regular army, for the benefit of our volunteer soldiery; but, unluckily, all these manuals are open to one great objection, which is, that from twenty-five to thirty years are required to teach, to an ordinary militia-man, all the rules and regulations laid down in these valuable standard works. Now comes my confession! Very humbly, and

on my knees, do I confess, that my sole object in writing this article is to extol, praise, or, in other words, to puff — “Will shortly be published by Bunrow & Co., *A Complete Manual of Tactics and Drill, with Simple Rules and Observations, adapted to the Comprehension of the most unenlightened Volunteer Soldier.* By Panoply Panhoplon, A. B.”

It is comparatively an easy task to be a good critic. It is not very difficult to stick pins into bladders, which have been blown up by somebody else, at the cost of much puffing and blowing and redness in the face. It is hard to write a book, but anybody can upset an inkstand over it when it is finished. All this I say, that the labors of Mr. Panhoplon may be the better appreciated, and may escape uninjured from the assaults of the largessed menials of the press. For Mr. Panhoplon *has* written a book; not a collection of mouldy ideas, from the heads of the upholders of old-fashioned routine, but a fine, fresh work, full of original conceptions, novel deductions, and comprehensive results. Up to this time, we have been accustomed to look upon the simplest duties of the soldier as upon the feats of a wonderful magician; but now the veil of mystery is, at one slash, rent asunder, and we see that the whole secret may be presently mastered by the assistance of this unpretending little volume. In order to show that our author does not come to the field of his labor with hands unaccustomed to the tools of his trade, I shall here give a brief sketch of the course of study he has been through, and of the observations he has made. “From my earliest youth,” says he, in his admirable Preface, “I have been remarkably fond of those musters, and other military displays, which the land of my birth is so justly proud of. In the days of my boyhood I often would follow, through the muddy streets, for hours together, in the rear of a company; to the neglect of my studies and the detriment of my pantaloons. At first, the discharges of the firelocks used to terrify me; but by degrees I became accustomed to the noise, and now I can conscientiously say, that the report of a field-piece even, not only does not frighten me, but, on the contrary, has the effect of raising my spirits to a high pitch of patriotism.” In the years 1848 and 1849, Mr. Panhoplon, moved by a noble desire to perfect himself in the art military, made a European tour. In London he examined critically the appearance of the Horse-Guards’ sentries; paid particular attention to the marching of the Household Foot; and witnessed a review of old pensioners in Hyde Park. But it was in the

military metropolis of Paris that our author reaped the richest harvest of information. He haunted the *Esplanade des Invalides*; he was there at the *veille* and at the *retraite*; he watched the soldiers as they pitched sous, as they ate their dinner, as they cleaned their arms, and as they smoked. He never was absent, save when *la ligne* marched forth into the country, for exercise; or paraded on the *Champ de Mars*, on Sundays. Until he arrived in Germany, however, Mr. Panhoplon had not the opportunity of beholding the stern reality of modern warfare. He there had the good fortune to be directly in the midst of the most stirring revolutionary scenes; that is to say, he was at one end of the city of Frankfort, while an *emeute* was going on at the other. He did not actually witness the combat, but he saw the troops and heard the firing; and the mighty Raglan has neither seen nor heard anything more, during the whole siege of Sebastopol. Mr. Panhoplon's description of the terrific scene is extremely grand, and proves conclusively that he is capable of the highest style of descriptive writing. "There," he exclaims, (page 97,) "were the Prussian infantry, their heads overshadowed by the peculiar brass-spiked, leather coal-scuttle helmet of their country. Beside them were battalions of pudding-faced Austrians, who looked so contented, as they sat on the curb-stones and munched bread, that it really seemed cruel to send them into action. In their midst stood the general-in-chief, a grave man, whose nose and moustache seemed to have had a hard race for the superiority, for they were both of great size, and actually appeared to increase as you looked at them. And here they were, Austrians and Prussians, officers and men, all ready to do battle in the great cause of — of *the word of command*!"

Although our author had no opportunity, while in Europe, for studying the difficult art of Artillery, he nevertheless took advantage of the first occasion that presented itself to perfect himself in this important branch of the art of war. While at West Point, he was not only present at several drills with the light pieces, but also enjoyed the rare privilege of seeing four eighteen-pounder shots fired at a mark across the river.

In this brief sketch I have endeavored to give a tolerably accurate idea of Mr. Panhoplon's extensive military experience; and to show how superior his means of information are, when compared with those of our principal militia officers. How many of our generals have been in Europe? How many of our colonels have visited

West Point? How many of our captains know anything beyond "Should' hums" and "Order hums"? To all these questions I answer, hardly one!

While, however, he admired the mighty warlike organizations of Europe, Mr. Panhoplon could not fail to perceive that their systems were not suited to a force consisting entirely of volunteers. His object, then, in writing this book, has been to show that the same desirable results may be arrived at by much simpler means. A few extracts from his work will show, at a glance, the easy and practical methods of instruction which he has invented.

"CAVALRY DRILL.

"*The Mount, in Two Motions.*"

"*1st Motion.*—The commander of the squadron gives the command, 'Prepare to mount.' The trooper immediately takes his hands out of his pockets and drops his cigar. He then leads his horse into some hollow (the gutter is most convenient), and places himself on an elevated spot (e. g. the curb-stone). He then grasps the reins and a large handful of the mane with his left hand, and takes hold of the stirrup with his right. While in this position, he slowly raises his left leg, and puts his foot quite home in the stirrup, at the same time seizing the crupper of the saddle firmly with his right hand.

"*2d Motion.*—The commander gives the command, 'Mount.' The trooper immediately executes seven little hops on his right leg, each hop being a trifle higher than its predecessor; at the seventh spring, he pulls himself violently upwards, by means of his arms, and, by this combination of forces, raises himself to the saddle and throws himself across it, remaining in the position which a bag of meal would assume, under similar circumstances. After resting a moment, the trooper says, 'Ho!' to his horse, one or more times, as the case may require; and then, using the buckle of his sword-belt as a pivot, turns himself round, until his body and legs are parallel with the longer diameter of the horse. He finally completes the motion by working himself into an upright position, and by placing the right foot in the proper stirrup.

"*Position of the Mounted Trooper.*"

"Stirrups, so long that they can just be touched by the points of

the toes. Feet, home in the stirrups and turned outwards at an angle of 90° to the horse's sides. Backbone and neck bent forward, in a cycloidal curve, so that a plumb-line, dropped from the rider's nose, would touch the forefeet of the horse. The reins should be made of cotton, and should be grasped firmly with both hands, no matter whether the sword be drawn or not.

"The Charge.

"No commander of cavalry is authorized to undertake this dangerous manœuvre without an order written by the commander-in-chief, and delivered by a trustworthy adjutant. Even under these circumstances, he should exercise the utmost caution. Having ordered the men to take off their swords, he should advance, at a slow walk, until he arrives at a piece of ground which seems sufficiently smooth and soft. The charge may then be executed by two commands.

"*1st Command.* — The word is passed, 'By platoons, in trot, forward!' The trooper throws his body well back, and, pulling the reins as hard as possible, exclaims, 'Cluck, g'lang!' The horse, if properly trained, will then immediately throw down his head and begin to trot.

"*2d Command.* — The word is passed, 'Attention, squadron; charge!' The trooper instantly throws his body as far forward as possible, and, seizing the mane strongly with both hands, sticks in the spurs, utters a loud shout, and commends himself to Divine Providence.

"*Observations.* — The charge thus executed, though a very dangerous manœuvre, must, it is evident, be a very effective one. If the commander, after a sharp run, in full career, of one hundred yards, finds that one fourth of his men have kept their saddles, he may think himself fortunate."

In perusing these short extracts, the reader cannot fail to appreciate the great pains which Mr. Panhoplon has taken to make all his methods of instruction perfectly *natural*. If this easy system were put in practice, the *appearance* of the militia would be very much what it is now. The cavalry would closely resemble mounted lawyers' clerks, and the infantry would not be easily distinguished from shop-boys in uniform.

THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

SPECULATIVE philosophy, as it may be called, has in all ages been popular, and indeed probably more so than the more systematic, and at the same time more laborious, researches of the mathematical sciences, where every step must be considered and taken with that caution which is apt to prove tedious and disagreeable. Among the ancients no other method of inquiry into the wonders of external nature seems to have been attempted ; or, if attempted at all, it was speedily lost sight of again in the sublime clouds of imagination. It is a comparatively recent undertaking to satisfy the reason by a conclusive proof of any law of nature. Much has been effected, doubtless, since Bacon first taught mankind that method of investigation which has made his name immortal. But the farther we advance in the pursuit of knowledge, the more does untravelled ground become visible, stretching before us apparently without limit. We see enough of grandeur and of beauty in the prospect to make us long for a closer acquaintance with it ; and it is here that imagination generally comes into play, fills up the outlines of all that is vague and indistinct, and, not unfrequently, makes us believe that we have progressed in our toilsome journey much farther than we actually have done.

Speculative philosophy, used in such a manner, will never become obsolete. It is too attractive ever to be entirely abandoned for slower, though surer methods. But a change has gradually taken place in the manner of conducting speculative inquiries, or rather in the style of works of this nature. Modern philosophers, when they employ their imaginations, conscious of the radical defects of this system, when proof is called for, endeavor to blend fact with fiction, to support their hypothesis by a few admitted principles, and to secure themselves, at least at the outset, by proceeding as if their theories were deductions from fact, and not mere speculations. Herein they differ from the ancients, who usually tried rather to support realities by hypotheses, than hypotheses by realities.

A discussion has recently commenced in the philosophic world upon a subject of this speculative nature.

Many of the readers of the Harvard Magazine have doubtless met with an essay, entitled *The Plurality of Worlds*, which was published anonymously some months ago in England. The author is

generally believed to have been Dr. Whewell, who has made himself extensively known by other works of singular ability. The above-mentioned essay has given rise to a discussion, carried on, perhaps, with more warmth and earnestness than the nature of the subject of dispute seems to warrant. Sir David Brewster replied to the original essay by a pamphlet of great ability, but still greater violence. This provoked a rejoinder from Dr. Whewell (who on this occasion, we believe, came forth from his concealment), in the form of a dialogue. Many other works of less interest have since been written on the same subject, and more are, doubtless, still to come.

The subject of the discussion thus commenced, though a question of considerable interest, still seems to have no direct or practical bearing upon human affairs. It is, briefly, whether the other bodies of the universe, or any of them, are inhabited by rational and intellectual beings, with a sense of moral accountability? Dr. Whewell takes the ground, that the earth is the only body in the universe which is so inhabited. Most, if not all, of the works published on the subject attempt to prove the contrary, — that there is good reason for believing that the universe is peopled by beings similar in their nature to man.

The subject is one on which it is almost impossible to form a decided opinion, owing to the nearly total absence of facts on which to found a theory. It is, however, excellently adapted for ingenious hypotheses, in which, as has been said, perhaps the greater part of mankind take more interest than in rigorous demonstrations. A review, therefore, of a few of the principal arguments which have been brought forward upon this question, may not prove entirely uninteresting.

At the outset we are encountered by a difficulty, namely, on which lies the burden of proof? Why should there be inhabitants in Mars or Jupiter? asks one party; and the other replies with the opposite query, Why should there not? Each writer thus assumes that his own hypothesis is the most natural; and, having secured this point, proceeds to demolish the arguments of his opponents, — a proceeding which is much easier than to urge any substantial arguments of his own.

In ordinary cases, it is usually, and with justice, conceded that the burden of proof rests upon him who asserts something to exist; and that, until a good reason for the assertion is given, the negative of the statement is rather to be believed. In the present instance,

therefore, it would seem that Dr. Whewell's question, — Why should this supposition be true? — is more logical than that of his opponents. But it cannot be denied, that, from the time when the heavenly bodies were discovered to be something more than points of light, it has been by most men taken for granted that they are inhabited, and inhabited by beings closely resembling man in nature. This belief, more usually implied than distinctly expressed in the language of most works on the subject, could hardly have become so general without some foundation, and may serve to throw the burden of proof to the other side. It may be said that it seems most natural and right to assume, in consequence of this belief, that the universe is inhabited, and before admitting the opposite supposition, to demand conclusive reasons for so doing.

Before proceeding further, let us endeavor to understand well this part of the subject. The earliest observers of the heavens saw nothing in the stars but points of light without any definite form, and apparently of very small size. No analogy was perceived between them and the earth, and they were commonly supposed to be mere ornaments of the celestial sphere, or, at least, to act no very important part of their own. Suddenly, however, all these theories were overthrown. Facts were discovered by the use of the proper method of inquiry, which had been so long neglected, that changed the whole aspect of astronomy. Some of the heavenly bodies were shown to be immense globes, many of them thousands of times larger than the earth, and all those whose spherical shape could not be seen were proved to be at so immense a distance, that, in order to be seen at all, they must be of enormous dimensions. Moreover, the earth was discovered to be nothing but one of the humbler members of a system of globes revolving round a great central body, so that the supposed pre-eminence of the earth among the bodies of the universe was at once destroyed. We can scarcely wonder, then, that it at once became the prevalent belief, that the other celestial bodies, or some of them, at least, are inhabited by races of beings of the same nature with those found on our own planet. But is this a legitimate induction, or a mere vague speculation? Do we usually find that two similar objects are alike in all respects? or can we predict with regard to an almost unknown object in which of its unknown qualities it will resemble another which we know to have some analogy with it? The step which has thus been taken seems, therefore, to be unwarrantable. That it has been taken is to be

attributed rather to the reaction consequent upon the sudden changes in the science of astronomy which have been mentioned, than to any inherent soundness in the hypothesis itself.

This opinion has probably influenced the minds of men so long, mainly because no one has thought till lately of inquiring seriously into the grounds on which it rests. When closely examined, however, it certainly seems to be supported by nothing except the arguments which have recently been brought forward to sustain this side of the question, and the somewhat far-fetched analogy which has been noticed. It would, then, seem more just to demand proof rather from those who assert the universe to be inhabited, than from the opposite party. Here, however, every one must judge for himself. It is, indeed, somewhat difficult to determine which party is in reality conducting the attack, so firmly has the doctrine of the peopled universe, as it may be called, rooted itself in men's minds, during the long period in which it has been left undisturbed.

The main argument, perhaps, which the usual theory has to rely on, is contained in the question, Why should the heavenly bodies have been created, except as habitations for the higher orders of beings? This argument is much dwelt upon by Dr. Whewell's opponents, and is apparently considered by them of great weight. Everything, they urge, must serve some purpose. It is impossible, for example, to conceive that the vast bodies which compose the solar system should have been placed in their orbits merely to remain deserted and unproductive regions, without the highest forms of existence. The objections which have been made, that the earth is the only planet fitted by its distance from the sun, by the nature of the materials of which it is composed, and in other respects, for the support of such forms of life, are treated by these philosophers with the contempt which they appear to deserve; for the impossibility of a rational being inhabiting a body adapted to different circumstances of light and warmth from those that we experience has never been, and can never be, proved.

It is nevertheless true, that the attempts made to prove the suitability of the other heavenly bodies for the residences of rational beings sometimes seem rather ludicrous. It is Sir David Brewster, we believe, who remarks, — in reply to an objection against the sun as such a residence, founded on the fact that an observer on the body of the sun would be unable to obtain a view of the heavens, on account of the dense clouds, luminous and non-luminous, which

probably surround that luminary, — that the inhabitants of the sun may occasionally obtain a glimpse of the other celestial bodies, through the breaks in the solar clouds which are supposed to constitute the spots !

Another objection to this argument, that it is presuming too much upon human wisdom to seek to penetrate the purposes of the Deity, is likewise of little value. It is true, that in so doing we are very liable to error ; but the highest and worthiest employment of the human mind is, nevertheless, generally admitted to be the investigation of the causes of those effects which present themselves continually to us. Moreover, if the fear of going beyond our depth in these investigations were just, and generally admitted to be so, how many valuable discoveries would remain yet to be made, which have, by disregarding this fear, been brought to light ! To attempt, therefore, to account for the phenomena either of the natural or spiritual world, when this attempt is made in the right spirit, is not only unobjectionable, but praiseworthy. But we should never forget, while conducting such inquiries, how extremely liable to error are our conclusions. Because we can discover but one solution to a difficulty, it by no means follows that our explanation is correct. More especially when occupied with subjects like that now before us should we remember this fact, and take the greatest care to avoid the dangers of ignorant presumption. The manner in which some writers have treated this subject, as if, because they were unable to see any other reason for the creation of worlds than that they should serve as residences for intellectual beings, this must be the reason for their creation, is justly reprehended by Dr. Whewell.

But, it may be said, since we have this explanation of the difficulty, and have no other, it would be best to make use of the solution which has been suggested, until we can find a better. Before admitting this plea, however, it will be well to examine the foundation on which it rests. In the first place, is this a sound explanation ? Does it, in reality, account for the existence of the heavenly bodies ? Indeed, it is rather difficult to understand the impossibility of the existence of rational and moral beings, in a state of probation, too, if you will, without supposing them to be encased in material bodies, and surrounded by material objects. However, we may add another clause to the explanation, and suppose the celestial bodies to have been formed for the dwelling-places of *embodied* rational beings, though this does not seem to clear up the question much. But a

much more serious objection to the above-mentioned plea has been raised, and stated at considerable length and with the utmost ability, by Dr. Whewell. It is, briefly, as follows.

Although we are unable, notwithstanding all the advances made in the science of astronomy, to discover the condition of the heavenly bodies, so as to pronounce upon the question whether or not they are inhabited as the earth is, the progress made in another science, that of geology, has disclosed to us that for ages before the creation of man this earth existed, and was peopled only by inferior forms of life. Now there seems no stronger reason for supposing that the other bodies of the universe are inhabited by beings resembling man, than for supposing that the earth itself was inhabited by man at a time when, as we now know, its only inhabitants were worms and fishes. In fact, as Dr. Whewell remarks, time and space, viewed from this point, are identical. It is no more strange that millions of great globes should support no rational creature, than that millions of years should pass, and no such creature appear upon this planet. It is no answer to this argument to say, that during these millions of years the earth was gradually becoming prepared for what it now is, — the residence of man. This has nothing to do with the question. The other bodies of the universe may, for all we know, at this moment, be in course of preparation for the advent of new races. The question is simply whether those bodies are now thus peopled. Their past or their future condition has no claim to be taken into consideration in this discussion, which relates only to their present state.

The argument thus brought forward by the party who disbelieve in the existence of beings resembling men on other planets than the earth will strike different individuals with more or less force. To us it appears perfectly conclusive as far as it goes; that is to say, it seems to destroy the presumption from analogy with the earth, that these bodies are peopled. If admitted, however, in its full force, it proves nothing further. It gives no reason why the universe should not be inhabited, though it destroys the argument which attempts to establish the contrary.

It is very difficult, in subjects of this nature, to distinguish the arguments which really bear upon the question from those other apparent arguments which, when examined, prove to be mere empty declamation, and from the pure speculations, which, as has already been said, are always, by modern writers on these subjects, more or

less skilfully interwoven with the genuine arguments. In this case, nothing can, as yet, be said to have been proved. Neither party has succeeded in proving any more than that, in the present state of our knowledge, their view may possibly be correct. However ingeniously speculations may be put together, they remain nothing but speculations after all. They are nevertheless interesting, and probably, in many cases, useful. Great ingenuity has certainly been displayed in this way in the works which have been written on this subject, but as it would be impossible in this article to give even a condensed view of these speculations, we must refer the reader to those works themselves, and close here this hasty and brief review of one of the most sublime fields of the imagination.

THE POET'S EQUERRY.

“A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse.”

JACK the Giant-Killer rose to eminence on a leguminous monstrosity. Thanks to the rich fancy of Dr. Newbery of St. Paul's Churchyard, London, we all know, as did little Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton, how that heroic stripling clambered up the green staircase of his bean-stalk, and cut off the heads of those doughty giants.

This allusion to a fabulous hero, whose history is so fanciful, may serve to classify the subject on which we intend to treat. “The Poet's Equerry” is a pure fancy. In what better way, then, can we assert the character of this article than by following Jack up his flexile ladder? Who knows that we may not find up there things as startling as cannibal ogres? Excellent Dr. Newbery visited those regions with an unmistakable prejudice in favor of giants. The Doctor's gentle eyes were open to monsters only, — as Englishmen's used to be to American faults only. Let us explore Francis Newbery's province a little farther, and “see what *we* can see.” Come, supple reader, (for I expect no stiff-jointed, matter-of-fact reader will care to follow up an imaginary bean-stalk,) here is a helping hand. And now, here we are among the topmost tendrils.

Look! Look! O short-sighted Mr. Newbery! You, who saw that naughty sparrow, with his little bow and arrow, kill *Cock Robin*; you, who watched the redbreasts wipe their eyes, as they heaped the leaves over the dead *Children in the Wood*; you, whose eyes were blessed with a sight of *Goody Two-Shoes*; you, whose keen vision espied such a minute urchin as *Tom Thumb*,—it is inexplicable that you, Mr. Newbery, when you were in this vicinity, should have shut your eyes to that great, glittering sign, which reads, in letters of spangle and moonshine, “*POET'S EQUERRY, Chevalier Hengist, and Hippocrates Horsa, Proprietors.*” There is an ample gateway under the sign, which opens into the courtyard of this magnificent establishment. Divert your mind, patient reader, with a copy of the *Clouds*, while we enter and make inquiries.

The following is the result of our visit. Messrs. Hengist and Horsa were wild, marauding characters at the time of the first Germanic invasions of England. The fact that the part they took in those invasions seems to belong rather to the epic traditions of the country than to authentic history, diminishes our surprise at seeing two such stern warriors keeping a fabulous livery-stable. But the truth is, they were always sad jockeys. On entering, Chevalier Hengist, who boasted of noble blood, frowned gloomily upon us, like a jutting rock; but Hippocrates Horsa, a jockey of the largest button, with a free and flighty wardrobe, affably offered his services as guide, if we would like to go over the establishment. It needed but a glance to perceive, as we accepted the junior partner's offer, that Hengist was the senior partner, and hence exclusive and inaccessible. Our guide informed us that they kept, both to sell and to let, nags of every description, chargers or palfreys, blooded racers or ghostly hacks. The animals either belonged to poets exclusively, or were such real, flesh-and-blood steeds as, having acquired celebrity during their lives, had been deemed worthy of the honor of an apotheosis.

Following our guide, we were first shown that fiery span, called the *Horses of the Sun*. The forked flames were still shooting from their expanded nostrils with every breath, and their manes were tossed wickedly over their leering eyes. The *Far-Darter* must have been a capital whip, thought we, if these were his horses; and no wonder Jupiter called him hard names, for intrusting the reins to the hands of his son, *Phaeton*. *Phœbus Apollo* was a literary dyspeptic, whose physicians had recommended daily riding as a change

from his sedentary habits. He was so constant a customer, we were told, that the proprietors fitted out, expressly for him, a gay chariot, gleaming with a profuse display of lanterns. This equipage acquired such notoriety, that poets sung, and have since sung, its praises. Fathomless Bottom, in "Midsummer Night's Dream," makes all split with

"The raging rocks
With shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates !
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make or mar
The foolish fates."

Our guide proceeded to relate the disastrous drive which young Phaeton once took with these horses. It seems that some one of Phaeton's acquaintances threw out imputations on that young gentleman's birth, and, in order to prove that he was really the son of his father, he asked his indulgent parent's permission to guide the Horses of the Sun for one day. His father, who knew the mettle of the horses, steadily refused, until a fond mother pleaded for her dear Pha, when he yielded a reluctant consent. "Parce stimulis, utere loris," was the father's advice, as he "let go" the horses' heads. But Phaeton was the archetype of "Young America," and disregarded his father's injunctions. He lashed the sensitive animals, so that the wales stood out, like veins, on their quivering flanks. The lamentable consequences of his rashness were, that he tumbled into a river, that his sisters were transformed into poplars, that amber was discovered, and the world liked to have been burned up.

We passed on, and had some difficulty in identifying the animal in the next stall, over whose back were folded pensively a pair of dusky wings, as the bold steed which Pindar tells us carried Belerophon in his expedition against the Chimæra dire. Yes, it was Pegasus, but not the Pegasus of old. Pegasus, in his coltish days, was a lady's horse. He was kept for the exclusive use of nine sisters, who were true blues, and rode cautiously. He was then a good family horse, spirited, yet trusty. But Pegasus has been abused. He has been overridden, and made to perform a deal of base drudgery. He needs at least a century's recruiting.

We saw next, in a separate apartment, those famous horses over whose glorious lives have gathered the charms of romance, and

whose virtues still hold a consecrated corner in the memory of all who ever knew of their masters. We remember, among the undistinguished crowd whom private affection had installed in the rank of the deified, only two or three noted names. Bucephalus and Old Whitey were enjoying a *tête-à-tête* over the partition of their stalls, doubtless drawing a parallel between ancient and modern provender. Hard by, the span which Jehu, the fast son of Nimshi, ruined by hard driving, were winking contentedly over their oats. Jehu killed and immortalized his horses simultaneously. "And the driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously."

Mumbling these words over, we passed on and came suddenly upon a horse of matchless proportions. His brawny shoulders tapered into nervous and sinewy legs, and we were not surprised to hear that it was the identical animal which Shakespeare ordered for his Adonis to hunt with. With this horse before his eyes, the poet wrote his famous description : —

"Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide.
Look what a horse should have ; he did not lack
Save a proved rider on so proved a back."

Our guide spoke of Will Shakespeare as the best customer he ever had. He was ever kindly to horse-flesh, and M. Hippocrates Horsa forthwith rapturously quoted Shakespeare's own words : "Hath not a horse organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is ? "

Very different from Adonis' hunter were the embodiments of gaunt imbecility which next shocked our eyes. They stood with drooping ears, and lack-lustre eyes,

"And in their pale, dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lay foul with chewed grass still and motionless."

Alas ! they were the selfsame steeds which bore the redoubtable knights, Don Quixote and Sir Hudibras, the one against the giant windmill and the other on the expedition to keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear. Rocinante still kept up his character for no abundance of

flesh. In truth, "*tantum pellis et ossa fuit.*" The charger of Sir Hudibras could easily have been distinguished, from Butler's description of him : —

"The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall ;
I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his gait
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state.

His strutting ribs on both sides show'd,
Like furrows he himself had plow'd,
For underneath the skirt of pannel
'Twixt every two there was a channel ;
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flirt."

We were next shown the snorting beast which Cowper hired, and lent to the calender of London-town, who lent him to his good friend, the trainband captain, John Gilpin, who, on his twentieth wedding-day, as everybody knows, drove the animal too fast ; too fast for himself, too fast for his hat, wig, and red cloak, too fast for the precious wine-bottles at his side, too fast for turnpike-men, too fast for the horse, and too fast for his own dinner.

Still following my guide into the more remote parts of the stables, I saw the High-mettled Racer, whose joys and sorrows Mr. Dibdin, in a very pretty song, (a gem of purest ray serene, by the way, but, unfortunately, rather obscure,) traced from the period of his coltish vigor down to his being served up as an offal feast for dogs.

The adjoining stall was apparently tenantless. I peered into the blackness, but no equine shape revealed itself. I was turning away, when my guide told me that that was the stall of the celebrated Nightmare, and he proceeded to give me the names of people who often hired her. I recollect only one. A grisly old gentleman, misshapen, with a huge hunch on his back and a haggard countenance, who gave his name as Care, often came at dead of night, muffled in a threadbare cloak. The mare had many jadish tricks. She would fling and kick unmercifully, but Care never lost control of her. An uneasy, restless fellow, whose name was Remorse, frequently came, when the night was ugly and lowering, rode off swiftly, and returned the poor beast about daybreak, dripping with sweat.

"Look! that tall, gray horse in yonder stall, with such an aristocratic turn of the head, — is n't that Fitz-James's racer, who, in that memorable chase from Benvoirlich to the Brig of Turk, outstripped all competitors, twice swam the flooded Leith, and finally, just at night, made an unfortunate misstep and killed himself in the very beginning of the first Canto of the *Lady of the Lake*?" Yes, it was indeed that famous horse. Walter Scott's proverbial kindness towards animals was never better shown than in the masterly manner in which he finished the career of that "gallant gray." He knew Ellen Douglas's shallop was n't built for the transportation of horses; he knew, also, that swimming the animal after having urged him to his topmost speed for a whole summer day would have resulted in a painful death, and Fitz-James, he very well knew, was intending to pass the night on the island. So he drove the horse very fast down a very rocky hill.

Next to Walter Scott's horse stood the Tartar of the Ukraine breed, who ran such a furious race with Mazeppa on his back; and in a contiguous stable, the stout galloper, Roland, the horse without peer, whom Robert Browning bought to carry the good news of peace from Ghent. That ride was one of the best things the poet ever did.

We crossed over, then, to an apartment devoted exclusively to a race of little ponies, familiarly known as Hobbies. This stock, we were informed, was exceedingly fluctuating. There was a constant demand for a new one, and old ones were returned every day as unfit for service. There was one old, blustering little animal, whose name was Sicilian Expedition, whom some ancient democrats used to ride. The same animal has been rechristened, and is now driven hard by some modern democrats, under the name of Fillibuster.

Young men, desirous of making a "distinguished rage" in the world, often come, select their hobby, and ride off, full of spirits; but often return, as old men, with woebegone expression, cursing heartily the viciousness or balkiness of the hobby they have ridden. It is a pertinent fact, that the hobbies of such men always bear the marks of hard driving. Politicians, too, frequently come, and make choice of a hobby, but usually return soon, badly jolted, complaining of the creature's gait. Some of them, however, rode with much apparent comfort, and my guide had heard of their riding into Congress, where they were jerked from one side of the house to the

other by the plunging hobby, till they were finally jerked out of their honesty, and their constituents out of their rights.

We were informed that immense sums were sometimes paid for hobbies. The purchasers ride off with a complacent air, petting and caressing their hobby, and often address them with the endearing term, "my darling singularity." But hobbies are notoriously disagreeable to everybody except their masters. The person who adheres to a sect renders himself, necessarily, disgusting, by proclaiming its cant; the college air pursues the student, and makes business men shy of him, when he goes into the world.

"An eligible opportunity" was next offered me of seeing that "raw-boned, haggard horse," which the best of architects, Mr. Pecksniff, once kept. This was the animal, as all lovers of Mr. Dickens's humor well know, "who infused into the breasts of strangers a lively sense of hope, and possessed all who knew him better with a *grim despair*." This was the animal—every reader of Martin Chuzzlewit well knows it was—"who was so little disconcerted by opportunities of comparing himself with the fastest trotters." This was the animal who was driven in the "gig with the tumor." This was the last horse we had time to see in the Poet's Equerry. We thanked our obliging guide, and went out through a door which opened conveniently close by. As we passed through the yard, our eye was arrested by the huge proportions of the Trojan horse. Wisely concluding that the animal must be vicious (for we knew he was old), we avoided him; reflecting, at the same time, that Laocoön gave good advice, when he told the Trojans,—

"Equo ne credite, Teucri."

HONORS TO THE DEAD.

APART from its intrinsic beauty and solemnity, much interest belongs to the funeral ceremony on account of its antiquity and universality. There is probably no nation on the face of the globe which does not perform some rites over its dead. And in regard to the date of its origin, we make no hesitation in referring it to the time when, as the Irish priest expressed it, Adam was gathered to his fathers.

Cicero, speaking of burial, says: "But that seems to me the most ancient mode of burial, which, according to Xenophon, is employed by Cyrus. For the body is restored to the earth, and is laid there, just as if it were wrapped in the mantle of a mother." It is not clear whether the idea contained in this last figure of speech is original with Cicero or Xenophon, or is attributed to the undertakers of the most ancient period. Most certain we are that the latter never had any such fanciful notions. They simply wished to get rid of the dead bodies, and knew of no better way than to bury them. And they were quite right. No better way has yet been discovered, although we are living in the nineteenth century, and the world has turned round since then, nobody would dare say how many million times.

It is said that funeral ceremonies had their origin with the Egyptians. If they are to be ascribed to any particular nation, this is not an improbable supposition. In addition to the fact that Egypt was the mother of arts and civilization to the ancient world, she is known to have paid special attention to the burial of the dead. The sands of her deserts have not yet been able to bury her catacombs, or the countless human forms which have lain in them from time immemorial. They lie in them still, "pickled," as an ancient author has it, for the use of the present and future generations.

The account which has been handed down to us of the funeral rites of the ancient Egyptians is substantially as follows. When any eminent person died, all the women of the family, leaving the corpse at home, went out into the streets, with heads and faces besmeared with dirt, their bosoms bare, and their waists girt. Here they were joined by all their relations of the same sex, and the whole marched about, lamenting the deceased, and beating themselves in the most cruel manner. The men formed another company, and mourned in the same way. This ceremony was kept up till the time of interment, and as long as it continued they abstained from the baths, from wine and delicate meats, and from the use of their best attire. The body was embalmed, and delivered to the relations. It was then put into a wooden coffin, which was placed upright against the wall of the edifice appropriated to this purpose. At the time appointed for the interment, the judges and friends were summoned to sit in a certain place beyond the lake (supposed to be that of Mœris) which the body was to pass. The vessel, whose pilot was called Charon, was then brought up to the shore; but be-

fore the body was permitted to embark, every one was at liberty to accuse the deceased. If any accuser made good his charge that the deceased had led a bad life, the body was denied its customary burial; but if the accuser charged the deceased unjustly, he incurred a severe punishment. If no accuser appeared, the relations cited the praise of the deceased, and the attendants testified their approbation by applause. The body was then interred in the family sepulchre. Those who, for crimes or for debt, were forbidden to be interred, were deposited privately in their own houses.

The above description is derived mainly from Herodotus. The same author gives an account of some customs attending the burial of the Scythian kings, which are almost too barbarous to be credited.

After purifying the body, and filling it with aromatic herbs, they placed it on a cart and removed it to another district. Those who received it, cut off a part of their ear, shaved their heads in a circular form, took a round piece out of their arm, wounded their foreheads and noses, and ran arrows through the left hand. The same ceremonies were performed in every district in the kingdom of the deceased. At last they reached the *Gerrhæ*, in whose territories were the royal sepulchres. The corpse was placed on a couch, with daggers around it. On the top of the whole were placed pieces of wood, covered with branches of willow. In a different part of the trench, which constituted the grave, they buried one of his concubines, his baker, his cook, his groom, his most confidential servant, and his horses. They also buried the choicest of his effects. In the following year they selected such of the dead king's attendants as had been most about his person, and strangled fifty of them with fifty of his best horses. They then cleaned and stuffed, and afterwards spitted them, leaving a man pinned on the back of each one of the horses. We should think that the Scythians would have sent up many a fervent prayer for long life to their sovereigns.

The affectionate commemoration in which the Greeks held their dead is well known to every reader of the classics. Their literature is full of grateful allusions to the virtue of their ancestors, and of warm tributes to their memory. They esteemed the burial of the dead a matter of the first importance. They believed, as is well known, that, if the body was not interred, the soul would be delayed on its passage to the Elysian fields. "He must not wander in Hades; I will throw three handfuls of earth on him," — the kind-

hearted Greek would say, if he found a human body unburied. Nor did they consider it enough that the corpse should be covered with earth. They also pressed an obolus between the teeth, as passage-money for the soul across the Styx, and lowered into the grave with them, among other vessels, a vase containing a honey-cake to appease the anger of the sour old dog Cerberus.

The Grecian corpse was adorned with garlands, and arrayed in a white robe. While it remained in the house, the relatives of the deceased remained with it, and around the bed the women wailed and tore their hair. An early burial was supposed to be pleasing to the defunct, and consequently the funeral rites were generally performed on the third day after death. In the procession, the male friends went before the coffin, and the females after it. Women who were not at least first-cousin's children to the deceased were not allowed to follow, except in the case of those above sixty years of age. The procession was accompanied by hired *θρηνηδοί*, or mourners, who were probably female flute-players. After the interment the friends adjourned to the house of the nearest relation, and partook of a funeral feast. Then followed sacrifices to the shades of the deceased, the most famous of which occurred on the ninth day after the funeral. Black garments were almost universally worn by mourners.

The funeral solemnities of the Greeks and Romans resembled each other in many essential particulars. The Roman, as well as the Greek, used to put coins into the mouths of corpses, to celebrate funeral feasts and sacrifices, and to wear black mourning garments. But the Greek was more fond of decking his loved ones with garlands. The Roman was a warrior. What had he to do with flowers? He raised magnificent monuments to the memory of his kindred, but those simple, fading emblems, those garlands of sweet flowers, did not once occur to him. He would have thought them strange ornaments for the hardy old veteran, whose delight had been in blood, and battle, and conquest.

When a Roman died, his nearest relation stood by his bedside, ready to receive his last breath with a kiss. After death, a great shouting was set up by those present, for the purpose of calling the dead one to life, if he should be only in a trance. On the seventh day after death came the funeral. This, if the person was one of rank and importance, was conducted with great magnificence. The procession was in the following order. "First, The musicians,

consisting generally of flute-players. Second, The hired mourners, called *Præfica*, who sung the dirge for the deceased. Third, *Mimes* and actors, sometimes comic, and sometimes tragic. Fourth, The family images of the dead man. Fifth, The corpse, borne on a couch, which was sometimes exceedingly rich and costly. Sixth, Relations and heirs of the deceased, together with the slaves freed by his will. Seventh, Citizens generally. The procession marched first to the forum, where the bier was set down in front of the rostra, and an oration was delivered in praise of the deceased by one of his relations. Then they marched to the place of interment. Before they took final leave of their friend, they addressed to him various sentences of farewell, of which the following are specimens : "*Ave anima candida ! terra tibi levis sit ! molliter cubent ossa !*" "*Vale, vale, vale, nos te ordine, quo natura premiserit, sequemur.*" Could anything be more truly pathetic or grander than these words ? They come to us through the darkness of antiquity, like a ray of sunlight through a thick forest. They should be set to music, and chanted to the rich accompaniment of the organ. Full choirs of English voices might sing them at English funerals. They would be infinitely solemn and impressive. Let us hear how they will sound in English : "Farewell, pure spirit ! the earth be light upon thee ! thy bones rest in peace !" "Farewell, farewell, farewell, we will follow thee in the order in which nature has predestined."

POISONS.

Among the ancients the art of poisoning was held to be almost as important to a politician as polished rhetoric. It was held in esteem during the Middle Ages, and has been transmitted to us, though it is thought not in so perfect a state as among the Greeks, or even the Italians. Now, however, a new era is beginning in this branch of chemistry. Science has found out how to discover poisons, not only in the stomach and intestines, but in the places where they have been carried by absorption ; in the brain, in the blood, in the heart, in the liver, in the nervous system. If an investigation is rightly carried on, the presence of a poison is just as certainly demonstrable as the existence of silica in a wheat-stalk, or of starch in a potato.

Till recently it was supposed that certain organic poisons were undetectable ; but the last work on this subject, that of Flandin, published in 1853, at Paris, has given methods of analysis for all the known poisons, mineral and vegetable, together with what is better than all, a system of antidotes.

What was formerly called magic consisted for the most part in acquaintance with this art of causing sudden death. I should have said entirely, had not the name of Medea occurred to me, and with that the recollection that in 1608 a learned Frenchman had published a book, attributing her regenerating powers to the knowledge she possessed of a potent hair-dye.

The most common poisons in ancient times, and those which physicians have most to deal with now, were arsenic, opium, and alcohol. The story that the ancients possessed more and subtler poisons than we, is incredible. It may be proper for romancers to write and credulous persons to believe this, but a physician, on calculating the chances for and against such hypothesis, and on examining the accounts of poisoning in olden time, finds that the appearance of the poisons and the results of the *post mortems* are the same as those produced now-a-days by common drugs.

It is observable that the weakest and most barbarous nations make the most common use of poisons. The Bushmen in Africa, and a petty Brazilian tribe whose seat is between the Negro and Simoes, each possess a poison made of roots, venomous bugs, and the poison-bags of snakes, in which they dip their arrows. These by themselves would seem to be toys for children rather than the sole arms of a persecuted nation ; yet, when prepared, so powerful are they that neither man nor beast is able to withstand their wounds. Craft with these people has performed the effect of strength, and cunning of brain served in lieu of that of hand.

Among the most famous poisoners, it is perhaps astonishing that so many women are included. Yet an ample reason may be assigned for this. The same weakness which compels the Rio Negro tribes to mingle the *Wourari* has driven the gentler sex to seek in skill the power of avenging the wrongs they receive from the stronger and harsher world. Medea, Circe, Polydama, Locusta, and Urganda, all were women ; and what necromancers or magicians have gained a greater name than these ?

The poisons that came first in vogue were doubtless the serpent's fangs, used by the hunter or the warrior to barb the arrows of the

chase or of the battle. Soon, however, the vegetable and mineral kingdoms were searched, and before the first book (which was a poem) on poisons was written, mercury and lead had been added to the list. It is probable also that prussic acid was used by the ancients, and constituted part, at least, of the bitter waters of jealousy. The two sulphides of arsenic were known to the Greeks and Romans, under the names of *sandarach* and *auripigmentum*, at or before the time of Augustus. Claudius was probably killed with corrosive sublimate administered by Locusta, and Britannicus was poisoned by some vegetable preparation, and, judging from the recorded symptoms of his case, by cyanhydric or prussic acid.

The next great poisoner after Nero's time is found in the highest of all offices, Vicar of Christ and Vicegerent of God upon earth, Alexander VI., Pope of Rome. He, with his son Cæsar, made use of a poison, called by the people of that time *cantarella*, — a name derived from the slang expression which speaks of paying money as singing (*cantare*). This poison was indubitably arsenic, in some of its many forms.

The end of this sixteenth century was a most glorious time for the miners of arsenic. Besides Alexander Borgia and his son Cæsar, Yvan IV. of Russia and Philip II. of Spain were at work in the scientific occupation of poisoning. The first succeeded in marrying seven wives and killing them, together with many other people; while the father confessor of the second wrote, after several murders by his princely pupil had been committed, "kings have infinite power over their subordinates and subjects, and are justified not only in removing them with cause assigned and judgment given, but without reason, and they should submit; for the king can do no wrong." Very consolatory salve this must have been for the conscience of the royal sinner!

Certain royal families seem to have concentrated in themselves the poisoning faculties of whole ages. The house of Swabia has rendered itself infamous throughout Europe for its skill in medicating the draughts of its monarchs. Till the reign of Charles V. of France, the French kings were frequently yielding to the drugged chalice of their relatives and wives. And even in England, three reigns have been notorious for this crime.

The manna of St. Nicholas, or aqua Tophana, was invented early in the seventeenth century. This was the most deadly poison then known. It was a limpid fluid, clear as crystal, and was probably a

solution of arsenic or corrosive sublimate. Towards the middle of this century, France received from Italy this powerful agent, and soon had experience of its deadly effects and its subtlety. The Marchioness of Brinvilliers, urged by her paramour, poisoned her father, her two brothers, one of her children, her sister, and a servant, the last by way of experiment. The head of the Marchioness was cut off, her body burned, her ashes scattered to the winds, and her life and fate made the subject of some of Madame de Sevigné's * letters.

This terrible fate of the first enterprising poisoner of France terrified all others who were disposed to imitate her, and it was not till 1680 that a regular traffic began in the "powder of succession," so called, a knowledge of which had been gained by the confession of the unfortunate and criminal lady just mentioned. At this time "La Chambre Ardente" was erected for the trial of poisoners, and immediately some forty persons, many of them of high rank, were accused, tried, and condemned by this tribunal. From this time we have no poisoners of high rank. In Bavaria we meet with a woman in 1808-9, who, in nine months of those years, poisoned seventy-six persons. We find another woman in Bremen, who in her career of fifty years had killed outright forty persons, and administered poison to numberless others. Castaing was condemned for a single crime of this nature, and on his execution day acknowledged fourteen. In La Vendée, lately, a woman killed four persons by poison, and acknowledged three of the murders. Strange to say, the features of this woman resembled almost exactly those of the Marchioness poisoner. Yet all these crimes sink into nothingness by the side of the gigantic attempt of a discharged bed-maker in France, who poisoned the commons bread of the whole college to which she had been attached, in the mad desire to punish the head of the institution for her discharge. Fortunately, the crime was detected before much harm had been done.

The theory of Flandin and of the Baron von Liebig, that poisons act only after absorption into the system, is the one that will be adopted in this paper. This theory was advanced in 1846, and has been so steadily gaining ground with physicians ever since, that we

* During some recent improvements in Paris, it became necessary to remove the Hotel Brinvilliers, and there were found, imbedded in the wall, no less than three skeletons. These offer a further proof of the criminality of the Marchioness, and, at the same time, the solution of the curious question of the composition of "aqua Tophana."

are able to point to it as one of the very few hypotheses that, from their own merit, undefended and strenuously attacked, have produced conviction in scientific minds.

This theory leads us to some startling results. There are *no irritant poisons*. That is to say, a poisoning by sulphuric or nitric acid is not a poisoning so far forth as the mucous membrane is eroded, but it is a poisoning inasmuch as a foreign substance is, by absorption of the acid, introduced into the system, the presence of which is incompatible with life. From this theory it follows, that, by some secret principle, poisons modify the composition of the organic liquids and solids contained in the body, and they do not act, as was formerly vaguely stated, upon the heart, lungs, and nervous system. It follows, also, that the course of treatment which opposes the action of a poison must be different from one applied merely to an internal irritation.

It is impossible, in the present state of medical knowledge, to classify poisons according to their effects on animal economy. The division into vegetable, animal, and mineral poisons is made ready to our hands, and this we adopt. It is perhaps as good as any other, for the following reasons.

If mineral poisons have been given to a person and death ensues, they can be detected in the remains of the victim, even if exhumed after many years. If the poisons are vegetable, they produce peculiar effects, which physicians do not recognize as belonging to any of the regular diseases. If animal, (except cantharides, the action of which is peculiar and speedy,) although chemistry has not yet separated their poisonous properties, and medical wisdom is almost powerless in determining whether they or common disorders have produced the disease, yet never, or almost never, are they employed for criminal purposes; and as the science of toxicology has for its object the protection of the weak and helpless victims by the punishment of the criminal, it is sufficiently powerful now to be granted a place as one of the Briarean arms of medical jurisprudence.

All the passages of the body may serve as roads of entrance to poisons, but it makes no difference how these hurtful agents enter, as long as they meet with an absorbing surface which shall transport them into the blood. Instant death is produced when active poisons are injected into the veins. If poisons are applied to lesions of the skin, they show their evil properties more quickly than when introduced through the stomach. The reason of this is obvious. The

stomach can clear itself in part, and besides, the absorbing surfaces of it, and of the intestinal canal, are defended by lubricants, in such a way that the lacteals cannot act so instantly as the absorbing surfaces of the uncovered flesh. When gaseous poisons act upon the lungs, the effects are sudden and terrible. I refer more particularly in this place to the action of arseniuretted hydrogen, and by no means to carbonic acid, which is not a poison, as it acts not by absorption, but by asphyxia (prevention of breathing). There is no doubt that the effect of a poison, arsenic, for example, is the same, whether it be applied to the skin as a powder, be breathed, or be taken internally. Abundant evidence has been adduced in regard to this fact.

Although no difference can be shown in the action of a poison upon the body which is caused by the way of entrance of the poison, yet there are circumstances which modify and even destroy its effects. Large doses of powerful poisons, mercury, prussic acid, arsenic, opium, lead, antimony, brucine, strychnine, are frequently prescribed by physicians with beneficial results. In these cases they combat, or, as the homœopathists believe, assist the disease, and are not, as Orfila supposed, more dangerous on that account. Age and sex are also powerful auxiliaries to the poisoner. An infant or a woman succumbs easier than a mature man, a mature man sooner than a dotard. If poison be taken upon a full stomach, its effects are less deadly than upon an empty one; if in a drowsy state, the development of bad symptoms is retarded.

Since there are many diseases which resemble in their symptoms poisonings, the first care of the scientific man, in entering upon an investigation as to the cause of sudden death, is to hold a *post mortem*, and try to classify under the head of natural diseases, or, as the coroner's verdict says, "visitation of God," the unexpected death of the victim. Congestion, apoplexy, syncope, epilepsy, lockjaw, intermittent fevers, cholera, ruptures of blood-vessels, and the effects of cold water in warm weather, all are instant. All carry off their prey in the twinkling of an eye, all may be produced in appearance by poisons and mixtures of poisons. Indigestion and diseases of the digestive and respiratory organs, colic, intestinal worms, all produce their effects similar to poisons, yet more slowly and acutely than those above mentioned, and various chronic diseases assimilate, in their symptoms, slow poisonings.

It does not then follow that poison has been administered because

flesh. In truth, "*tantum pellis et ossa fuit.*" The charger of Sir Hudibras could easily have been distinguished, from Butler's description of him : —

"The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall ;
I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his gait
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state.

His strutting ribs on both sides show'd,
Like furrows he himself had plow'd,
For underneath the skirt of pannel
'Twixt every two there was a channel ;
His dragging tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flirt."

We were next shown the snorting beast which Cowper hired, and lent to the calender of London-town, who lent him to his good friend, the trainband captain, John Gilpin, who, on his twentieth wedding-day, as everybody knows, drove the animal too fast ; too fast for himself, too fast for his hat, wig, and red cloak, too fast for the precious wine-bottles at his side, too fast for turnpike-men, too fast for the horse, and too fast for his own dinner.

Still following my guide into the more remote parts of the stables, I saw the High-mettled Racer, whose joys and sorrows Mr. Dibdin, in a very pretty song, (a gem of purest ray serene, by the way, but, unfortunately, rather obscure,) traced from the period of his coltish vigor down to his being served up as an offal feast for dogs.

The adjoining stall was apparently tenantless. I peered into the blackness, but no equine shape revealed itself. I was turning away, when my guide told me that that was the stall of the celebrated Nightmare, and he proceeded to give me the names of people who often hired her. I recollect only one. A grisly old gentleman, misshapen, with a huge hunch on his back and a haggard countenance, who gave his name as Care, often came at dead of night, muffled in a threadbare cloak. The mare had many jadish tricks. She would fling and kick unmercifully, but Care never lost control of her. An uneasy, restless fellow, whose name was Remorse, frequently came, when the night was ugly and lowering, rode off swiftly, and returned the poor beast about daybreak, dripping with sweat.

"Look ! that tall, gray horse in yonder stall, with such an aristocratic turn of the head, — is n't that Fitz-James's racer, who, in that memorable chase from Benvoirlich to the Brig of Turk, outstripped all competitors, twice swam the flooded Leith, and finally, just at night, made an unfortunate misstep and killed himself in the very beginning of the first Canto of the *Lady of the Lake* ?" Yes, it was indeed that famous horse. Walter Scott's proverbial kindness towards animals was never better shown than in the masterly manner in which he finished the career of that "gallant gray." He knew Ellen Douglas's shallop was n't built for the transportation of horses ; he knew, also, that swimming the animal after having urged him to his topmost speed for a whole summer day would have resulted in a painful death, and Fitz-James, he very well knew, was intending to pass the night on the island. So he drove the horse very fast down a very rocky hill.

Next to Walter Scott's horse stood the Tartar of the Ukraine breed, who ran such a furious race with Mazeppa on his back ; and in a contiguous stable, the stout galloper, Roland, the horse without peer, whom Robert Browning bought to carry the good news of peace from Ghent. That ride was one of the best things the poet ever did.

We crossed over, then, to an apartment devoted exclusively to a race of little ponies, familiarly known as Hobbies. This stock, we were informed, was exceedingly fluctuating. There was a constant demand for a new one, and old ones were returned every day as unfit for service. There was one old, blustering little animal, whose name was Sicilian Expedition, whom some ancient democrats used to ride. The same animal has been rechristened, and is now driven hard by some modern democrats, under the name of Fillibuster.

Young men, desirous of making a "distinguished rage" in the world, often come, select their hobby, and ride off, full of spirits ; but often return, as old men, with woebegone expression, cursing heartily the viciousness or balkiness of the hobby they have ridden. It is a pertinent fact, that the hobbies of such men always bear the marks of hard driving. Politicians, too, frequently come, and make choice of a hobby, but usually return soon, badly jolted, complaining of the creature's gait. Some of them, however, rode with much apparent comfort, and my guide had heard of their riding into Congress, where they were jerked from one side of the house to the

other by the plunging hobby, till they were finally jerked out of their honesty, and their constituents out of their rights.

We were informed that immense sums were sometimes paid for hobbies. The purchasers ride off with a complacent air, petting and caressing their hobby, and often address them with the endearing term, "my darling singularity." But hobbies are notoriously disagreeable to everybody except their masters. The person who adheres to a sect renders himself, necessarily, disgusting, by proclaiming its cant; the college air pursues the student, and makes business men shy of him, when he goes into the world.

"An eligible opportunity" was next offered me of seeing that "raw-boned, haggard horse," which the best of architects, Mr. Pecksniff, once kept. This was the animal, as all lovers of Mr. Dickens's humor well know, "who infused into the breasts of strangers a lively sense of hope, and possessed all who knew him better with a *grim despair*." This was the animal—every reader of Martin Chuzzlewit well knows it was—"who was so little disconcerted by opportunities of comparing himself with the fastest trotters." This was the animal who was driven in the "gig with the tumor." This was the last horse we had time to see in the Poet's Equerry. We thanked our obliging guide, and went out through a door which opened conveniently close by. As we passed through the yard, our eye was arrested by the huge proportions of the Trojan horse. Wisely concluding that the animal must be vicious (for we knew he was old), we avoided him; reflecting, at the same time, that Laocoön gave good advice, when he told the Trojans,—

"Equo ne credite, Teucri."

HONORS TO THE DEAD.

APART from its intrinsic beauty and solemnity, much interest belongs to the funeral ceremony on account of its antiquity and universality. There is probably no nation on the face of the globe which does not perform some rites over its dead. And in regard to the date of its origin, we make no hesitation in referring it to the time when, as the Irish priest expressed it, Adam was gathered to his fathers.

Cicero, speaking of burial, says: "But that seems to me the most ancient mode of burial, which, according to Xenophon, is employed by Cyrus. For the body is restored to the earth, and is laid there, just as if it were wrapped in the mantle of a mother." It is not clear whether the idea contained in this last figure of speech is original with Cicero or Xenophon, or is attributed to the undertakers of the most ancient period. Most certain we are that the latter never had any such fanciful notions. They simply wished to get rid of the dead bodies, and knew of no better way than to bury them. And they were quite right. No better way has yet been discovered, although we are living in the nineteenth century, and the world has turned round since then, nobody would dare say how many million times.

It is said that funeral ceremonies had their origin with the Egyptians. If they are to be ascribed to any particular nation, this is not an improbable supposition. In addition to the fact that Egypt was the mother of arts and civilization to the ancient world, she is known to have paid special attention to the burial of the dead. The sands of her deserts have not yet been able to bury her catacombs, or the countless human forms which have lain in them from time immemorial. They lie in them still, "pickled," as an ancient author has it, for the use of the present and future generations.

The account which has been handed down to us of the funeral rites of the ancient Egyptians is substantially as follows. When any eminent person died, all the women of the family, leaving the corpse at home, went out into the streets, with heads and faces besmeared with dirt, their bosoms bare, and their waists girt. Here they were joined by all their relations of the same sex, and the whole marched about, lamenting the deceased, and beating themselves in the most cruel manner. The men formed another company, and mourned in the same way. This ceremony was kept up till the time of interment, and as long as it continued they abstained from the baths, from wine and delicate meats, and from the use of their best attire. The body was embalmed, and delivered to the relations. It was then put into a wooden coffin, which was placed upright against the wall of the edifice appropriated to this purpose. At the time appointed for the interment, the judges and friends were summoned to sit in a certain place beyond the lake (supposed to be that of Mœris) which the body was to pass. The vessel, whose pilot was called Charon, was then brought up to the shore; but be-

fore the body was permitted to embark, every one was at liberty to accuse the deceased. If any accuser made good his charge that the deceased had led a bad life, the body was denied its customary burial; but if the accuser charged the deceased unjustly, he incurred a severe punishment. If no accuser appeared, the relations cited the praise of the deceased, and the attendants testified their approbation by applause. The body was then interred in the family sepulchre. Those who, for crimes or for debt, were forbidden to be interred, were deposited privately in their own houses.

The above description is derived mainly from Herodotus. The same author gives an account of some customs attending the burial of the Scythian kings, which are almost too barbarous to be credited.

After purifying the body, and filling it with aromatic herbs, they placed it on a cart and removed it to another district. Those who received it, cut off a part of their ear, shaved their heads in a circular form, took a round piece out of their arm, wounded their foreheads and noses, and ran arrows through the left hand. The same ceremonies were performed in every district in the kingdom of the deceased. At last they reached the Gerrhæ, in whose territories were the royal sepulchres. The corpse was placed on a couch, with daggers around it. On the top of the whole were placed pieces of wood, covered with branches of willow. In a different part of the trench, which constituted the grave, they buried one of his concubines, his baker, his cook, his groom, his most confidential servant, and his horses. They also buried the choicest of his effects. In the following year they selected such of the dead king's attendants as had been most about his person, and strangled fifty of them with fifty of his best horses. They then cleaned and stuffed, and afterwards spitted them, leaving a man pinned on the back of each one of the horses. We should think that the Scythians would have sent up many a fervent prayer for long life to their sovereigns.

The affectionate commemoration in which the Greeks held their dead is well known to every reader of the classics. Their literature is full of grateful allusions to the virtue of their ancestors, and of warm tributes to their memory. They esteemed the burial of the dead a matter of the first importance. They believed, as is well known, that, if the body was not interred, the soul would be delayed on its passage to the Elysian fields. "He must not wander in Hades; I will throw three handfuls of earth on him,"—the kind-

hearted Greek would say, if he found a human body unburied. Nor did they consider it enough that the corpse should be covered with earth. They also pressed an obolus between the teeth, as passagemoney for the soul across the Styx, and lowered into the grave with them, among other vessels, a vase containing a honey-cake to appease the anger of the sour old dog Cerberus.

The Grecian corpse was adorned with garlands, and arrayed in a white robe. While it remained in the house, the relatives of the deceased remained with it, and around the bed the women wailed and tore their hair. An early burial was supposed to be pleasing to the defunct, and consequently the funeral rites were generally performed on the third day after death. In the procession, the male friends went before the coffin, and the females after it. Women who were not at least first-cousin's children to the deceased were not allowed to follow, except in the case of those above sixty years of age. The procession was accompanied by hired *θηρηδοι*, or mourners, who were probably female flute-players. After the interment the friends adjourned to the house of the nearest relation, and partook of a funeral feast. Then followed sacrifices to the shades of the deceased, the most famous of which occurred on the ninth day after the funeral. Black garments were almost universally worn by mourners.

The funeral solemnities of the Greeks and Romans resembled each other in many essential particulars. The Roman, as well as the Greek, used to put coins into the mouths of corpses, to celebrate funeral feasts and sacrifices, and to wear black mourning garments. But the Greek was more fond of decking his loved ones with garlands. The Roman was a warrior. What had he to do with flowers? He raised magnificent monuments to the memory of his kindred, but those simple, fading emblems, those garlands of sweet flowers, did not once occur to him. He would have thought them strange ornaments for the hardy old veteran, whose delight had been in blood, and battle, and conquest.

When a Roman died, his nearest relation stood by his bedside, ready to receive his last breath with a kiss. After death, a great shouting was set up by those present, for the purpose of calling the dead one to life, if he should be only in a trance. On the seventh day after death came the funeral. This, if the person was one of rank and importance, was conducted with great magnificence. The procession was in the following order. "First, The musicians,

consisting generally of flute-players. Second, The hired mourners, called *Præfice*, who sung the dirge for the deceased. Third, *Mimes* and actors, sometimes comic, and sometimes tragic. Fourth, The family images of the dead man. Fifth, The corpse, borne on a couch, which was sometimes exceedingly rich and costly. Sixth, Relations and heirs of the deceased, together with the slaves freed by his will. Seventh, Citizens generally. The procession marched first to the forum, where the bier was set down in front of the rostra, and an oration was delivered in praise of the deceased by one of his relations. Then they marched to the place of interment. Before they took final leave of their friend, they addressed to him various sentences of farewell, of which the following are specimens : “ *Ave anima candida ! terra tibi levis sit ! molliter cubent ossa !* ” “ *Vale, vale, vale, nos te ordine, quo natura premiserit, sequemur.* ” Could anything be more truly pathetic or grander than these words ? They come to us through the darkness of antiquity, like a ray of sunlight through a thick forest. They should be set to music, and chanted to the rich accompaniment of the organ. Full choirs of English voices might sing them at English funerals. They would be infinitely solemn and impressive. Let us hear how they will sound in English : “ Farewell, pure spirit ! the earth be light upon thee ! thy bones rest in peace ! ” “ Farewell, farewell, farewell, we will follow thee in the order in which nature has predestined.”

POISONS.

Among the ancients the art of poisoning was held to be almost as important to a politician as polished rhetoric. It was held in esteem during the Middle Ages, and has been transmitted to us, though it is thought not in so perfect a state as among the Greeks, or even the Italians. Now, however, a new era is beginning in this branch of chemistry. Science has found out how to discover poisons, not only in the stomach and intestines, but in the places where they have been carried by absorption ; in the brain, in the blood, in the heart, in the liver, in the nervous system. If an investigation is rightly carried on, the presence of a poison is just as certainly demonstrable as the existence of silica in a wheat-stalk, or of starch in a potato.

Till recently it was supposed that certain organic poisons were undetectable ; but the last work on this subject, that of Flandin, published in 1853, at Paris, has given methods of analysis for all the known poisons, mineral and vegetable, together with what is better than all, a system of antidotes.

What was formerly called magic consisted for the most part in acquaintance with this art of causing sudden death. I should have said entirely, had not the name of Medea occurred to me, and with that the recollection that in 1608 a learned Frenchman had published a book, attributing her regenerating powers to the knowledge she possessed of a potent hair-dye.

The most common poisons in ancient times, and those which physicians have most to deal with now, were arsenic, opium, and alcohol. The story that the ancients possessed more and subtler poisons than we, is incredible. It may be proper for romancers to write and credulous persons to believe this, but a physician, on calculating the chances for and against such hypothesis, and on examining the accounts of poisoning in olden time, finds that the appearance of the poisons and the results of the *post mortems* are the same as those produced now-a-days by common drugs.

It is observable that the weakest and most barbarous nations make the most common use of poisons. The Bushmen in Africa, and a petty Brazilian tribe whose seat is between the Negro and Simoes, each possess a poison made of roots, venomous bugs, and the poison-bags of snakes, in which they dip their arrows. These by themselves would seem to be toys for children rather than the sole arms of a persecuted nation ; yet, when prepared, so powerful are they that neither man nor beast is able to withstand their wounds. Craft with these people has performed the effect of strength, and cunning of brain served in lieu of that of hand.

Among the most famous poisoners, it is perhaps astonishing that so many women are included. Yet an ample reason may be assigned for this. The same weakness which compels the Rio Negro tribes to mingle the *Wourari* has driven the gentler sex to seek in skill the power of avenging the wrongs they receive from the stronger and harsher world. Medea, Circe, Polydama, Locusta, and Uriganda, all were women ; and what necromancers or magicians have gained a greater name than these ?

The poisons that came first in vogue were doubtless the serpent's fangs, used by the hunter or the warrior to barb the arrows of the

chase or of the battle. Soon, however, the vegetable and mineral kingdoms were searched, and before the first book (which was a poem) on poisons was written, mercury and lead had been added to the list. It is probable also that prussic acid was used by the ancients, and constituted part, at least, of the bitter waters of jealousy. The two sulphides of arsenic were known to the Greeks and Romans, under the names of *sandarach* and *auripigmentum*, at or before the time of Augustus. Claudius was probably killed with corrosive sublimate administered by Locusta, and Britannicus was poisoned by some vegetable preparation, and, judging from the recorded symptoms of his case, by cyanhydric or prussic acid.

The next great poisoner after Nero's time is found in the highest of all offices, Vicar of Christ and Vicegerent of God upon earth, Alexander VI., Pope of Rome. He, with his son Cæsar, made use of a poison, called by the people of that time *cantarella*, — a name derived from the slang expression which speaks of paying money as singing (*cantare*). This poison was indubitably arsenic, in some of its many forms.

The end of this sixteenth century was a most glorious time for the miners of arsenic. Besides Alexander Borgia and his son Cæsar, Yvan IV. of Russia and Philip II. of Spain were at work in the scientific occupation of poisoning. The first succeeded in marrying seven wives and killing them, together with many other people; while the father confessor of the second wrote, after several murders by his princely pupil had been committed, "kings have infinite power over their subordinates and subjects, and are justified not only in removing them with cause assigned and judgment given, but without reason, and they should submit; for the king can do no wrong." Very consolatory salve this must have been for the conscience of the royal sinner!

Certain royal families seem to have concentrated in themselves the poisoning faculties of whole ages. The house of Swabia has rendered itself infamous throughout Europe for its skill in medicating the draughts of its monarchs. Till the reign of Charles V. of France, the French kings were frequently yielding to the drugged chalice of their relatives and wives. And even in England, three reigns have been notorious for this crime.

The manna of St. Nicholas, or aqua Tophana, was invented early in the seventeenth century. This was the most deadly poison then known. It was a limpid fluid, clear as crystal, and was probably a

solution of arsenic or corrosive sublimate. Towards the middle of this century, France received from Italy this powerful agent, and soon had experience of its deadly effects and its subtlety. The Marchioness of Brinvilliers, urged by her paramour, poisoned her father, her two brothers, one of her children, her sister, and a servant, the last by way of experiment. The head of the Marchioness was cut off, her body burned, her ashes scattered to the winds, and her life and fate made the subject of some of Madame de Sevigné's * letters.

This terrible fate of the first enterprising poisoner of France terrified all others who were disposed to imitate her, and it was not till 1680 that a regular traffic began in the "powder of succession," so called, a knowledge of which had been gained by the confession of the unfortunate and criminal lady just mentioned. At this time "La Chambre Ardente" was erected for the trial of poisoners, and immediately some forty persons, many of them of high rank, were accused, tried, and condemned by this tribunal. From this time we have no poisoners of high rank. In Bavaria we meet with a woman in 1808-9, who, in nine months of those years, poisoned seventy-six persons. We find another woman in Bremen, who in her career of fifty years had killed outright forty persons, and administered poison to numberless others. Castaing was condemned for a single crime of this nature, and on his execution day acknowledged fourteen. In La Vendée, lately, a woman killed four persons by poison, and acknowledged three of the murders. Strange to say, the features of this woman resembled almost exactly those of the Marchioness poisoner. Yet all these crimes sink into nothingness by the side of the gigantic attempt of a discharged bed-maker in France, who poisoned the commons bread of the whole college to which she had been attached, in the mad desire to punish the head of the institution for her discharge. Fortunately, the crime was detected before much harm had been done.

The theory of Flandin and of the Baron von Liebig, that poisons act only after absorption into the system, is the one that will be adopted in this paper. This theory was advanced in 1846, and has been so steadily gaining ground with physicians ever since, that we

* During some recent improvements in Paris, it became necessary to remove the Hotel Brinvilliers, and there were found, imbedded in the wall, no less than three skeletons. These offer a further proof of the criminality of the Marchioness, and, at the same time, the solution of the curious question of the composition of "aqua Tophana."

are able to point to it as one of the very few hypotheses that, from their own merit, undefended and strenuously attacked, have produced conviction in scientific minds.

This theory leads us to some startling results. There are *no irritant poisons*. That is to say, a poisoning by sulphuric or nitric acid is not a poisoning so far forth as the mucous membrane is eroded, but it is a poisoning inasmuch as a foreign substance is, by absorption of the acid, introduced into the system, the presence of which is incompatible with life. From this theory it follows, that, by some secret principle, poisons modify the composition of the organic liquids and solids contained in the body, and they do not act, as was formerly vaguely stated, upon the heart, lungs, and nervous system. It follows, also, that the course of treatment which opposes the action of a poison must be different from one applied merely to an internal irritation.

It is impossible, in the present state of medical knowledge, to classify poisons according to their effects on animal economy. The division into vegetable, animal, and mineral poisons is made ready to our hands, and this we adopt. It is perhaps as good as any other, for the following reasons.

If mineral poisons have been given to a person and death ensues, they can be detected in the remains of the victim, even if exhumed after many years. If the poisons are vegetable, they produce peculiar effects, which physicians do not recognize as belonging to any of the regular diseases. If animal, (except cantharides, the action of which is peculiar and speedy,) although chemistry has not yet separated their poisonous properties, and medical wisdom is almost powerless in determining whether they or common disorders have produced the disease, yet never, or almost never, are they employed for criminal purposes; and as the science of toxicology has for its object the protection of the weak and helpless victims by the punishment of the criminal, it is sufficiently powerful now to be granted a place as one of the Briarean arms of medical jurisprudence.

All the passages of the body may serve as roads of entrance to poisons, but it makes no difference how these hurtful agents enter, as long as they meet with an absorbing surface which shall transport them into the blood. Instant death is produced when active poisons are injected into the veins. If poisons are applied to lesions of the skin, they show their evil properties more quickly than when introduced through the stomach. The reason of this is obvious. The

stomach can clear itself in part, and besides, the absorbing surfaces of it, and of the intestinal canal, are defended by lubricants, in such a way that the lacteals cannot act so instantly as the absorbing surfaces of the uncovered flesh. When gaseous poisons act upon the lungs, the effects are sudden and terrible. I refer more particularly in this place to the action of arseniuretted hydrogen, and by no means to carbonic acid, which is not a poison, as it acts not by absorption, but by asphyxia (prevention of breathing). There is no doubt that the effect of a poison, arsenic, for example, is the same, whether it be applied to the skin as a powder, be breathed, or be taken internally. Abundant evidence has been adduced in regard to this fact.

Although no difference can be shown in the action of a poison upon the body which is caused by the way of entrance of the poison, yet there are circumstances which modify and even destroy its effects. Large doses of powerful poisons, mercury, prussic acid, arsenic, opium, lead, antimony, brucine, strychnine, are frequently prescribed by physicians with beneficial results. In these cases they combat, or, as the homœopathsists believe, assist the disease, and are not, as Orfila supposed, more dangerous on that account. Age and sex are also powerful auxiliaries to the poisoner. An infant or a woman succumbs easier than a mature man, a mature man sooner than a dotard. If poison be taken upon a full stomach, its effects are less deadly than upon an empty one; if in a drowsy state, the development of bad symptoms is retarded.

Since there are many diseases which resemble in their symptoms poisonings, the first care of the scientific man, in entering upon an investigation as to the cause of sudden death, is to hold a *post mortem*, and try to classify under the head of natural diseases, or, as the coroner's verdict says, "visitation of God," the unexpected death of the victim. Congestion, apoplexy, syncope, epilepsy, lockjaw, intermittent fevers, cholera, ruptures of blood-vessels, and the effects of cold water in warm weather, all are instant. All carry off their prey in the twinkling of an eye, all may be produced in appearance by poisons and mixtures of poisons. Indigestion and diseases of the digestive and respiratory organs, colic, intestinal worms, all produce their effects similar to poisons, yet more slowly and acutely than those above mentioned, and various chronic diseases assimilate, in their symptoms, slow poisonings.

It does not then follow that poison has been administered because

a strange death has taken place ; and unless the opinions of several competent scientific men are taken, we should reject all such hypotheses. I have said competent men of science ; for the sad records of French and American jurisprudence * show many a name which has been blackened for ever as that of a criminal, and many a useful life that has been forfeited by the too great confidence of inexperienced chemists in theories which are at present exploded.

It is needless to enumerate the mineral poisons ; they surpass by far the number of simple mineral elements. Compounds of various sorts, sulphides, salts, haloids, acids, bases, all come under this head. As, however, simple bodies are indestructible, we can always, by using the proper methods, obtain and exhibit the mineral, or its ultimate element, if a compound, without difficulty. A mere tyro in chemistry can, with proper care, test for arsenic, and discover it, even if years have elapsed since it caused death. It should, however, be remarked, that, when a corpse is exhumed on suspicion of having been poisoned, we ought not only to test the body itself for poison, but also the earth in which it has lain, to the distance of some yards, and if this latter contains any amount of the same kind of poison that exists in the corpse, we must reject the hypothesis of poisoning altogether.

The antidotes for mineral poisons are of various natures. Those of the first kind have for their object to neutralize the poison, or render it insoluble. In the second class we place those substances which prevent absorption, and in the third rank come such drugs and instruments as promote the elimination of the unhealthy substances. It is proper to administer immediately any of the following antidotes : astringents, lime-water or bitter sulphuretted water, milk, lemonade, soap-suds, mucilages of gum arabic and tragacanth, oils, charcoal, magnesia, even sugar, chalk, iron-rust, yolks or whites of eggs, Jesuit's or Peruvian bark, salt water, vitriol water, epsom salts. These all are useful in cases of metallic poisoning, and most of them in cases of poisoning by mineral acids. In addition to these might be recommended for these latter, various alkaline solutions, and particularly the solution of bi- or super-carbonate of soda. This would act by neutralizing the acid. In all cases of poisoning let water be given in large quantities, for by this the poisons will be diluted, and will not act with so great intensity. These few suggestions do not,

* See the report of the Hendrickson Case, (Albany, Barnes & Hevenor, 1853,) and the case of Dr. Beal at Philadelphia, yet fresh in every mind.

however, prevent the sending for the nearest physician, — a thing always advisable in cases of poisoning.

The subject of organic poisons presents, in the outset, great difficulty. It is well known that all organic substances are compounds of the elements oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, arranged in various proportions. The recovery of these elements in their combinations, it will readily be seen, must be difficult, and this renders the discovery of a poisoning by the vegetable acids and alkaloids very uncertain; for unless we can obtain and exhibit the poisonous principle in a concentrated form, we cannot prove the poisoning. We shall not attempt to give processes of analysis for alkaloids, since that would swell this article to the length of a treatise on organic poisons; but only to name and classify the best known drugs of a poisonous nature, and suggest some remedies in cases where these have been used.

In the first rank we place the *Papaveraceæ*. These comprise all the plants from which we can produce opium or any of its proximate elements, as morphine, codeine, narcotine, thebaine, pseudomorphine, porphyroxine, narceine, papaverine, meconine, and meconic acid. These poisonous elements prostrate the whole system, depress and benumb the faculties, and finally throw the unfortunate victim into a sleep "which knows no waking." It is necessary, in order to prevent the deadly effects of opium, to attempt in every way to eliminate it from the system. Then the patient is to be kept constantly excited and in motion; he must be made to walk. The circulation must be kept up, or all is lost. Everything depends on keeping the sick man awake. If he falls into a lethargy, there is no hope. There is little or no trust to be put in any chemical or mechanical antidotes, save those of emetics and the stomach-pump.

The *Strychniæ* come next in importance to the *Papaveraceæ*. They contain two proximate elements of death-bearing effect, strychnine and brucine. These, like the other alkaloids, may combine with acids and form various salts. These alkaloids cause convulsions, lockjaw, and general stupor. Excitement, blood-letting, the stomach-pump, tonics, and tea are the proper antidotes.

Next in order are the *Solanaceæ*. These have five poisonous principles peculiar to their class, together with some of the principles of the *Papaveraceæ*. These alkaloids are nicotine, daturine, hyoscyamine, atropine, and solanine. These seem to produce the double effect of both the classes of poisons mentioned above, to-

gether with vertigo, and in fact the peculiar symptoms observed in most young men when they smoke their first cigar, for tobacco is the most noticeable of the Solanaceæ. The same system of antidotes which were used for the Strychniæ may be successfully practised with this class.

Among the Ranunculaceæ (which compose the next class) may be numbered as poisonous plants aconite, clematis, hellebore, and anemone. Their alkaloids are delphine, anemonine, and aconitine. A state of entire prostration ensues on taking these poisons, which is to be combated by friction of the skin, sulphuric ether and alcohol taken internally, wine, absinth, and rhubarb, given in large doses. These have proved very successful in the case of twelve men poisoned by aconite at Brescia, only three of whom died, although the others would doubtless have succumbed had it not been for this treatment; for the dose which each took was sufficient to have killed the whole dozen if left to its own action.

The Colchicææ comprise the veratria and white hellebore. The alkaloids are veratrine and colchicine. In cases of poisonings by these alkaloids, it is of no use to try chemical reagents. The poisons must be either eliminated as recommended for the Strychniæ, or their effects must be combated as prescribed for the Ranunculaceæ.

The only alkaloid yet extracted from the Umbelliferæ is cönicine or cicutine. This suspends animation in three seconds after being given, and there is no way of prevention. A proper use of the galvanic battery might perhaps revive, though no one would pin much faith on so small a prospect of success.

The Menispermææ contain the alkaloid picrotoxine, whose action is similar to that of strychnine.

The Scrophulariææ have the alkaloid digitaline, which acts very much like aconitine.

Besides these, the Cucurbitaceæ and the Euphorbiaceæ, the Guttiferæ, the Liliaceæ, the Terebinthaceæ, the Coniferæ, and mushrooms, all contain poisonous elements which have not yet been separated. To combat their evil effects, we must give powerful medicines, tonics to oppose prostration, antiphlogistics, and so on.

Before leaving mushrooms, it is well to mention the ergot of rye, now established as one of the most powerful drugs which can be placed in the hands of the obstetrician. It is a substance for which many an accoucheur has blessed the Deity, and to which many a mother owes the salvation of her own life and that of her child.

Yet perhaps it has caused more deaths than any other fungus, or indeed vegetable. It is a small growth upon rye, which entirely changes the nature of that useful grain, and causes frequently most deadly epidemics among the poorer classes in Europe who are obliged to live upon it. It creates a fermentation in the blood, which gradually leads to mortification of the members; a mortification which is combated by various local applications, and by amputation.

The poisons of animals cannot be detected as a general thing. *Cantharides* is an exception to this rule. Its effect, like that of snake-bites and the wounds of scorpions and other poisonous animals, can be combated by the use of alcohol and ammonia freely applied to the wound, and taken internally.

The necessity of concluding this article, already long, does not permit me to do more than mention the poisonous effects of tainted or diseased meat, effects which are in our present state of knowledge deadly. There is no remedy yet discovered which can set at rest the slow fermentation which the consumption of these sets up in the blood. The bite of a mad dog is equally disastrous, and no remedy or preventive of hydrophobia has yet been discovered, save the excision or cautery of the wounded part when first attacked.

Strange as it may seem, it is yet true, that all the mineral, and most vegetable poisons, and even some of the animal, are the strong right-arm of the physician, and we very well know that in many cases the very dose which we take with so beneficial an effect would, if increased by a dozen drops, cause death. Strange as this may seem, it is not more singular than the fact that many, very many poisons neutralize each other, and prussic acid even may be given with impunity, provided it be followed by a dose of sulphate of iron (itself a poison) and carbonate of potassa. We are looking forward with hope, and even with expectation, to the day when the bite of a rattlesnake or cobra di capello shall be a regular prescription in the pharmacopœia, and when a mad dog shall be a part of every experimental physician's laboratory.

ODE TO AN ICE-HOUSE.

O BURNING sun ! thy rays of shining light,
 In vain descend upon this lowly roof,
 That shields those icy masses fair and white ;
 Nor fear thy chariot, thy charger's hoof,
 In noonday course.

O stranger, stay, and fondly gaze awhile
 On yon expanse of twining, woody curls !
 Think on the noble trunks, in ghastly pile,
 That fell beneath the axe of forest churls.
 Ah, mourn their loss !

Think how they floated in the lurid stream,
 Borne on the current of a ruthless tide ;
 Think how the woodland-king, the leafy green,
 Striped of their mantles, glided side by side,
 In humble guise !
 Here now behold their mangled corpses, torn
 By cruel saw and wood-devouring plane ;
 Here see the tomb of giants, once so strong,
 Whose pride the sharpened steel has learned to tame,
 In cruel wise.

Beneath those crispy shavings, damp and cold,
 Lie mines of glistening blocks, like crystal bright,
 Borne from the banks where sparkling waves have rolled
 Their crested heads, throughout the star-lit night,
 And welcome day.

No more the sun their stony hearts shall melt ;
 But tears, slow coursing down their glassy cheeks,
 Shall waste their captive forms ; as those who 've felt
 The pressure of the chain for days and weeks
 Oft pine away.

Remorseless man shall hew your jewelled heads,
 With flinty axe and ice-compelling pike,
 Bedewed with your best blood, which trickling speeds
 Its winding course, and wets the hands that strike
 With chilling gore.

Within a bag of canvas, close confined,
 Under the mallet shall ye groan and cry ;
 Your powdered bones no rest, alas ! shall find :
 With wine and peel of lemons mixed they lie,
 Pierced with a straw !

Thus shall your heart's last drops be sucked through tubes,
 Or basely cast to run through muddy drains.
 Where are those lucid squares; those crystal cubes?
 Gone! Gone, alas! 'T is thus that beauty wanes,
 And age comes on.
 Those twisted shreds once stood the forest's pride;
 That turbid stream once flashed, like costly gem.
 Stranger, when borne on Fortune's changeable tide,
 Remember still, that life flies fast; and then
 Is quickly gone!

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

THERE stood a goldsmith in his booth,
 'Mid gems that glistened clear;
 "My fairest jewel, by my sooth,
 Art thou," said he, "Helena!
 My little daughter dear!"

Then in there came a handsome knight:
 "God save thee, maiden fair!
 And thou, good goldsmith, fashion right
 A coronal of jewels,
 For my sweet bride to wear!"

And when the coronal was wrought,
 And in rich lustre shone,
 Helena took it, sad in thought,
 And on her white arm hung it,
 As there she stood alone.

"Ah! very happy will she be
 Whose brow this crown shall kiss!
 Ah! would the dear knight give to me
 A wreath of roses only,
 How perfect were my bliss!"

And so the knight came in at door,
 And saw the crown so fair:
 "Good goldsmith, make for me once more
 A little ring with diamonds
 For my sweet bride to wear!"

And when the ring was ready wrought
With many a costly stone,
Helena took it, sad in thought,
Half on her finger slipped it,
As there she stood alone.

"Ah ! very happy will she be
Whose hand this ring shall kiss !
Ah ! would the dear knight spare for me
One ringlet from his forehead,
How perfect were my bliss !"

And soon the handsome knight returned,
And saw the ring so fair :
"Good goldsmith, thou hast praises earned,
Hast wrought full fine the jewels
For my sweet bride to wear.

"Yet would I fain behold them worn.
Come, lovely maid, and see
How well these ornaments adorn
The beauty of my dear one,
For she is fair, like thee."

It was a Sunday morning there,
And so the lovely maid
Had dressed herself with pretty care,
And for the church was starting,
All in her best arrayed.

With comely shame she blushing came,
Before the knight to stand,
He crowned her with the golden crown,
He put the ring upon her,
And then he took her hand.

"O sweet Helena, maiden dear !
The fairest bride of all !
'Tis time this riddle were made clear.
For thee the ring bespoke I,
For thee the coronal.

"Since precious stones and pearls and gold
Have playthings been for thee,
This symbol has thy fate foretold,
That thou to higher honor
Shouldst go along with me."

SCHEFFER'S DANTE AND BEATRICE.

It was our good fortune not long since to see a fine painting of Ary Scheffer's,—one of his latest, too, and only finished last summer. It is his "Dante and Beatrice," and Boston should congratulate itself on possessing so beautiful a picture. It is the property of Mr. C. C. Perkins, and has not yet been publicly exhibited, though we learn it is to be. We hope it will go into the Athenæum Gallery this season, for the public delight; and there too we ought to see Retsch's copy of the Dresden Madonna, which, though it has been some years in the country, has never appeared in any public gallery, we believe. Such pictures should be placed where the greatest number of people can enjoy them, and be taught by their serene beauty.

"Dante and Beatrice," like all Scheffer's recent pictures, is almost entirely void of color. Dante wears the accustomed red robe, and the white vesture of Beatrice is tinged with a rosy shade, but besides this there is scarcely any color in the painting. This gives it a certain coldness, which is a fault found with most of Scheffer's works; but it adds to the pure spirituality of the picture. The passage illustrated is in the first canto of the Paradise, lines 48 – 54 : —

"E sì come secondo raggio suole
Uscir del primo e risaline insuso,
Pur come peregrin che tornar vuole;
Cosè del atto suo, per gli occhi infuso
Nel immagine mia, il mio sì fece,
E fisso gli occhi al Sole oltre a nostr' uso."

Beatrice stands with her head thrown back, and her beautiful eyes raised toward the sun in heaven. Her golden hair is bound with a wreath of leaves,—one hand falls straight by her side amid the folds of her robe, while the other rests upon her shoulder. Her whole expression is that of rapt maidenly devotion, and no words can do justice to the wondrous purity and beauty of her face and

* Cary thus translates these verses : —

"As from the first a second beam is wont
To issue, and reflected upwards rise,
Even as a pilgrim bent on his return;
So of her act that through the eyesight passed
Into my fancy, mine was formed; and straight,
Beyond our mortal wont, I fixed mine eyes
Upon the sun."

mien. She is the true Beatrice of Dante, — the loved maiden transfigured by the light of the heavenly world into which she has so sweetly and naturally passed.

Dante — the only other figure in the picture — pleases us much less. There is something almost sinister in his fine strong face as he turns it towards Beatrice. One misses the subdued and reverent expression which Dante should wear in the presence of his adored love, and the peace which that blessed presence should bring his soul does not beam forth from his face. It is a cold, sad gaze that he turns upward, contrasting almost painfully with the holy aspect of the worshipping Beatrice.

It is a little difficult to see how the verses quoted as suggesting the picture exactly apply to it. It agrees better with that line in Canto II. of the Paradise, —

“Beatrice in suso, ed io in lei guardava,”—

to which Uhland alludes in his beautiful poem, “Dante.”

“Hoch und höher schwebten Beide
Durch des Himmels Glanz und Ironnen,
Sie, auf blickend ungeblendet,
Zu der Sonne aller Sonnen;
Er, die Augen hingewendet
Nach der Freundin Angesichte,
Das verklärt ihn schauen liess
Abglanz von der Ew'gen Sichte.”*

Scheffer has before this touched upon Dante's great poem, which is crowded so full of scenes and images to inspire a painter. In his “Francesca da Rimini,” which we only know in the engraving, he has sketched with marvellous power those two distressed spirits borne through the “perse air” on the stormy wind of Hell. The anguish and the undivided love of Francesco and her guilty, murdered lover, — the yearning commiseration of Dante and his guide, — force themselves upon our notice as we look at the picture. But in “Dante and Beatrice” everything is different, — as the serene

* We have thus ventured to render these verses : —

“High and higher soared the lovers
Through the splendor of the skies,
She to heaven's sun uplooking
With her clear, undazzled eyes;
He with level glances gazing
On her face divinely bright,
Where he saw the pure reflected
Glory of th' Eternal Light.”

ether of Paradise differs from the sad gloom of Hell. One cannot look at it without feeling that reverence for the pictured Beatrice which Dante says she herself inspired in all who saw her : —

“Umile vergognosa e temperata,
E sempre a virtù grata,
Intra suoi be' costumi un atto regna,
Che d' ogni riverenza la fa degna.”

NEW BOOKS.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. A Romaunt, by LORD BYRON. Boston : Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1855.

THE publishers will accept our thanks for a copy of this book. These cheap and popular editions of the best English poems are doing a great and good work in our land. Their multitude and success are among the brightest signs of promise for literature, and, among all the cheap nothings or worse than nothings which every day sends out, show that there is still a genuine taste and warm love for real true poetry among our people. Volumes like this are bought and read, and appreciated, by thousands of the very class of people who most of all need the elevating and purifying influence of poetry. Mr. John Bartlett, in Cambridge, has the book for sale.

Ultima Thule: or Thoughts suggested by a Residence in New Zealand.
By THOMAS CHOLMONDELEY. London : John Chapman. 1854.

MR. CHOLMONDELEY is an English gentleman of much thought and learning, who, after graduating at Oxford (where he studied under that ripe scholar and charming poet, Arthur Hugh Clough) and continuing his studies in Germany, finally went out to New Zealand a few years ago as a colonist. He lived there in a hut on his own farm for a year or two, and some years ago returned to England, where he published this book. It is valuable for the facts and suggestions it contains concerning this promising British colony, but still more so to us, for its speculations on church and state and society. Mr. Cholmondeley writes like a scholar, and theorizes a good deal, but there is great liberality in his philosophy, and a very un-English freedom from prejudice, especially with regard to America. He belongs to that small, but sound party in England, who seek the true interests of that noble state, and abhor alike the Tory conservatism, the Manchester-school vulgarity, and the Radical blindness of English politicians. In men of this sort lies the hope of England in the crisis of her destinies, which seems fast approaching.

EDITORS' TABLE.

WINTER is over. And March, fickle, lowering, and morose, departing, has been succeeded by the more genial month of April. After leading a wanton and dissolute life, after blustering for one-and-thirty days, he seemed to repent of his course and manifest a desire to make atonement. The *soi-disant* lion which stalked the streets, and, meeting the affrighted wanderer at every turn, drove him with fear and trembling to seek a shelter, — and which roared around our houses in the cold night, terrifying little children in their beds, and causing even seniors to turn pale, — in the last moments of his authority did this *valiant* beast throw off his assumed garb, and reveal to us — an ass! His death was characteristic of his character; the same dogged obstinacy for which he was ever distinguished clung to him till the last. He awoke on the morning of the thirty-first in the full possession of all his faculties, but with a presentiment of his approaching end. He fretted and scowled for an hour or two, but at last gave way to a smile, — the smile of a hypocrite, which no one trusts nor believes to be sincere. As the day came to a close, a cloud overspread his countenance, which seemed to cast a gloom over those who were assembled to witness his departure. At the last stroke of the clock for twelve, he breathed his last.

We understand that the departed monarch left a will, in which he recommended the same course of policy to his successors; and so, until the family is entirely extirpated, we must expect to groan under their despotic tyranny.

It gives us great pleasure to record the accession of April to the throne. Although May and June have a larger circle of admirers and friends, we must yet give great credit to the present incumbent for his liberality, — a liberality all the more striking from contrast with the selfish conservatism of his predecessor. The "smale fowles" will now begin to "maken melodie," the "tendre croppes" to shoot, and in the new order of things Nature and her children will rejoice.

It is our painful duty, as faithful chroniclers, to record the recent deaths of two great men, whose names bid fair to occupy a prominent place upon the page of history. We refer to Czar Nicholas Alexiovitch, and Mr. William Poole. The former was Emperor over a half-civilized nation in the East, and has become quite famous, of late, for the perseverance and success with which he has defended his country from the almost impotent attacks of the united Christendom of Western Europe. But he is dead! And the crowded audiences of London theatres have testified their respect for his memory, by rising from their seats and giving such hearty cheers as made the walls tremble again; while the bells have rung from every steeple, and the iron dogs of war barked forth their delight from many a hill-side.

From this picture, gay and joyous, let us turn to the metropolis of America, for the contemplation of one of a more sombre hue. To any one who is well acquainted with the dignity and worth of American character, it will be a sufficient panegyric of Mr. Poole for us to say, that, of the greatest city in our land, where we may naturally look to find the most brilliant examples of that world-renowned character, the deceased was the favorite son, — "a true American." He, too, is departed! And thousands of men, dressed with the sable badge of mourning,

and a funeral procession whose length was measurable by *miles*, evinced the admiration in which he was held by his fellow-citizens.

Young men of America! If you would secure the love of your fellow-citizens while living, and be lamented by them when dead, — if you would meet with a famous end, — the example of the late Mr. Poole speaks to you in unmistakable tones, and tells you to follow closely in his footsteps. Then shall your fame be heralded from pole to pole, and future generations pore with delight over the pages of your biography!

THE APRIL SHOWER, a picture now exhibiting at Mr. Parker's, in Boston, though very pleasing in many respects, and indeed a performance, on the whole, of great merit, is not wholly satisfactory to us. As a *painting* only, — as a representation of what God *might* have made women, or as they exist in a poet's or painter's fancy, — it is the best specimen of American art we have seen. But as for real New England girls, the healthy, sun-browned faces of the country, hardened by our east winds, — or those of the city's seclusion, paler and fairer, — we cannot find them here. We enjoy ideal beauty to the full; and if a painting is intended for a transcendental poem, let us have it, and so call it. But if you purpose to represent a matter-of-fact event of our spring season, such as the frequently recurring meteorological phenomenon of an April shower, and the necessity which compels three pretty girls caught in said shower to combine their rare faces under one lucky umbrella, let us have that too: in this picture there is little or no indication of a shower. Even Captain Bunsby could not predict one: you feel that the young ladies themselves do not expect one; that they have no right to the umbrella; and that they have merely taken advantage of a passing cloud as an apology for innocently exciting our admiration, and filling us with vague dreams which are almost hopes, and hopes which are but dreams. For the satin slippers and elegant dresses tell you that a moment ago they came from the parlor; from singing that "perfectly beautiful" *Il mio Tesoro* of the adored Mario, or a "splendid" polka of the petted Jael. Apart from this, *The April Shower* is a picture of great merit, and receives, as it should, much praise. The grouping is graceful, the faces are beautiful, — though not of the highest order of beauty, — and the drapery suggests the perfection of Copley. The artist will often recall to the minds of many the new and pleasant thoughts always connected with this fickle, yet promising month.

"Sweet April, — many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, — as hearts are wed."

CLASS DAY will be on the 22d of June. The following-named gentlemen have been elected by the Senior Class to fill the various offices of the day: —

Orator: James B. Clark, of Jackson, Miss.

Poet: James K. Hosmer, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Odist: James Reed, of Boston.

Marshal: Langdon Erving, of New York City.

Assistant Marshals: John B. Tileston, of Dorchester; and James M. Seawell, of Louisville, Ky.

flesh. In truth, "*tantum pellis et ossa fuit.*" The charger of Sir Hudibras could easily have been distinguished, from Butler's description of him : —

"The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall ;
I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his gait
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state.

His strutting ribs on both sides show'd,
Like furrows he himself had plow'd,
For underneath the skirt of pannel
'Twixt every two there was a channel ;
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flirt."

We were next shown the snorting beast which Cowper hired, and lent to the calender of London-town, who lent him to his good friend, the trainband captain, John Gilpin, who, on his twentieth wedding-day, as everybody knows, drove the animal too fast ; too fast for himself, too fast for his hat, wig, and red cloak, too fast for the precious wine-bottles at his side, too fast for turnpike-men, too fast for the horse, and too fast for his own dinner.

Still following my guide into the more remote parts of the stables, I saw the High-mettled Racer, whose joys and sorrows Mr. Dibdin, in a very pretty song, (a gem of purest ray serene, by the way, but, unfortunately, rather obscure,) traced from the period of his coltish vigor down to his being served up as an offal feast for dogs.

The adjoining stall was apparently tenantless. I peered into the blackness, but no equine shape revealed itself. I was turning away, when my guide told me that that was the stall of the celebrated Nightmare, and he proceeded to give me the names of people who often hired her. I recollect only one. A grisly old gentleman, misshapen, with a huge hunch on his back and a haggard countenance, who gave his name as Care, often came at dead of night, muffled in a threadbare cloak. The mare had many jadish tricks. She would fling and kick unmercifully, but Care never lost control of her. An uneasy, restless fellow, whose name was Remorse, frequently came, when the night was ugly and lowering, rode off swiftly, and returned the poor beast about daybreak, dripping with sweat.

"Look! that tall, gray horse in yonder stall, with such an aristocratic turn of the head, — is n't that Fitz-James's racer, who, in that memorable chase from Benvoirlich to the Brig of Turk, outstripped all competitors, twice swam the flooded Leith, and finally, just at night, made an unfortunate misstep and killed himself in the very beginning of the first Canto of the *Lady of the Lake*?" Yes, it was indeed that famous horse. Walter Scott's proverbial kindness towards animals was never better shown than in the masterly manner in which he finished the career of that "gallant gray." He knew Ellen Douglas's shallop was n't built for the transportation of horses; he knew, also, that swimming the animal after having urged him to his topmost speed for a whole summer day would have resulted in a painful death, and Fitz-James, he very well knew, was intending to pass the night on the island. So he drove the horse very fast down a very rocky hill.

Next to Walter Scott's horse stood the Tartar of the Ukraine breed, who ran such a furious race with Mazeppa on his back; and in a contiguous stable, the stout galloper, Roland, the horse without peer, whom Robert Browning bought to carry the good news of peace from Ghent. That ride was one of the best things the poet ever did.

We crossed over, then, to an apartment devoted exclusively to a race of little ponies, familiarly known as Hobbies. This stock, we were informed, was exceedingly fluctuating. There was a constant demand for a new one, and old ones were returned every day as unfit for service. There was one old, blustering little animal, whose name was Sicilian Expedition, whom some ancient democrats used to ride. The same animal has been rechristened, and is now driven hard by some modern democrats, under the name of Fillibuster.

Young men, desirous of making a "distinguished rage" in the world, often come, select their hobby, and ride off, full of spirits; but often return, as old men, with woebegone expression, cursing heartily the viciousness or balkiness of the hobby they have ridden. It is a pertinent fact, that the hobbies of such men always bear the marks of hard driving. Politicians, too, frequently come, and make choice of a hobby, but usually return soon, badly jolted, complaining of the creature's gait. Some of them, however, rode with much apparent comfort, and my guide had heard of their riding into Congress, where they were jerked from one side of the house to the

other by the plunging hobby, till they were finally jerked out of their honesty, and their constituents out of their rights.

We were informed that immense sums were sometimes paid for hobbies. The purchasers ride off with a complacent air, petting and caressing their hobby, and often address them with the endearing term, "my darling singularity." But hobbies are notoriously disagreeable to everybody except their masters. The person who adheres to a sect renders himself, necessarily, disgusting, by proclaiming its cant; the college air pursues the student, and makes business men shy of him, when he goes into the world.

"An eligible opportunity" was next offered me of seeing that "raw-boned, haggard horse," which the best of architects, Mr. Pecksniff, once kept. This was the animal, as all lovers of Mr. Dickens's humor well know, "who infused into the breasts of strangers a lively sense of hope, and possessed all who knew him better with a *grim despair*." This was the animal—every reader of Martin Chuzzlewit well knows it was—"who was so little disconcerted by opportunities of comparing himself with the fastest trotters." This was the animal who was driven in the "gig with the tumor." This was the last horse we had time to see in the Poet's Equerry. We thanked our obliging guide, and went out through a door which opened conveniently close by. As we passed through the yard, our eye was arrested by the huge proportions of the Trojan horse. Wisely concluding that the animal must be vicious (for we knew he was old), we avoided him; reflecting, at the same time, that Laocoön gave good advice, when he told the Trojans,—

"Equo ne credite, Teucri."

HONORS TO THE DEAD.

APART from its intrinsic beauty and solemnity, much interest belongs to the funeral ceremony on account of its antiquity and universality. There is probably no nation on the face of the globe which does not perform some rites over its dead. And in regard to the date of its origin, we make no hesitation in referring it to the time when, as the Irish priest expressed it, Adam was gathered to his fathers.

Cicero, speaking of burial, says : " But that seems to me the most ancient mode of burial, which, according to Xenophon, is employed by Cyrus. For the body is restored to the earth, and is laid there, just as if it were wrapped in the mantle of a mother." It is not clear whether the idea contained in this last figure of speech is original with Cicero or Xenophon, or is attributed to the undertakers of the most ancient period. Most certain we are that the latter never had any such fanciful notions. They simply wished to get rid of the dead bodies, and knew of no better way than to bury them. And they were quite right. No better way has yet been discovered, although we are living in the nineteenth century, and the world has turned round since then, nobody would dare say how many million times.

It is said that funeral ceremonies had their origin with the Egyptians. If they are to be ascribed to any particular nation, this is not an improbable supposition. In addition to the fact that Egypt was the mother of arts and civilization to the ancient world, she is known to have paid special attention to the burial of the dead. The sands of her deserts have not yet been able to bury her catacombs, or the countless human forms which have lain in them from time immemorial. They lie in them still, " pickled," as an ancient author has it, for the use of the present and future generations.

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fore the body was permitted to embark, every one was at liberty to accuse the deceased. If any accuser made good his charge that the deceased had led a bad life, the body was denied its customary burial; but if the accuser charged the deceased unjustly, he incurred a severe punishment. If no accuser appeared, the relations cited the praise of the deceased, and the attendants testified their approbation by applause. The body was then interred in the family sepulchre. Those who, for crimes or for debt, were forbidden to be interred, were deposited privately in their own houses.

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After purifying the body, and filling it with aromatic herbs, they placed it on a cart and removed it to another district. Those who received it, cut off a part of their ear, shaved their heads in a circular form, took a round piece out of their arm, wounded their foreheads and noses, and ran arrows through the left hand. The same ceremonies were performed in every district in the kingdom of the deceased. At last they reached the Gerrhæ, in whose territories were the royal sepulchres. The corpse was placed on a couch, with daggers around it. On the top of the whole were placed pieces of wood, covered with branches of willow. In a different part of the trench, which constituted the grave, they buried one of his concubines, his baker, his cook, his groom, his most confidential servant, and his horses. They also buried the choicest of his effects. In the following year they selected such of the dead king's attendants as had been most about his person, and strangled fifty of them with fifty of his best horses. They then cleaned and stuffed, and afterwards spitted them, leaving a man pinned on the back of each one of the horses. We should think that the Scythians would have sent up many a fervent prayer for long life to their sovereigns.

The affectionate commemoration in which the Greeks held their dead is well known to every reader of the classics. Their literature is full of grateful allusions to the virtue of their ancestors, and of warm tributes to their memory. They esteemed the burial of the dead a matter of the first importance. They believed, as is well known, that, if the body was not interred, the soul would be delayed on its passage to the Elysian fields. "He must not wander in Hades; I will throw three handfuls of earth on him," — the kind-

hearted Greek would say, if he found a human body unburied. Nor did they consider it enough that the corpse should be covered with earth. They also pressed an obolus between the teeth, as passage-money for the soul across the Styx, and lowered into the grave with them, among other vessels, a vase containing a honey-cake to appease the anger of the sour old dog Cerberus.

The Grecian corpse was adorned with garlands, and arrayed in a white robe. While it remained in the house, the relatives of the deceased remained with it, and around the bed the women wailed and tore their hair. An early burial was supposed to be pleasing to the defunct, and consequently the funeral rites were generally performed on the third day after death. In the procession, the male friends went before the coffin, and the females after it. Women who were not at least first-cousin's children to the deceased were not allowed to follow, except in the case of those above sixty years of age. The procession was accompanied by hired *θρηνηδοί*, or mourners, who were probably female flute-players. After the interment the friends adjourned to the house of the nearest relation, and partook of a funeral feast. Then followed sacrifices to the shades of the deceased, the most famous of which occurred on the ninth day after the funeral. Black garments were almost universally worn by mourners.

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consisting generally of flute-players. Second, The hired mourners, called *Præfæ*, who sung the dirge for the deceased. Third, *Mimes* and actors, sometimes comic, and sometimes tragic. Fourth, The family images of the dead man. Fifth, The corpse, borne on a couch, which was sometimes exceedingly rich and costly. Sixth, Relations and heirs of the deceased, together with the slaves freed by his will. Seventh, Citizens generally. The procession marched first to the forum, where the bier was set down in front of the rostra, and an oration was delivered in praise of the deceased by one of his relations. Then they marched to the place of interment. Before they took final leave of their friend, they addressed to him various sentences of farewell, of which the following are specimens: "*Ave anima candida! terra tibi levis sit! molliter cubent ossa!*" "*Vale, vale, vale, nos te ordine, quo natura premiserit, sequemur.*" Could anything be more truly pathetic or grander than these words? They come to us through the darkness of antiquity, like a ray of sunlight through a thick forest. They should be set to music, and chanted to the rich accompaniment of the organ. Full choirs of English voices might sing them at English funerals. They would be infinitely solemn and impressive. Let us hear how they will sound in English: "Farewell, pure spirit! the earth be light upon thee! thy bones rest in peace!" "Farewell, farewell, farewell, we will follow thee in the order in which nature has predestined."

POISONS.

Among the ancients the art of poisoning was held to be almost as important to a politician as polished rhetoric. It was held in esteem during the Middle Ages, and has been transmitted to us, though it is thought not in so perfect a state as among the Greeks, or even the Italians. Now, however, a new era is beginning in this branch of chemistry. Science has found out how to discover poisons, not only in the stomach and intestines, but in the places where they have been carried by absorption; in the brain, in the blood, in the heart, in the liver, in the nervous system. If an investigation is rightly carried on, the presence of a poison is just as certainly demonstrable as the existence of silica in a wheat-stalk, or of starch in a potato.

Till recently it was supposed that certain organic poisons were undetectable; but the last work on this subject, that of Flandin, published in 1853, at Paris, has given methods of analysis for all the known poisons, mineral and vegetable, together with what is better than all, a system of antidotes.

What was formerly called magic consisted for the most part in acquaintance with this art of causing sudden death. I should have said entirely, had not the name of Medea occurred to me, and with that the recollection that in 1608 a learned Frenchman had published a book, attributing her regenerating powers to the knowledge she possessed of a potent hair-dye.

The most common poisons in ancient times, and those which physicians have most to deal with now, were arsenic, opium, and alcohol. The story that the ancients possessed more and subtler poisons than we, is incredible. It may be proper for romancers to write and credulous persons to believe this, but a physician, on calculating the chances for and against such hypothesis, and on examining the accounts of poisoning in olden time, finds that the appearance of the poisons and the results of the *post mortems* are the same as those produced now-a-days by common drugs.

It is observable that the weakest and most barbarous nations make the most common use of poisons. The Bushmen in Africa, and a petty Brazilian tribe whose seat is between the Negro and Simoes, each possess a poison made of roots, venomous bugs, and the poison-bags of snakes, in which they dip their arrows. These by themselves would seem to be toys for children rather than the sole arms of a persecuted nation; yet, when prepared, so powerful are they that neither man nor beast is able to withstand their wounds. Craft with these people has performed the effect of strength, and cunning of brain served in lieu of that of hand.

Among the most famous poisoners, it is perhaps astonishing that so many women are included. Yet an ample reason may be assigned for this. The same weakness which compels the Rio Negro tribes to mingle the *Wourari* has driven the gentler sex to seek in skill the power of avenging the wrongs they receive from the stronger and harsher world. Medea, Circe, Polydama, Locusta, and Urganda, all were women; and what necromancers or magicians have gained a greater name than these?

The poisons that came first in vogue were doubtless the serpent's fangs, used by the hunter or the warrior to barb the arrows of the

chase or of the battle. Soon, however, the vegetable and mineral kingdoms were searched, and before the first book (which was a poem) on poisons was written, mercury and lead had been added to the list. It is probable also that prussic acid was used by the ancients, and constituted part, at least, of the bitter waters of jealousy. The two sulphides of arsenic were known to the Greeks and Romans, under the names of *sandarach* and *auripigmentum*, at or before the time of Augustus. Claudius was probably killed with corrosive sublimate administered by Locusta, and Britannicus was poisoned by some vegetable preparation, and, judging from the recorded symptoms of his case, by cyanhydric or prussic acid.

The next great poisoner after Nero's time is found in the highest of all offices, Vicar of Christ and Vicegerent of God upon earth, Alexander VI., Pope of Rome. He, with his son Cæsar, made use of a poison, called by the people of that time *cantarella*, — a name derived from the slang expression which speaks of paying money as singing (*cantare*). This poison was indubitably arsenic, in some of its many forms.

The end of this sixteenth century was a most glorious time for the miners of arsenic. Besides Alexander Borgia and his son Cæsar, Yvan IV. of Russia and Philip II. of Spain were at work in the scientific occupation of poisoning. The first succeeded in marrying seven wives and killing them, together with many other people; while the father confessor of the second wrote, after several murders by his princely pupil had been committed, "kings have infinite power over their subordinates and subjects, and are justified not only in removing them with cause assigned and judgment given, but without reason, and they should submit; for the king can do no wrong." Very consolatory salve this must have been for the conscience of the royal sinner!

Certain royal families seem to have concentrated in themselves the poisoning faculties of whole ages. The house of Swabia has rendered itself infamous throughout Europe for its skill in medicating the draughts of its monarchs. Till the reign of Charles V. of France, the French kings were frequently yielding to the drugged chalice of their relatives and wives. And even in England, three reigns have been notorious for this crime.

The manna of St. Nicholas, or aqua Tophana, was invented early in the seventeenth century. This was the most deadly poison then known. It was a limpid fluid, clear as crystal, and was probably a

solution of arsenic or corrosive sublimate. Towards the middle of this century, France received from Italy this powerful agent, and soon had experience of its deadly effects and its subtlety. The Marchioness of Brinvilliers, urged by her paramour, poisoned her father, her two brothers, one of her children, her sister, and a servant, the last by way of experiment. The head of the Marchioness was cut off, her body burned, her ashes scattered to the winds, and her life and fate made the subject of some of Madame de Sevigné's* letters.

This terrible fate of the first enterprising poisoner of France terrified all others who were disposed to imitate her, and it was not till 1680 that a regular traffic began in the "powder of succession," so called, a knowledge of which had been gained by the confession of the unfortunate and criminal lady just mentioned. At this time "La Chambre Ardente" was erected for the trial of poisoners, and immediately some forty persons, many of them of high rank, were accused, tried, and condemned by this tribunal. From this time we have no poisoners of high rank. In Bavaria we meet with a woman in 1808-9, who, in nine months of those years, poisoned seventy-six persons. We find another woman in Bremen, who in her career of fifty years had killed outright forty persons, and administered poison to numberless others. Castaing was condemned for a single crime of this nature, and on his execution day acknowledged fourteen. In La Vendée, lately, a woman killed four persons by poison, and acknowledged three of the murders. Strange to say, the features of this woman resembled almost exactly those of the Marchioness poisoner. Yet all these crimes sink into nothingness by the side of the gigantic attempt of a discharged bed-maker in France, who poisoned the commons bread of the whole college to which she had been attached, in the mad desire to punish the head of the institution for her discharge. Fortunately, the crime was detected before much harm had been done.

The theory of Flandin and of the Baron von Liebig, that poisons act only after absorption into the system, is the one that will be adopted in this paper. This theory was advanced in 1846, and has been so steadily gaining ground with physicians ever since, that we

* During some recent improvements in Paris, it became necessary to remove the Hotel Brinvilliers, and there were found, imbedded in the wall, no less than three skeletons. These offer a further proof of the criminality of the Marchioness, and, at the same time, the solution of the curious question of the composition of "aqua Tophana."

flesh. In truth, "*tantum pellis et ossa fuit.*" The charger of Sir Hudibras could easily have been distinguished, from Butler's description of him : —

"The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall ;
I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his gait
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state.

His strutting ribs on both sides show'd,
Like furrows he himself had plow'd,
For underneath the skirt of pannel
'Twixt every two there was a channel ;
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flirt."

We were next shown the snorting beast which Cowper hired, and lent to the calender of London-town, who lent him to his good friend, the trainband captain, John Gilpin, who, on his twentieth wedding-day, as everybody knows, drove the animal too fast ; too fast for himself, too fast for his hat, wig, and red cloak, too fast for the precious wine-bottles at his side, too fast for turnpike-men, too fast for the horse, and too fast for his own dinner.

Still following my guide into the more remote parts of the stables, I saw the High-metl'd Racer, whose joys and sorrows Mr. Dibdin, in a very pretty song, (a gem of purest ray serene, by the way, but, unfortunately, rather obscure,) traced from the period of his coltish vigor down to his being served up as an offal feast for dogs.

The adjoining stall was apparently tenantless. I peered into the blackness, but no equine shape revealed itself. I was turning away, when my guide told me that that was the stall of the celebrated Nightmare, and he proceeded to give me the names of people who often hired her. I recollect only one. A grisly old gentleman, misshapen, with a huge hunch on his back and a haggard countenance, who gave his name as Care, often came at dead of night, muffled in a threadbare cloak. The mare had many jadish tricks. She would fling and kick unmercifully, but Care never lost control of her. An uneasy, restless fellow, whose name was Remorse, frequently came, when the night was ugly and lowering, rode off swiftly, and returned the poor beast about daybreak, dripping with sweat.

"Look! that tall, gray horse in yonder stall, with such an aristocratic turn of the head, — is n't that Fitz-James's racer, who, in that memorable chase from Benvoirlich to the Brig of Turk, outstripped all competitors, twice swam the flooded Leith, and finally, just at night, made an unfortunate misstep and killed himself in the very beginning of the first Canto of the *Lady of the Lake*?" Yes, it was indeed that famous horse. Walter Scott's proverbial kindness towards animals was never better shown than in the masterly manner in which he finished the career of that "gallant gray." He knew Ellen Douglas's shallop was n't built for the transportation of horses; he knew, also, that swimming the animal after having urged him to his topmost speed for a whole summer day would have resulted in a painful death, and Fitz-James, he very well knew, was intending to pass the night on the island. So he drove the horse very fast down a very rocky hill.

Next to Walter Scott's horse stood the Tartar of the Ukraine breed, who ran such a furious race with Mazeppa on his back; and in a contiguous stable, the stout galloper, Roland, the horse without peer, whom Robert Browning bought to carry the good news of peace from Ghent. That ride was one of the best things the poet ever did.

We crossed over, then, to an apartment devoted exclusively to a race of little ponies, familiarly known as Hobbies. This stock, we were informed, was exceedingly fluctuating. There was a constant demand for a new one, and old ones were returned every day as unfit for service. There was one old, blustering little animal, whose name was *Sicilian Expedition*, whom some ancient democrats used to ride. The same animal has been rechristened, and is now driven hard by some modern democrats, under the name of *Fillibuster*.

Young men, desirous of making a "distinguished rage" in the world, often come, select their hobby, and ride off, full of spirits; but often return, as old men, with woebegone expression, cursing heartily the viciousness or balkiness of the hobby they have ridden. It is a pertinent fact, that the hobbies of such men always bear the marks of hard driving. Politicians, too, frequently come, and make choice of a hobby, but usually return soon, badly jolted, complaining of the creature's gait. Some of them, however, rode with much apparent comfort, and my guide had heard of their riding into Congress, where they were jerked from one side of the house to the

other by the plunging hobby, till they were finally jerked out of their honesty, and their constituents out of their rights.

We were informed that immense sums were sometimes paid for hobbies. The purchasers ride off with a complacent air, petting and caressing their hobby, and often address them with the endearing term, "my darling singularity." But hobbies are notoriously disagreeable to everybody except their masters. The person who adheres to a sect renders himself, necessarily, disgusting, by proclaiming its cant; the college air pursues the student, and makes business men shy of him, when he goes into the world.

"An eligible opportunity" was next offered me of seeing that "raw-boned, haggard horse," which the best of architects, Mr. Pecksniff, once kept. This was the animal, as all lovers of Mr. Dickens's humor well know, "who infused into the breasts of strangers a lively sense of hope, and possessed all who knew him better with a *grim despair*." This was the animal—every reader of Martin Chuzzlewit well knows it was—"who was so little disconcerted by opportunities of comparing himself with the fastest trotters." This was the animal who was driven in the "gig with the tumor." This was the last horse we had time to see in the Poet's Equerry. We thanked our obliging guide, and went out through a door which opened conveniently close by. As we passed through the yard, our eye was arrested by the huge proportions of the Trojan horse. Wisely concluding that the animal must be vicious (for we knew he was old), we avoided him; reflecting, at the same time, that Laocoön gave good advice, when he told the Trojans,—

"Equo ne credite, Teucri."

HONORS TO THE DEAD.

APART from its intrinsic beauty and solemnity, much interest belongs to the funeral ceremony on account of its antiquity and universality. There is probably no nation on the face of the globe which does not perform some rites over its dead. And in regard to the date of its origin, we make no hesitation in referring it to the time when, as the Irish priest expressed it, Adam was gathered to his fathers.

Cicero, speaking of burial, says : " But that seems to me the most ancient mode of burial, which, according to Xenophon, is employed by Cyrus. For the body is restored to the earth, and is laid there, just as if it were wrapped in the mantle of a mother." It is not clear whether the idea contained in this last figure of speech is original with Cicero or Xenophon, or is attributed to the undertakers of the most ancient period. Most certain we are that the latter never had any such fanciful notions. They simply wished to get rid of the dead bodies, and knew of no better way than to bury them. And they were quite right. No better way has yet been discovered, although we are living in the nineteenth century, and the world has turned round since then, nobody would dare say how many million times.

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What was formerly called magic consisted for the most part in acquaintance with this art of causing sudden death. I should have said entirely, had not the name of Medea occurred to me, and with that the recollection that in 1608 a learned Frenchman had published a book, attributing her regenerating powers to the knowledge she possessed of a potent hair-dye.

The most common poisons in ancient times, and those which physicians have most to deal with now, were arsenic, opium, and alcohol. The story that the ancients possessed more and subtler poisons than we, is incredible. It may be proper for romancers to write and credulous persons to believe this, but a physician, on calculating the chances for and against such hypothesis, and on examining the accounts of poisoning in olden time, finds that the appearance of the poisons and the results of the *post mortems* are the same as those produced now-a-days by common drugs.

It is observable that the weakest and most barbarous nations make the most common use of poisons. The Bushmen in Africa, and a petty Brazilian tribe whose seat is between the Negro and Simoes, each possess a poison made of roots, venomous bugs, and the poison-bags of snakes, in which they dip their arrows. These by themselves would seem to be toys for children rather than the sole arms of a persecuted nation ; yet, when prepared, so powerful are they that neither man nor beast is able to withstand their wounds. Craft with these people has performed the effect of strength, and cunning of brain served in lieu of that of hand.

Among the most famous poisoners, it is perhaps astonishing that so many women are included. Yet an ample reason may be assigned for this. The same weakness which compels the Rio Negro tribes to mingle the *Wourari* has driven the gentler sex to seek in skill the power of avenging the wrongs they receive from the stronger and harsher world. Medea, Circe, Polydama, Locusta, and Uriganda, all were women ; and what necromancers or magicians have gained a greater name than these ?

The poisons that came first in vogue were doubtless the serpent's fangs, used by the hunter or the warrior to barb the arrows of the

chase or of the battle. Soon, however, the vegetable and mineral kingdoms were searched, and before the first book (which was a poem) on poisons was written, mercury and lead had been added to the list. It is probable also that prussic acid was used by the ancients, and constituted part, at least, of the bitter waters of jealousy. The two sulphides of arsenic were known to the Greeks and Romans, under the names of *sandarach* and *auripigmentum*, at or before the time of Augustus. Claudius was probably killed with corrosive sublimate administered by Locusta, and Britannicus was poisoned by some vegetable preparation, and, judging from the recorded symptoms of his case, by cyanhydric or prussic acid.

The next great poisoner after Nero's time is found in the highest of all offices, Vicar of Christ and Vicegerent of God upon earth, Alexander VI., Pope of Rome. He, with his son Cæsar, made use of a poison, called by the people of that time *cantarella*, — a name derived from the slang expression which speaks of paying money as singing (*cantare*). This poison was indubitably arsenic, in some of its many forms.

The end of this sixteenth century was a most glorious time for the miners of arsenic. Besides Alexander Borgia and his son Cæsar, Yvan IV. of Russia and Philip II. of Spain were at work in the scientific occupation of poisoning. The first succeeded in marrying seven wives and killing them, together with many other people; while the father confessor of the second wrote, after several murders by his princely pupil had been committed, "kings have infinite power over their subordinates and subjects, and are justified not only in removing them with cause assigned and judgment given, but without reason, and they should submit; for the king can do no wrong." Very consolatory salve this must have been for the conscience of the royal sinner!

Certain royal families seem to have concentrated in themselves the poisoning faculties of whole ages. The house of Swabia has rendered itself infamous throughout Europe for its skill in medicating the draughts of its monarchs. Till the reign of Charles V. of France, the French kings were frequently yielding to the drugged chalice of their relatives and wives. And even in England, three reigns have been notorious for this crime.

The manna of St. Nicholas, or aqua Tophana, was invented early in the seventeenth century. This was the most deadly poison then known. It was a limpid fluid, clear as crystal, and was probably a

solution of arsenic or corrosive sublimate. Towards the middle of this century, France received from Italy this powerful agent, and soon had experience of its deadly effects and its subtlety. The Marchioness of Brinvilliers, urged by her paramour, poisoned her father, her two brothers, one of her children, her sister, and a servant, the last by way of experiment. The head of the Marchioness was cut off, her body burned, her ashes scattered to the winds, and her life and fate made the subject of some of Madame de Sevigné's * letters.

This terrible fate of the first enterprising poisoner of France terrified all others who were disposed to imitate her, and it was not till 1680 that a regular traffic began in the "powder of succession," so called, a knowledge of which had been gained by the confession of the unfortunate and criminal lady just mentioned. At this time "La Chambre Ardente" was erected for the trial of poisoners, and immediately some forty persons, many of them of high rank, were accused, tried, and condemned by this tribunal. From this time we have no poisoners of high rank. In Bavaria we meet with a woman in 1808-9, who, in nine months of those years, poisoned seventy-six persons. We find another woman in Bremen, who in her career of fifty years had killed outright forty persons, and administered poison to numberless others. Castaing was condemned for a single crime of this nature, and on his execution day acknowledged fourteen. In La Vendée, lately, a woman killed four persons by poison, and acknowledged three of the murders. Strange to say, the features of this woman resembled almost exactly those of the Marchioness poisoner. Yet all these crimes sink into nothingness by the side of the gigantic attempt of a discharged bed-maker in France, who poisoned the commons bread of the whole college to which she had been attached, in the mad desire to punish the head of the institution for her discharge. Fortunately, the crime was detected before much harm had been done.

The theory of Flandin and of the Baron von Liebig, that poisons act only after absorption into the system, is the one that will be adopted in this paper. This theory was advanced in 1846, and has been so steadily gaining ground with physicians ever since, that we

* During some recent improvements in Paris, it became necessary to remove the Hotel Brinvilliers, and there were found, imbedded in the wall, no less than three skeletons. These offer a further proof of the criminality of the Marchioness, and, at the same time, the solution of the curious question of the composition of "aqua Tophana."

are able to point to it as one of the very few hypotheses that, from their own merit, undefended and strenuously attacked, have produced conviction in scientific minds.

This theory leads us to some startling results. There are *no irritant poisons*. That is to say, a poisoning by sulphuric or nitric acid is not a poisoning so far forth as the mucous membrane is eroded, but it is a poisoning inasmuch as a foreign substance is, by absorption of the acid, introduced into the system, the presence of which is incompatible with life. From this theory it follows, that, by some secret principle, poisons modify the composition of the organic liquids and solids contained in the body, and they do not act, as was formerly vaguely stated, upon the heart, lungs, and nervous system. It follows, also, that the course of treatment which opposes the action of a poison must be different from one applied merely to an internal irritation.

It is impossible, in the present state of medical knowledge, to classify poisons according to their effects on animal economy. The division into vegetable, animal, and mineral poisons is made ready to our hands, and this we adopt. It is perhaps as good as any other, for the following reasons.

If mineral poisons have been given to a person and death ensues, they can be detected in the remains of the victim, even if exhumed after many years. If the poisons are vegetable, they produce peculiar effects, which physicians do not recognize as belonging to any of the regular diseases. If animal, (except cantharides, the action of which is peculiar and speedy,) although chemistry has not yet separated their poisonous properties, and medical wisdom is almost powerless in determining whether they or common disorders have produced the disease, yet never, or almost never, are they employed for criminal purposes; and as the science of toxicology has for its object the protection of the weak and helpless victims by the punishment of the criminal, it is sufficiently powerful now to be granted a place as one of the Briarean arms of medical jurisprudence.

All the passages of the body may serve as roads of entrance to poisons, but it makes no difference how these hurtful agents enter, as long as they meet with an absorbing surface which shall transport them into the blood. Instant death is produced when active poisons are injected into the veins. If poisons are applied to lesions of the skin, they show their evil properties more quickly than when introduced through the stomach. The reason of this is obvious. The

stomach can clear itself in part, and besides, the absorbing surfaces of it, and of the intestinal canal, are defended by lubricants, in such a way that the lacteals cannot act so instantly as the absorbing surfaces of the uncovered flesh. When gaseous poisons act upon the lungs, the effects are sudden and terrible. I refer more particularly in this place to the action of arseniuretted hydrogen, and by no means to carbonic acid, which is not a poison, as it acts not by absorption, but by asphyxia (prevention of breathing). There is no doubt that the effect of a poison, arsenic, for example, is the same, whether it be applied to the skin as a powder, be breathed, or be taken internally. Abundant evidence has been adduced in regard to this fact.

Although no difference can be shown in the action of a poison upon the body which is caused by the way of entrance of the poison, yet there are circumstances which modify and even destroy its effects. Large doses of powerful poisons, mercury, prussic acid, arsenic, opium, lead, antimony, brucine, strychnine, are frequently prescribed by physicians with beneficial results. In these cases they combat, or, as the homœopathists believe, assist the disease, and are not, as Orfila supposed, more dangerous on that account. Age and sex are also powerful auxiliaries to the poisoner. An infant or a woman succumbs easier than a mature man, a mature man sooner than a dotard. If poison be taken upon a full stomach, its effects are less deadly than upon an empty one; if in a drowsy state, the development of bad symptoms is retarded.

Since there are many diseases which resemble in their symptoms poisonings, the first care of the scientific man, in entering upon an investigation as to the cause of sudden death, is to hold a *post mortem*, and try to classify under the head of natural diseases, or, as the coroner's verdict says, "visitation of God," the unexpected death of the victim. Congestion, apoplexy, syncope, epilepsy, lockjaw, intermittent fevers, cholera, ruptures of blood-vessels, and the effects of cold water in warm weather, all are instant. All carry off their prey in the twinkling of an eye, all may be produced in appearance by poisons and mixtures of poisons. Indigestion and diseases of the digestive and respiratory organs, colic, intestinal worms, all produce their effects similar to poisons, yet more slowly and acutely than those above mentioned, and various chronic diseases assimilate, in their symptoms, slow poisonings.

It does not then follow that poison has been administered because

a strange death has taken place ; and unless the opinions of several competent scientific men are taken, we should reject all such hypotheses. I have said competent men of science ; for the sad records of French and American jurisprudence * show many a name which has been blackened for ever as that of a criminal, and many a useful life that has been forfeited by the too great confidence of inexperienced chemists in theories which are at present exploded.

It is needless to enumerate the mineral poisons ; they surpass by far the number of simple mineral elements. Compounds of various sorts, sulphides, salts, haloids, acids, bases, all come under this head. As, however, simple bodies are indestructible, we can always, by using the proper methods, obtain and exhibit the mineral, or its ultimate element, if a compound, without difficulty. A mere tyro in chemistry can, with proper care, test for arsenic, and discover it, even if years have elapsed since it caused death. It should, however, be remarked, that, when a corpse is exhumed on suspicion of having been poisoned, we ought not only to test the body itself for poison, but also the earth in which it has lain, to the distance of some yards, and if this latter contains any amount of the same kind of poison that exists in the corpse, we must reject the hypothesis of poisoning altogether.

The antidotes for mineral poisons are of various natures. Those of the first kind have for their object to neutralize the poison, or render it insoluble. In the second class we place those substances which prevent absorption, and in the third rank come such drugs and instruments as promote the elimination of the unhealthy substances. It is proper to administer immediately any of the following antidotes : astringents, lime-water or bitter sulphuretted water, milk, lemonade, soap-suds, mucilages of gum arabic and tragacanth, oils, charcoal, magnesia, even sugar, chalk, iron-rust, yolks or whites of eggs, Jesuit's or Peruvian bark, salt water, vitriol water, epsom salts. These all are useful in cases of metallic poisoning, and most of them in cases of poisoning by mineral acids. In addition to these might be recommended for these latter, various alkaline solutions, and particularly the solution of bi- or super-carbonate of soda. This would act by neutralizing the acid. In all cases of poisoning let water be given in large quantities, for by this the poisons will be diluted, and will not act with so great intensity. These few suggestions do not,

* See the report of the Hendrickson Case, (Albany, Barnes & Hevenor, 1853,) and the case of Dr. Beal at Philadelphia, yet fresh in every mind.

however, prevent the sending for the nearest physician, — a thing always advisable in cases of poisoning.

The subject of organic poisons presents, in the outset, great difficulty. It is well known that all organic substances are compounds of the elements oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, arranged in various proportions. The recovery of these elements in their combinations, it will readily be seen, must be difficult, and this renders the discovery of a poisoning by the vegetable acids and alkaloids very uncertain; for unless we can obtain and exhibit the poisonous principle in a concentrated form, we cannot prove the poisoning. We shall not attempt to give processes of analysis for alkaloids, since that would swell this article to the length of a treatise on organic poisons; but only to name and classify the best known drugs of a poisonous nature, and suggest some remedies in cases where these have been used.

In the first rank we place the *Papaveraceæ*. These comprise all the plants from which we can produce opium or any of its proximate elements, as morphine, codeine, narcotine, thebaine, pseudomorphine, porphyroxine, narceine, papaverine, meconine, and meconic acid. These poisonous elements prostrate the whole system, depress and benumb the faculties, and finally throw the unfortunate victim into a sleep "which knows no waking." It is necessary, in order to prevent the deadly effects of opium, to attempt in every way to eliminate it from the system. Then the patient is to be kept constantly excited and in motion; he must be made to walk. The circulation must be kept up, or all is lost. Everything depends on keeping the sick man awake. If he falls into a lethargy, there is no hope. There is little or no trust to be put in any chemical or mechanical antidotes, save those of emetics and the stomach-pump.

The *Strychniæ* come next in importance to the *Papaveraceæ*. They contain two proximate elements of death-bearing effect, strychnine and brucine. These, like the other alkaloids, may combine with acids and form various salts. These alkaloids cause convulsions, lockjaw, and general stupor. Excitement, blood-letting, the stomach-pump, tonics, and tea are the proper antidotes.

Next in order are the *Solanaceæ*. These have five poisonous principles peculiar to their class, together with some of the principles of the *Papaveraceæ*. These alkaloids are nicotine, daturine, hyoscyamine, atropine, and solanine. These seem to produce the double effect of both the classes of poisons mentioned above, to-

gether with vertigo, and in fact the peculiar symptoms observed in most young men when they smoke their first cigar, for tobacco is the most noticeable of the Solanaceæ. The same system of antidotes which were used for the Strychniæ may be successfully practised with this class.

Among the Ranunculaceæ (which compose the next class) may be numbered as poisonous plants aconite, clematis, hellebore, and anemone. Their alkaloids are delphine, anemonine, and aconitine. A state of entire prostration ensues on taking these poisons, which is to be combated by friction of the skin, sulphuric ether and alcohol taken internally, wine, absinth, and rhubarb, given in large doses. These have proved very successful in the case of twelve men poisoned by aconite at Brescia, only three of whom died, although the others would doubtless have succumbed had it not been for this treatment; for the dose which each took was sufficient to have killed the whole dozen if left to its own action.

The Colchicææ comprise the veratria and white hellebore. The alkaloids are veratrine and colchicine. In cases of poisonings by these alkaloids, it is of no use to try chemical reagents. The poisons must be either eliminated as recommended for the Strychniæ, or their effects must be combated as prescribed for the Ranunculaceæ.

The only alkaloid yet extracted from the Umbelliferæ is conicine or cicutine. This suspends animation in three seconds after being given, and there is no way of prevention. A proper use of the galvanic battery might perhaps revive, though no one would pin much faith on so small a prospect of success.

The Menispermæ contain the alkaloid picrotoxine, whose action is similar to that of strychnine.

The Scrophulariæ have the alkaloid digitaline, which acts very much like aconitine.

Besides these, the Cucurbitaceæ and the Euphorbiaceæ, the Guttifereæ, the Liliaceæ, the Terebinthaceæ, the Coniferæ, and mushrooms, all contain poisonous elements which have not yet been separated. To combat their evil effects, we must give powerful medicines, tonics to oppose prostration, antiphlogistics, and so on.

Before leaving mushrooms, it is well to mention the ergot of rye, now established as one of the most powerful drugs which can be placed in the hands of the obstetrician. It is a substance for which many an accoucheur has blessed the Deity, and to which many a mother owes the salvation of her own life and that of her child.

Yet perhaps it has caused more deaths than any other fungus, or indeed vegetable. It is a small growth upon rye, which entirely changes the nature of that useful grain, and causes frequently most deadly epidemics among the poorer classes in Europe who are obliged to live upon it. It creates a fermentation in the blood, which gradually leads to mortification of the members; a mortification which is combated by various local applications, and by amputation.

The poisons of animals cannot be detected as a general thing. *Cantharides* is an exception to this rule. Its effect, like that of snake-bites and the wounds of scorpions and other poisonous animals, can be combated by the use of alcohol and ammonia freely applied to the wound, and taken internally.

The necessity of concluding this article, already long, does not permit me to do more than mention the poisonous effects of tainted or diseased meat, effects which are in our present state of knowledge deadly. There is no remedy yet discovered which can set at rest the slow fermentation which the consumption of these sets up in the blood. The bite of a mad dog is equally disastrous, and no remedy or preventive of hydrophobia has yet been discovered, save the excision or cautery of the wounded part when first attacked.

Strange as it may seem, it is yet true, that all the mineral, and most vegetable poisons, and even some of the animal, are the strong right-arm of the physician, and we very well know that in many cases the very dose which we take with so beneficial an effect would, if increased by a dozen drops, cause death. Strange as this may seem, it is not more singular than the fact that many, very many poisons neutralize each other, and prussic acid even may be given with impunity, provided it be followed by a dose of sulphate of iron (itself a poison) and carbonate of potassa. We are looking forward with hope, and even with expectation, to the day when the bite of a rattlesnake or cobra di capello shall be a regular prescription in the pharmacopœia, and when a mad dog shall be a part of every experimental physician's laboratory.

ODE TO AN ICE-HOUSE.

O BURNING sun ! thy rays of shining light,
In vain descend upon this lowly roof,
That shields those icy masses fair and white ;
Nor fear thy chariot, thy charger's hoof,
In noonday course.
O stranger, stay, and fondly gaze awhile
On yon expanse of twining, woody curls !
Think on the noble trunks, in ghastly pile,
That fell beneath the axe of forest churls.
Ah, mourn their loss !

Think how they floated in the lurid stream,
Borne on the current of a ruthless tide ;
Think how the woodland-king, the leafy green,
Striped of their mantles, glided side by side,
In humble guise !
Here now behold their mangled corpses, torn
By cruel saw and wood-devouring plane ;
Here see the tomb of giants, once so strong,
Whose pride the sharpened steel has learned to tame,
In cruel wise.

Beneath those crispy shavings, damp and cold,
Lie mines of glistening blocks, like crystal bright,
Borne from the banks where sparkling waves have rolled
Their crested heads, throughout the star-lit night,
And welcome day.
No more the sun their stony hearts shall melt ;
But tears, slow coursing down their glassy cheeks,
Shall waste their captive forms ; as those who 've felt
The pressure of the chain for days and weeks
Oft pine away.

Remorseless man shall hew your jewelled heads,
With flinty axe and ice-compelling pike,
Bedewed with your best blood, which trickling speeds
Its winding course, and wets the hands that strike
With chilling gore.
Within a bag of canvas, close confined,
Under the mallet shall ye groan and cry ;
Your powdered bones no rest, alas ! shall find :
With wine and peel of lemons mixed they lie,
Pierced with a straw !

Thus shall your heart's last drops be sucked through tubes,
 Or basely cast to run through muddy drains.
 Where are those lucid squares ; those crystal cubes ?
 Gone ! Gone, alas ! 'T is thus that beauty wanes,
 And age comes on.
 Those twisted shreds once stood the forest's pride ;
 That turbid stream once flashed, like costly gem.
 Stranger, when borne on Fortune's changeful tide,
 Remember still, that life flies fast ; and then
 Is quickly gone !

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

THERE stood a goldsmith in his booth,
 'Mid gems that glistened clear ;
 " My fairest jewel, by my sooth,
 Art thou," said he, " Helena !
 My little daughter dear ! "

Then in there came a handsome knight :
 " God save thee, maiden fair !
 And thou, good goldsmith, fashion right
 A coronal of jewels,
 For my sweet bride to wear ! "

And when the coronal was wrought,
 And in rich lustre shone,
 Helena took it, sad in thought,
 And on her white arm hung it,
 As there she stood alone.

" Ah ! very happy will she be
 Whose brow this crown shall kiss !
 Ah ! would the dear knight give to me
 A wreath of roses only,
 How perfect were my bliss ! "

And so the knight came in at door,
 And saw the crown so fair :
 " Good goldsmith, make for me once more
 A little ring with diamonds
 For my sweet bride to wear ! "

And when the ring was ready wrought
With many a costly stone,
Helena took it, sad in thought,
Half on her finger slipped it,
As there she stood alone.

"Ah ! very happy will she be
Whose hand this ring shall kiss !
Ah ! would the dear knight spare for me
One ringlet from his forehead,
How perfect were my bliss !"

And soon the handsome knight returned,
And saw the ring so fair :
"Good goldsmith, thou hast praises earned,
Hast wrought full fine the jewels
For my sweet bride to wear.

"Yet would I fain behold them worn.
Come, lovely maid, and see
How well these ornaments adorn
The beauty of my dear one,
For she is fair, like thee."

It was a Sunday morning there,
And so the lovely maid
Had dressed herself with pretty care,
And for the church was starting,
All in her best arrayed.

With comely shame she blushing came,
Before the knight to stand,
He crowned her with the golden crown,
He put the ring upon her,
And then he took her hand.

"O sweet Helena, maiden dear !
The fairest bride of all !
'Tis time this riddle were made clear.
For thee the ring bespoke I,
For thee the coronal.

"Since precious stones and pearls and gold
Have playthings been for thee,
This symbol has thy fate foretold,
That thou to higher honor
Shouldst go along with me."

SCHEFFER'S DANTE AND BEATRICE.

It was our good fortune not long since to see a fine painting of Ary Scheffer's,—one of his latest, too, and only finished last summer. It is his "Dante and Beatrice," and Boston should congratulate itself on possessing so beautiful a picture. It is the property of Mr. C. C. Perkins, and has not yet been publicly exhibited, though we learn it is to be. We hope it will go into the Athenæum Gallery this season, for the public delight; and there too we ought to see Retsch's copy of the Dresden Madonna, which, though it has been some years in the country, has never appeared in any public gallery, we believe. Such pictures should be placed where the greatest number of people can enjoy them, and be taught by their serene beauty.

"Dante and Beatrice," like all Scheffer's recent pictures, is almost entirely void of color. Dante wears the accustomed red robe, and the white vesture of Beatrice is tinged with a rosy shade, but besides this there is scarcely any color in the painting. This gives it a certain coldness, which is a fault found with most of Scheffer's works; but it adds to the pure spirituality of the picture. The passage illustrated is in the first canto of the Paradise, lines 48—54:—

"E sì come secondo raggio suole
 Uscir del primo e risalire insuso,
 Pur come peregrin che tornar vuole;
 Cosè del atto suo, per gli occhi infuso
 Nel immagine mia, il mio sì fece,
 E fisso gli occhi al Sole oltre a nostr' uso."

Beatrice stands with her head thrown back, and her beautiful eyes raised toward the sun in heaven. Her golden hair is bound with a wreath of leaves,—one hand falls straight by her side amid the folds of her robe, while the other rests upon her shoulder. Her whole expression is that of rapt maidenly devotion, and no words can do justice to the wondrous purity and beauty of her face and

* Cary thus translates these verses:—

"As from the first a second beam is wont
 To issue, and reflected upwards rise,
 Even as a pilgrim bent on his return;
 So of her act that through the eyesight passed
 Into my fancy, mine was formed; and straight,
 Beyond our mortal wont, I fixed mine eyes
 Upon the sun."

mien. She is the true Beatrice of Dante, — the loved maiden transfigured by the light of the heavenly world into which she has so sweetly and naturally passed.

Dante — the only other figure in the picture — pleases us much less. There is something almost sinister in his fine strong face as he turns it towards Beatrice. One misses the subdued and reverent expression which Dante should wear in the presence of his adored love, and the peace which that blessed presence should bring his soul does not beam forth from his face. It is a cold, sad gaze that he turns upward, contrasting almost painfully with the holy aspect of the worshipping Beatrice.

It is a little difficult to see how the verses quoted as suggesting the picture exactly apply to it. It agrees better with that line in Canto II. of the Paradise, —

“Beatrice in suso, ed io in lei guardava,”—

to which Uhland alludes in his beautiful poem, “Dante.”

“Hoch und höher schwebten Beide
Durch des Himmels Glanz und Ironnen,
Sie, auf blickend ungeblendet,
Zu der Sonne aller Sonnen;
Er, die Augen hingewendet
Nach der Freundin Angesichte,
Das verklärt ihn schauen liesz
Abglanz von der Ew'gen Sichte.”*

Scheffer has before this touched upon Dante's great poem, which is crowded so full of scenes and images to inspire a painter. In his “Francesca da Rimini,” which we only know in the engraving, he has sketched with marvellous power those two distressed spirits borne through the “perse air” on the stormy wind of Hell. The anguish and the undivided love of Francesco and her guilty, murdered lover, — the yearning commiseration of Dante and his guide, — force themselves upon our notice as we look at the picture. But in “Dante and Beatrice” everything is different, — as the serene

* We have thus ventured to render these verses : —

“High and higher soared the lovers
Through the splendor of the skies,
She to heaven's sun uplooking
With her clear, undazzled eyes;
He with level glances gazing
On her face divinely bright,
Where he saw the pure reflected
Glory of th' Eternal Light.”

ether of Paradise differs from the sad gloom of Hell. One cannot look at it without feeling that reverence for the pictured Beatrice which Dante says she herself inspired in all who saw her : —

“Umile vergognosa e temperata,
E sempre a virtù grata,
Intra suoi be' costumi un atto regna,
Che d' ogni riverenza la fa degna.”

NEW BOOKS.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. A Romaunt, by LORD BYRON. Boston : Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1855.

THE publishers will accept our thanks for a copy of this book. These cheap and popular editions of the best English poems are doing a great and good work in our land. Their multitude and success are among the brightest signs of promise for literature, and, among all the cheap nothings or worse than nothings which every day sends out, show that there is still a genuine taste and warm love for real true poetry among our people. Volumes like this are bought and read, and appreciated, by thousands of the very class of people who most of all need the elevating and purifying influence of poetry. Mr. John Bartlett, in Cambridge, has the book for sale.

Ultima Thule: or Thoughts suggested by a Residence in New Zealand.
By THOMAS CHOLMONDELEY. London : John Chapman. 1854.

MR. CHOLMONDELEY is an English gentleman of much thought and learning, who, after graduating at Oxford (where he studied under that ripe scholar and charming poet, Arthur Hugh Clough) and continuing his studies in Germany, finally went out to New Zealand a few years ago as a colonist. He lived there in a hut on his own farm for a year or two, and some years ago returned to England, where he published this book. It is valuable for the facts and suggestions it contains concerning this promising British colony, but still more so to us, for its speculations on church and state and society. Mr. Cholmondeley writes like a scholar, and theorizes a good deal, but there is great liberality in his philosophy, and a very un-English freedom from prejudice, especially with regard to America. He belongs to that small, but sound party in England, who seek the true interests of that noble state, and abhor alike the Tory conservatism, the Manchester-school vulgarity, and the Radical blindness of English politicians. In men of this sort lies the hope of England in the crisis of her destinies, which seems fast approaching.

EDITORS' TABLE.

WINTER is over. And March, fickle, lowering, and morose, departing, has been succeeded by the more genial month of April. After leading a wanton and dissolute life, after blustering for one-and-thirty days, he seemed to repent of his course and manifest a desire to make atonement. The *soi-disant* lion which stalked the streets, and, meeting the affrighted wanderer at every turn, drove him with fear and trembling to seek a shelter, — and which roared around our houses in the cold night, terrifying little children in their beds, and causing even seniors to turn pale, — in the last moments of his authority did this *valiant* beast throw off his assumed garb, and reveal to us — an ass! His death was characteristic of his character; the same dogged obstinacy for which he was ever distinguished clung to him till the last. He awoke on the morning of the thirty-first in the full possession of all his faculties, but with a presentiment of his approaching end. He fretted and scowled for an hour or two, but at last gave way to a smile, — the smile of a hypocrite, which no one trusts nor believes to be sincere. As the day came to a close, a cloud overspread his countenance, which seemed to cast a gloom over those who were assembled to witness his departure. At the last stroke of the clock for twelve, he breathed his last.

We understand that the departed monarch left a will, in which he recommended the same course of policy to his successors; and so, until the family is entirely extirpated, we must expect to groan under their despotic tyranny.

It gives us great pleasure to record the accession of April to the throne. Although May and June have a larger circle of admirers and friends, we must yet give great credit to the present incumbent for his liberality, — a liberality all the more striking from contrast with the selfish conservatism of his predecessor. The “male fowles” will now begin to “maken melodie,” the “tendre croppes” to shoot, and in the new order of things Nature and her children will rejoice.

It is our painful duty, as faithful chroniclers, to record the recent deaths of two great men, whose names bid fair to occupy a prominent place upon the page of history. We refer to Czar Nicholas Alexiovitch, and Mr. William Poole. The former was Emperor over a half-civilized nation in the East, and has become quite famous, of late, for the perseverance and success with which he has defended his country from the almost impotent attacks of the united Christendom of Western Europe. But he is dead! And the crowded audiences of London theatres have testified their respect for his memory, by rising from their seats and giving such hearty cheers as made the walls tremble again; while the bells have rung from every steeple, and the iron dogs of war barked forth their delight from many a hill-side.

From this picture, gay and joyous, let us turn to the metropolis of America, for the contemplation of one of a more sombre hue. To any one who is well acquainted with the dignity and worth of American character, it will be a sufficient panegyric of Mr. Poole for us to say, that, of the greatest city in our land, where we may naturally look to find the most brilliant examples of that world-renowned character, the deceased was the favorite son, — “a true American.” He, too, is departed! And thousands of men, dressed with the sable badge of mourning,

and a funeral procession whose length was measurable by *miles*, evinced the admiration in which he was held by his fellow-citizens.

Young men of America! If you would secure the love of your fellow-citizens while living, and be lamented by them when dead, — if you would meet with a famous end, — the example of the late Mr. Poole speaks to you in unmistakable tones, and tells you to follow closely in his footsteps. Then shall your fame be heralded from pole to pole, and future generations pore with delight over the pages of your biography!

THE APRIL SHOWER, a picture now exhibiting at Mr. Parker's, in Boston, though very pleasing in many respects, and indeed a performance, on the whole, of great merit, is not wholly satisfactory to us. As a *painting* only, — as a representation of what God *might* have made women, or as they exist in a poet's or painter's fancy, — it is the best specimen of American art we have seen. But as for real New England girls, the healthy, sun-browned faces of the country, hardened by our east winds, — or those of the city's seclusion, paler and fairer, — we cannot find them here. We enjoy ideal beauty to the full; and if a painting is intended for a transcendental poem, let us have it, and so call it. But if you purpose to represent a matter-of-fact event of our spring season, such as the frequently recurring meteorological phenomenon of an April shower, and the necessity which compels three pretty girls caught in said shower to combine their rare faces under one lucky umbrella, let us have that too: in this picture there is little or no indication of a shower. Even Captain Bunsby could not predict one: you feel that the young ladies themselves do not expect one; that they have no right to the umbrella; and that they have merely taken advantage of a passing cloud as an apology for innocently exciting our admiration, and filling us with vague dreams which are almost hopes, and hopes which are but dreams. For the satin slippers and elegant dresses tell you that a moment ago they came from the parlor; from singing that "perfectly beautiful" *Il mio Tesoro* of the adored Mario, or a "splendid" polka of the petted Jael. Apart from this, *The April Shower* is a picture of great merit, and receives, as it should, much praise. The grouping is graceful, the faces are beautiful, — though not of the highest order of beauty, — and the drapery suggests the perfection of Copley. The artist will often recall to the minds of many the new and pleasant thoughts always connected with this fickle, yet promising month.

"Sweet April, — many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, — as hearts are wed."

CLASS DAY will be on the 22d of June. The following-named gentlemen have been elected by the Senior Class to fill the various offices of the day: —

Orator: James B. Clark, of Jackson, Miss.

Poet: James K. Hosmer, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Odier: James Reed, of Boston.

Marshal: Langdon Erving, of New York City.

Assistant Marshals: John B. Tileston, of Dorchester; and James M. Seawell, of Louisville, Ky.

Chaplain: William McKenzie, of Gloucester.

Class Secretary: Edwin H. Abbot, of Boston.

Class-Day Committee: Charles F. Sanger, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Willard Q. Phillips, of Cambridge; and Joseph Cushing, of Baltimore, Md.

Class Committee: Thomas W. Clarke, of Boston; and George F. McLellan, of Cambridge.

Class-Supper Odist: William W. Badger, of Honeoye Falls, N. Y.

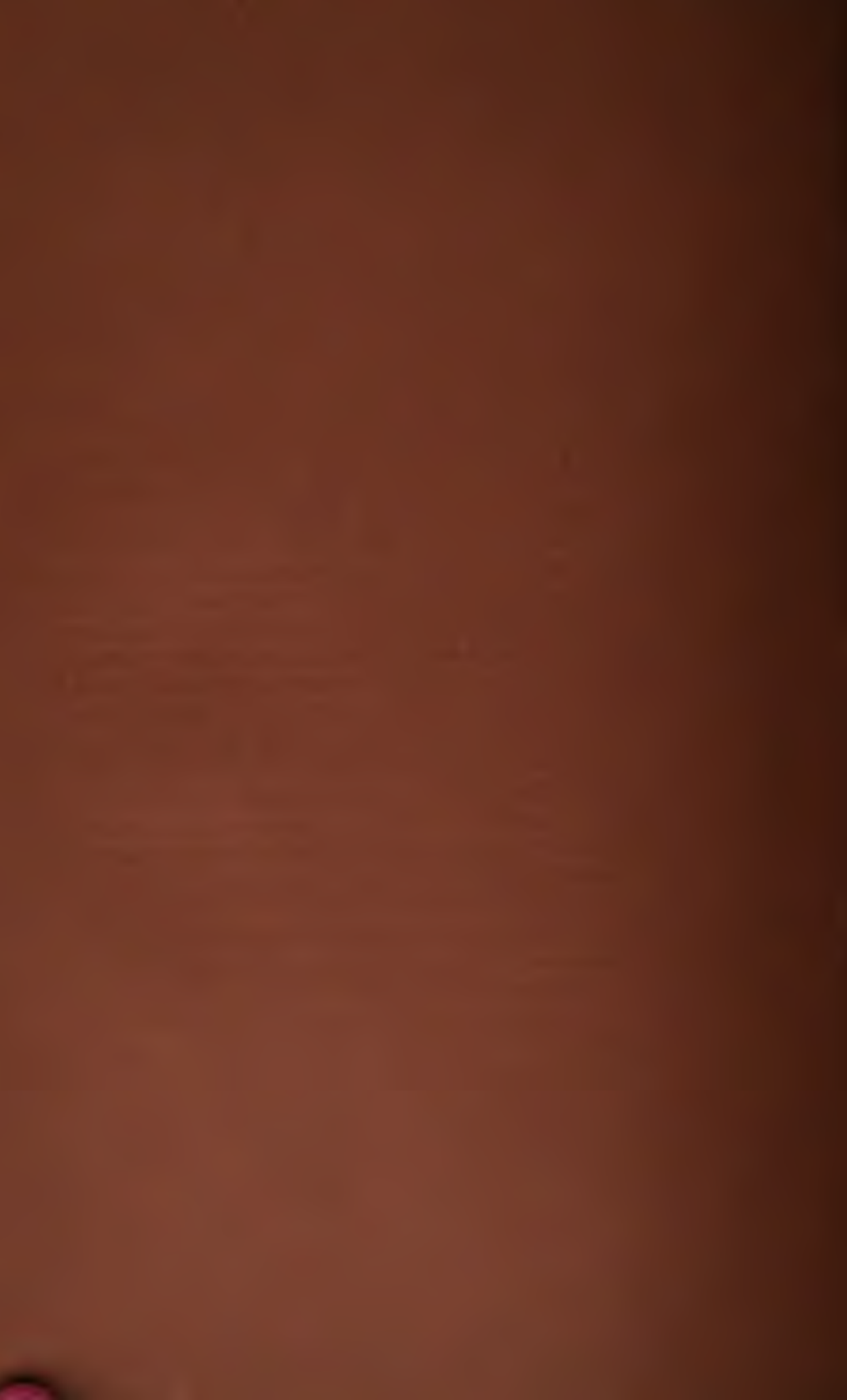
TO UNDERGRADUATES.

As the Editors' Address is somewhat general in its character, we wish here to address ourselves more particularly to our brother students. And first, as to contributions to our pages. We invite all Undergraduates to send us articles for publication, on any subject they choose to treat; and we promise them an impartial judgment so far as we can give it, reserving to ourselves the right of rejecting any article we think unfit for the press. All papers will be published anonymously, unless the writer chooses to sign his name; but the Editors will deem it a sufficient reason for rejecting an article, that we do not know the author's name, since we must know who is responsible for what we print. We hope to receive a good supply of papers on all subjects, — and would especially solicit carefully written scientific articles.

Our Magazine is started with no intention of using its pages to "squib" the College Government, and we shall avoid all personalities of every kind.

We intend to publish about the first of each month. Each number will contain forty-eight pages; and if we meet with good support, we shall increase the number.

We hope you will one and all take such an interest in this nursing of yours, as to support it handsomely. We have the promise of valuable articles from many of the best writers in College, and have no doubt we shall receive others, equally valuable, from sources now unknown to us. We ask you all, therefore, to give us your encouragement, your articles, and — your subscriptions. Our Magazine will be issued by Mr. John Bartlett, who takes upon himself the duties of its publication. He will see that subscribers receive their copies regularly, — and all business communications may be addressed to him.



THE

HARVARD MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1855.

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Bookseller to the University.
1855.

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THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

MAY, 1855.

No. 5.

VINCENT BOURNE.

PERHAPS, among the many readers of this Magazine, there may be some to whom the name at the head of this article is unfamiliar. And there will be others, who have learnt and read only enough of him to long to know more. Unfortunately, it is not in our power to throw any new light upon the mystery which envelops the history of the poet, and we can only revive his memory for his admirers, and chat a while with you all about this good and learned man.

To a genealogist, the poet would present but little attraction; for of his birth and parentage almost nothing is known. It has been ascertained, however, that he was born in 1695; that he was educated at Westminster and in Trinity College, Cambridge, and took the Master's degree in 1721. From conscientious scruples he refused to take orders in the Church, although he seems to have been especially fitted to perform the duties of that calling; and, from a letter to his wife, it would appear that he afterwards almost repented his somewhat hasty decision. Soon after taking his degree, he was appointed usher in the school at Westminster, and in this office he remained through life. Cowper recited to him and loved him, and under his tuition laid the foundation of that classical knowledge which afterwards prompted the translation of Homer and other writers, as well as the poems of his old master. No "man severe and stern to view" was this honest tutor; but, with exemplary conduct and the most sincere piety, he united a pleasant humor and gentle affability. Indeed, he must have been a Bourne from which,

without feeling wiser, and better, and more generous for the visit, no traveller could return. Yet he did not court society or popularity; he carefully shunned the notice of the public, and therefore, as Horace thinks, lived to the profit of himself and the world. His taste for solitude is further shown by the epitaph, of his own composition, which adorns his humble tomb: "IN SILENTIUM QUOD AMÁVIT, DESCENDIT V. B."

Another monument honest "V. B." has left us, in a volume of poems, which are in part translations into Latin of the choice ballads and songs of English literature, and in part original poems in the same language. And it is especially for this reason, that he has so skilfully and neatly clothed his own thoughts and those of others in the beautiful dress of the Latin tongue, that we wish to treat of him here.

The importance of the study of the ancient languages is now undisputed; they are taught in almost every town and village in America, and, at Cambridge certainly, in a thorough manner. And that the world may know they are still cultivated here, and our friends may receive auricular proof that we have not wasted our opportunities, half a dozen dissertations or dialogues for Exhibition or Commencement are translated into those grand and majestic tongues. What young lady, who has ever attended the exercises of one of the latter public occasions, would have been willing to dispense with that sweet "Oratio Salutatoria," in the delivery of which the young orator looked around upon the fair and smiling faces in the gallery, and, as if from some electric impulse, the gown-clad Seniors looked up also, and smiled in joyous sympathy? There is not one; and we most cordially unite with them in hoping that those Orations, Versions, and Dialogues may never fall into disrepute and neglect. But, with his academic robe and "Oxford," the student generally lays aside his Latin, and we can point to but few histories, romances, or poems in that language, that have been composed, in this country, outside the college walls. There exists a hexameter version of "Telemachus," made by the Abbé Viel, a native of New Orleans, which is both correct and spirited; an original epic, "Columbus," by an Italian Jesuit, Carrara; but, as it was written in this country, and under the inspiration of American air and republican institutions, it may fairly be considered as our property. There are also a few minor pieces, such as funeral orations, odes on the accession of a new king to the throne of England, and

the like ; but we have no published collections of Latin or Greek songs, ballads, or lyrics.

In England, on the contrary, a taste for Latin translations has long been cultivated. The students are drilled to write verses, both in the preparatory schools and in college, and, in after life, often practise as a pastime what was once a task. The "*Arundines Cami*" is a collection of translations from English into Latin and Greek, composed by the students of Cambridge in England, and in nearly all the known classical metres. But Vincent Bourne seems to have been born to write this kind of poetry ; and we are almost led to believe that, by some accident, he was overlooked while the great Roman drama was acting, and that stage-manager, Nature, only discovered him after the curtain had fallen upon Virgil and Horace, with their fellow-actors, and, unwilling the world should lose sight of so brilliant a star, had brought him out to delight us, as an interlude to the modern comedy.

The style of the poems by this author is easy, natural, and flowing. Cowper says : " I think him a better Latin poet than Tibullus, Propertius, Ausonius, or any of the writers in his way, except Ovid, and not at all inferior to *him*." Loud praise is this, certainly ; but let us see if it be deserved. We will take an extract from his "*Iter per Tamasin*." It commences with a lively reference to city sights and sounds, and explains the reason for which he takes the trip.

" *Urbem cum volui, crassumque relinquere fumum,
Plaustrorumque vagos strepitus currusque crepantes ;
Nunc vocem stridentis anus, nunc murmura rauca
Audire invitus fusæ per compita turbæ,
Quam miser emittit vates et sordida musa,
Ad litus descendi et amœni Tamisis undas ;
Ut possem recreare animum, placidoque recessu
Et virides campos et dulcia visere rura.*"

On his arrival at the landing, a crowd of boatmen, all "*clamare parati*," collect about him and extol the superior merits of their respective crafts. He selects one, embarks, is joined by a "*dives pingui cum conjuge civis*," and the boatman, after long resisting their importunities to "*shove off*," at last reluctantly complies. Certain preliminaries are to be arranged before they get well under way, but—

" *His ita dispositis, tubulum cum pyxide magna
Depromit, nigrum longus quem fecerat usus.
Hunc postquam implerat pæto, silicemque pararat,
Excussit scintillam ; ubi copia ponitur atri*

Fomitis, hinc ignem sibi multum exigit, et haustu
 Accendens crebro, *surgentes deprimi herbas*
Extremo digito : in cineres albescere pœtum
 Incipit, et naso *gratos emittit odores.*"

Is not the above a most vivid picture? It is indeed drawn from humble life; no description of a boar-hunt like that of Æneas and Queen Dido, with their royal trains, nor of the storming and capture of a mighty city, but an exact representation of an every-day scene. Though we have never glided down the Thames with an English boatman, yet we have often been witness to scenes which this brings distinctly to our memory. What gives greater pleasure to a Hibernian laborer, while he is taking his recess from labor, than to draw from his pocket a favorite *dudheen*, coal-black from use, and to puff away his cares in a cloud of smoke? Reading this passage, we almost perceive in reality the "*gratos odores*" which his pipe emits.

The party passes on, by many a familiar spot, until —

"Piscator solus summa consistere ripa
 Cernitur, intentus studio ei prendere possit
Pisciculum, vel forte vagam si fallere prædam :
 Nec lepidos risus aut improba scommata curat,
 Sed salibus respondet, et ipse aliquando jocosus.
 Occurrunt, seque alterno clamore salutant
 Nautæ : *nec raro noster mordacia remex,*
 Si forte offendat quenquam, convicia spargit,
 Infensus semper miseris sartoribus hostis."

In short, the whole description of the "*Iter*" is most perfect, and, as far as regards this kind of writing, at least, we feel willing to unite with Cowper in his praise. The translations, too, preserve most faithfully the spirit and meaning of the original. We quote from his version of "*Black Eyed Susan*."

"In statione fuit classis, fusisque per auras
 Ludere vexillis et fluitare dedit;
 Cum navem ascendit Susanna: 'O dicite, nautæ,
 Nostræ ubi deliciæ sunt? ubi noster amor?
 Dicite vos, animi fortes, sed dicite verum,
 Agminibus vestris num Gulielmus inest?'"

[Hearing the voice of his beloved while "*Pendulus in summi vertice mali*," he quickly descends.]

"Sic alto in cœlo tremulis se librat ut alis,
 Si sociæ accipiat forsan alauda sonos,

Devolat extemplo ; clausisque ad pectora pennis,
 In caræ nidum præcipitatur avis.
 Basia, quæ Susanna suo permisit amanti,
 Navarcha optârît maximus esse sua.

"Solvere naucleri jussit vox ferrea navem,
 Vela tumescentes explicuere sinus :
 Dixit uterque, Vale ! et lacrymis simul oscula miscens,
 Addidit hæc gemitus, ille recline caput.
 Invita et tarde ad terram Susanna recedit,
 Et nivea repetit 'Vive, valeque !' manu."

Neither did he confine himself to subjects of so light a nature. He entered the fields of religion, metaphysics, and philosophy. He translated some of the most beautiful of our sacred hymns ; and his metrical themes upon such subjects as "*Existentia Entium incorporeorum colligi potest lumine Naturæ*," his descriptions of the *Camera Obscura*, and the "*Laterna Megalographica*," prove him to have been a ripe scholar and a profound thinker. We should like well to see a good edition of the poems of "good Vinny Bourne," from some American press.

All "Barbarians" (as the Romans would style them) who have written in Latin verse have not adopted the ancient metres. During the Dark Ages, when the language had become corrupt, the so-called "*Leonine*" verses sprung up, which were written by accent rather than by quantity. Still some of them are of great merit and are pleasing to a modern ear, though they would have shocked the more tender sense of a *Mæcenas* or an *Augustus*. The "*Dies Iræ*" and "*Stabat Mater*" are familiar to us all, and many an evening has been enlivened by such glorious old songs as "*Lauriger Horatius*," or "*Gaudeamus Igitur*." The latter is immortal ; at the festivals of the German students, where the dignity and learning of the Faculty bend to meet the jovial hilarity of their young disciples, every voice unites in pouring forth this spirited melody.

On the revival of learning, the Latin language began to regain its former importance, and was for some time the medium for the conveyance of science and polite literature. But after a while the modern languages gained the ascendancy, and Latin and Greek were confined chiefly to the walls of monasteries and colleges. They are now considered as indispensable to the scholar, and, whether they appear in metre or in prose, they are always grand, attractive, and profitable.

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

NO. V.

It was my intention to devote this number to the consideration of the application of chromatic aberration to the selection of colors for military uniforms; and I hoped to show, that, by clothing the soldiers in a cloth of a very light violet color, they would be rendered nearly or quite invisible to the enemy, and might with ease surprise their opponents in broad daylight. But, while in the very act of opening Professor Peirce's *Analytical Mechanics*, with the intention of extracting therefrom such formulæ as would be applicable to my subject, I received a copy of the *Boston Daily Evening Post-script and Literary Haberdasher*, which had been sent to me by my young friend Benedick. Upon opening the paper, my attention was immediately attracted by a long article, which had been inclosed in brackets, and which was further ornamented with a great number of dashes and marks of admiration, apparently made by the pen of a very excited person. The article was well worth reading, for two reasons; first, because it was an excellent specimen of that perspicuous and elegant style which belongs peculiarly to the editors of American newspapers,—a style which shows its hatred of all tyrants, by departing as far as possible from the "King's English"; and secondly, because it contained an admirable description of an election of the officers of a militia company, and clearly showed that even the severity of military discipline must relax before the powerful ballot-box. Influenced by these two weighty reasons, I determined to republish this remarkable piece of descriptive writing; so here it is:—

"ELECTION OF THE UNTERRIFIED WILD-CATS.

"Lieutenant Pop dropped into our office * the other day, and informed us that the gallant Cats had it in contemplation to hold an election for company officers next evening, to be concluded by a collation served up in the armory, and that, as considerable sport was expected, we had better come, particularly as we took an interest in the volunteer soldiery, and they were always very much delighted to have us make one of them. Hearing that they contemplated a supper we immediately determined not to send a

* His office is in the fourth story.

reporter, but to go in person to so august an occasion, and to give an idea next day to our readers of our free and enlightened institutions as they appear developed among the spirited defenders of the Commonwealth. Accordingly the next night at seven found us on the stairs of the armory, and, in a brief minute, we were surrounded by an intelligent group of fellow-citizens. Punctuality was the order of the day, so that not a man was absent on the interesting occasion, and as we gazed round and quietly smoked a cigar, of which we had a considerable number of various prime brands presented to us by different friends, we thought we had never seen thirty-eight more intelligent or perhaps as intelligent looking men gathered together in any assembly, legislative or otherwise. The captain having called the company to order, the clerk read the following minutes of the last meeting which we copied from his book and were as follows.

“ ‘Meeting called to order at 8 o’cl. Captain in the chair. Lieutenant Villikins rose and said he should like to make an observation or two about the uniform. Their uniform had hitherto been thought about the handsomest in the city, and he didn’t know but what in the State; but he was grieved to remark that the United States Unconquerables had lately adopted a uniform which quite cut out theirs. Now this was a thing which ought not to be tolerated; therefore he would move that a committee be appointed to get up a tasty and elegant dress, such as would be about right for a gentleman and a soldier.

“ ‘Lieutenant Biggs rose to second that motion. He said that he had given some considerable attention to the getting up of uniforms, and had lately imported, at great expense, from Paris a considerable large pile of colored prints of all kinds of soldiers, such as are now in the armies of the tyrants of Europe. These prints were quite at the service of the company, as was also his fashionable tailoring establishment, where he thought he could get up the necessary articles somewhat better and quite as cheap as most anybody.

“ ‘The company having unanimously decided to have a new and gorgeous uniform, appointed Lieutenants Villikins and Biggs a committee to pick one out. A committee was also appointed to see about the election supper, and the meeting then adjourned.’

“The Captain wished to know if there were any corrections for the clerk’s report. Lieutenant Biggs rose, and said he hoped no paltry or mercenarious motives would be attributed to him for hav-

ing spoken about his tailoring establishment, as such were not his intentions. The Captain replied that he should not for a moment suspect the gallant speaker of any such motive, and he would now call upon Lieutenant Villikins to report about the new uniform, in behalf of the committee. Hereupon that officer rose and read the following report.

“ ‘ Your committee have been unceasing in its exertions since the last meeting, in the consultation of numerous authorities. Besides the colored plates of Biggs & Co. they have looked over all the Paris fashions which have appeared for the last ten years, and have perused the following works: Audubon’s Birds of America; Lardner’s Lectures on Light; the Aphorisms of Canova; and Butler’s Manual of Manly Exercises. And it is the decided opinion of your committee that the uniform they have compiled will be recommended alike by durability, beauty, practicality, and cheapness. The complete dress may be thus described. Bright scarlet pants, made like those of the Zouaves, very loose and baggy about the leg and seat, but gathered tightly around the ankle and terminated with laced half-boots covered with white gaiters. Deep yellow coat, like that worn by the British infantry, with short tails and ornamented with green worsted frogs. Blue worsted epaulets. As the members of the company are all somewhat short, your committee would further recommend some very tall head-dress, to make up the deficit of stature; and what seems to your committee most appropriate is a bear-skin cap, two feet and a half high and ornamented with a pink ostrich feather. All of which is respectfully submitted.

JEFFERSON VILLIKINS, 2d Lieut. U. W. C.

WASHINGTON BIGGS, 1st Lieut. U. W. C.’

“ This report was received with great applause, and the uniform adopted *nem. con.* The Captain then said that the next business in order was the election of company officers. Hereupon Lieutenant Pop rose and addressed the chair; he did not know as his remarks would be pleasant to the company, and he did not know *but* they would; but this might be as it had a mind to, he should at any rate speak out. (Cries of ‘Go on.’) He wished to speak a few words in favor of *his* friend, and, he would venture to say, the friend of the *company*. (Good!) Lieutenant Benedick — (Hurrah for him and some marks of disapprobation) — his friend Benedick — was as well qualified for the office of Captain as anybody he knew of, not excluding the

regular army; he was urbane in his manners; liberal in his disposition; of an excellent education; had a commanding person, a fine military carriage, and was every inch a soldier. His practice in military affairs was uncommonly great. Since he had been with the company, a period of nearly nine months, he had been to one muster, two street parades, one battalion drill, and to armory drills innumerable. (Enthusiastic cheers.) If all this did not make a thorough soldier he should like to know what would! (Cries of 'True! true!') It had been objected to his friend that his voice was too weak for a commanding officer, but he would venture to say that what his friend's voice wanted in strength, it made up in highness of pitch, which was an essential quality in the midst of the din of battle. It had further been objected to his friend that he was a married man. He was aware that Lieutenant Benedick had lately entered into the bonds of holy wedlock with the lovely Miss Blueberry (great cheering); but was this anything against him? (Cries of 'No! no!') from several engaged young men.) Who would fight so valiantly for his country as him who left family ties on his hearth, and who had a wife and family depending on his death? Nobody! nobody! With this eloquent finale Lieutenant Pop took his seat; and such was the effect of the speech that Mr. Benedick was unanimously elected Captain, *vice* Olethros resigned.

"The company then proceeded with the utmost unanimity to ballot for the other officers. The returns were as follows: First Lieutenant, W. Biggs; Second Lieutenant, J. Villikins; Third Lieutenant, E. Pop; Fourth Lieutenant, P. Panhoplon; Fifth Lieutenant, S. Blueberry; Sixth Lieutenant, D. B. Ramlead; Seventh Lieutenant (after several spirited ballots), J. Smith. The company, after giving three cheers for the officers, which were certainly worthy of it and even more perhaps, commenced electing with the utmost good feeling the non-commissioned officers, and the usual eight Sergeants and ten Corporals were speedily chosen, whose names we shall give in our next.

"The sumptuous board was now spread by that gentlemanly Napoleon of caterers, Mr. Melas, assisted by an efficient corps of active and attentive waiters. The drum and fife played 'The Roast Turkey of Young America,' and the company was soon engaged in despatching the good things with which the festive table teemed. And here, for the satisfaction of our readers, we transcribe the excellent bill of fare to which the Cats sat down.

"HUITRES SUR LA COQUILLE.

Porc et haricots.

Saucisses à la poêle à frire.

Dindon roti avec stuffing.

Epaule de mouton bouilli avec capers.

ENTRÉES.

Tripe sautée en dragon au galop.

Tête de veau au pistolet de paille.

Pieds de porc en grenadier.

Ragout de chapeau-a-corne.

Vol-au-vent au sabre de bois.

Fricondeau de sous-lieutenant.

Bread Pudding.

Nuts.

Oranges.

Raisins.

Cucumbers.

Hard Crackers.

"We may add to this that superfine anchor-brand Skrider champagne and some excellent old Cape sherry flowed in abundance, rendering, with the beautiful *boquets* (furnished by Mr. Thermoikos, where they can be procured by any one who will step in and give him a call, at a most reasonable rate) the table a perfect paradise of delicious sights and sounds; while the wine and jest went round making the occasion in every way worthy of the glowing and appropriate quotation, which one of the privates, a graduate of Harvard College, pronounced with a countenance of beautiful sincerity :

‘ Δέγ’ ὁ μύρτον, ἂ κᾶπον,

* Ἀφ’ ἂ γῆς, πᾶσι φερίζον.

ODDESSAY.”

HOLDEN CHAPEL.

LIVING as we students live among these College buildings, memorials of past generations, and coming every day into contact with them, connecting them with our remembrances of pleasant or disagreeable events, and keeping them in our minds merely as lodging-houses and recitation-rooms, it is not wonderful that we should lose, even if by any chance we had at first, any feelings of respect and veneration towards them. There are in reality few things in this country so well worthy of veneration as these walls, devoid though they be of any pretence to architectural beauty, and though evidently intended much more for the wear-and-tear uses of every-day life than for the eyes of occasional visitors, or of those who may come out here to the usual celebrations of the College year, or to the feasts and assemblages which here and there, at long intervals of time, break in upon the monotony of the College course.

None of the older buildings have, as far as my acquaintance with architecture can inform me, the least aspirations to beauty or elegance. Such was not the taste of the time when they were built. Whether the more modern structures in our College yard have better answered their purpose, I cannot say. The older ones have at least served in the cause of learning long and faithfully, and are entitled to commendation for that, if for nothing else.

But there is one building which, from the moment I first saw it, struck me with its curious fashion and unpretending form. The eyes of a casual visitor would probably overlook Holden Chapel entirely, unless it were particularly pointed out; but to me there is a charm connected with it, situated so queerly as it is, under the walls of the larger heaps of brick which seem to look down out of their many eyes in wonder that so small a thing should dare to break the smooth beauty of the little green; a charm which possibly the cherubs, who seem in the act of leaping down from the walls to sport in reality on the grass, may have their share in creating. That shield which they support is the only ornament of the kind I know of, on any of our halls. Apparently an English coat of arms. Whose, I cannot discover. Perhaps those of the wealthy merchant, by the generosity of whose widow the building was made.

Holden Chapel is older than any of the buildings that surround it. It saw Hollis Hall built in 1763. It saw Harvard Hall rise from its ashes in 1765. It saw Stoughton rebuilt still later, and itself appears to have remained, according to its original design, a chapel, until 1812, when it became pretty much what it is now, a laboratory and recitation-room.

Many important events has it been witness to, and it may recall to the antiquarian scenes which act as a charm upon it, and hallow it as the most sacred and venerable spot in the possession of Harvard College.

Many important events I said. There is more romance connected with the old Chapel than is generally known. Much that is well worth knowing. And as I never heard the subject mentioned before, and as it is well that we should be familiar with what is peculiarly interesting in our College history, I will make an attempt to picture forth some of these events, which, at the time, were of great weight in our Colonial affairs.

Let us go back in imagination ninety years, — to the year 1764. It is the night of the 24th of January. Midnight. Snowing hard,

with a high wind. We will for a little while take our stand under the Liberty-tree, and wait to see what is to happen of enough importance to drag us from our rooms at this time of night, and place us in such a situation, without a sign of life around. Not even the midnight lamp of the student is visible to cheer us. It is vacation, and only three persons are sleeping in the College buildings. But we are mistaken. There *is* one sign of life. There is the flickering light of a fire visible on the windows of Harvard Hall. That fire has been kindled to warm the worshipful, the General Assembly of Massachusetts, who have left Boston for fear of the small-pox which rages there, and now hold their meetings in Harvard Hall. As we look, the flickering light grows stronger, and illumines the building with a terrible glare. No common hearth gives out such a blaze as that. No! For we can see, through the snow-clad glass, the fire stealing up the walls and the pictures shrivelling in the heat. And now from the village the alarm is raised as the flames burst out, and soon are collected together all the representatives and some of their constituents, striving with might and main, the Governor at their head, to subdue the fierce element, which breaks forth all over the building, and threatens to seize "the new and beautiful Hollis Hall." Nay, it actually does seize it, but is repelled by the exertions of our valiant representatives. A terrible night this is.

But we have seen enough. Harvard Hall is burned to the ground, and the loss is irreparable, not only to the College, but to the country. "At this day it is perhaps impossible to realize the loss then actually sustained, or the feeling of desolation spread throughout the Province."

And now let six years pass by, and we will again take our stand by the Liberty-tree. It is the 30th of May, 1770. In the morning this time. Harvard Hall is rebuilt, and is the pride of the College. But there is a bustle about Holden Chapel. A crowd of men are standing around, enjoying the spring air. Here we have a man now, who looks as though he were Governor of the Province, so richly is he dressed, and so much respect is paid him by the others. And there is another, quite the opposite of the first, dressed very plainly, but with a firm look upon his face as though he would persevere in his object in spite of the king of England himself. The two meet beside us and begin a conversation. "Do you know, Mr. Adams," says the first, "I cannot quite reconcile myself to this manner of taking possession of the College Chapel, without even say-

ing, 'With your leave,' or 'By your leave,' to the owners? It would be a good joke if we were to have the sheriff up here to warn us off as trespassers." "No fear of that, Mr. Hancock," rejoins the other; "the Faculty don't like it much, but they will only grumble. However, it may be well enough to ask their leave. We will pass a resolution to that effect, when we are organized." And now a third man approaches. He is short and stout, apparently yet young, and quite good-looking. Mr. Hancock returns his salutation and says, "Well, Mr. Adams, how comes on my lawsuit? Do they never mean to finish it?" "As far as I can tell, sir, they never will. That sloop of yours has given me more trouble than any six suits I ever was engaged in." And then these three fall into politics, and more come up and join in the conversation. Here comes one, a striking man, who seems excited, and whose eye has a wild look, as though his intellect were disordered. It is James Otis, who has been for years the pillar and champion of the cause of liberty. But his tongue shall henceforth be silent. His mind, once the great master intellect of Massachusetts, has already lost its energy. Only a year ago, it is related of him that, after an earnest and eloquent speech from a member of the house, he rose up, and, with an air and gesture that awed his hearers, exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, the liberty of this country is gone for ever, and I'll go after it," and left the hall. A mournful sign this, though perhaps unnoticed at the time.

Here is another, a mild, handsome man, also young, but evidently well known to the rest, who address him as "Doctor." It is Joseph Warren, yet to be a martyr, and whose name shall long be a household word in Massachusetts. He does not belong to this Legislature, but is here, probably, as a leading member of the opposition, to arrange a system of tactics with "the Boston seat." Many others there are, stanch, trustworthy men, who will not shrink in the hour of danger. They grow excited in conversation, and we can gather from their talk, that they too are not over-pleased at being convened at Cambridge. Nay, we even hear intimations of a resolution not to proceed to business till removed to their own buildings at Boston. But the time of meeting comes, and they pass into the Chapel. If we were to follow them, we should find within some eighty or ninety members, (the full house consists of one hundred and two,) among whom are the chief men of the patriots. Nor is this the first time that they have met here. They held their session in the same place last year, and from this little Chapel issued the resolutions which ab-

solutely made the British ministers hesitate, far off on the other shore of the Atlantic, by the fierce defiance which they breathed. Resolutions branding the king-appointed Governor of Massachusetts as unworthy of his office, an enemy to liberty and the British constitution, and as attempting, under the perfidious mask of friendship, to overthrow and root out the rights of the Province. Resolutions declaring the king-appointed General of the British forces an imperinent intermeddler in affairs that did not concern him, and stigmatizing his letters as showing gross ignorance and as gross malice. And even now, if we attend their meetings regularly, we shall witness an almost endless dispute with Governor Hutchinson, and hear the resolution, "that, notwithstanding there are matters now lying before the Assembly of very great importance, and which we are desirous of entering upon and completing, nevertheless, it is by no means expedient to proceed to business while the General Assembly is thus constrained to hold their session out of the town of Boston," read, and passed by a vote of ninety-six to four. That resolution shall be persevered in, through every difficulty, till next October, when they will declare that, inasmuch as there are radical reforms to be made, they will proceed to business and make them. And even on this half concession, the names of Hancock, the Adamses, and the other leading patriots shall be found recorded in the negative. The Governor carries his point, and they will sit in this chapel two years longer; and around them shall cluster, for two years more, as during this year that has passed, the students of Harvard College, drinking in, with thirsty ears, eloquence, rough perhaps and provincial, but such as might extort admiration from the Parliament of the mother country itself; — Listening, with enthusiasm rising higher and higher, to the exhortations of Otis and Adams and Hancock, and breaking out perhaps into loud, involuntary applause, as some more fiery sentence dies away in the echoes of Holden Chapel. Truly, that building hath witnessed important events.

And now let time take another flight, and pass over five more years. It is the 2d of July, 1775. Crowds of men, evidently just come down from the country, are swarming around, looking at the buildings with curious eyes. From their words we gather that they are part of an army which is forming its camp around Boston. They speak too of a general lately appointed by Congress, who is to come and take command of the army to-day. Presently he appears, with a staff of officers; a fine, noble-looking man, apparently well worthy

of his post. Others surround him, — hardy men, all more or less fresh, but many destined to make a name for themselves. It is George Washington; and there is Israel Putnam, and Heath, and Ward; and others there are, high in rank. A bad time for our Alma Mater, this; for, not content with quartering their troops at Cambridge, they must needs turn the halls into barracks, and, will ye, nill ye, the students must depart. So the students do depart, and don't return for sixteen months, during which time, as may well be supposed, our patriotic soldiery don't do the buildings much good.

But let this scene pass by, and let us merely glance at one more event in our College history. Two years and more pass, until, on the 19th of November, 1777, we find the town filled with British officers and soldiers. It is Burgoyne's army, waiting for the fulfilment of the conditions of the treaty under which they surrendered. An order has arrived from General Heath, directing that the students be removed, and the buildings given up to the British officers. One part of this order is obeyed, but the British do not take the places of the students when dismissed. Only "the house lately purchased, containing twelve rooms," is offered and occupied.

Such scenes has our old Chapel been a witness to. Still later it might, if it had had the faculty of hearing, have heard the trowels of the masons working on Holworthy, and the creaking of the derricks raising the blocks of stone that compose University Hall. Before, or perhaps at that time, however, it had ceased to be a chapel, and was torn to pieces internally, and somewhat externally, too, I should imagine, from its appearance, to form it into "rooms for the lectures of the Medical Professors, and for the preservation of their collections and wax preparations."

And such it now is. No alterations have been made, that I can discover, since 1812. It has grown old, overlooked and disregarded. No more sessions of the Legislature have been held within its walls. No more stirring scenes, that I know of, have been visible around it. Many annual class-days have passed by it, but I doubt if, among all the groups that have stood near, there have been more than one or two persons who have really been conscious of its age and the curious sights it has witnessed. The other halls are loftier and more imposing, but to me there is not one so attractive as Holden Chapel. And if by this sketch I shall be able to create for it a little more veneration in its beholders, then my task will be accomplished, and my pen shall disturb it no longer.

HONORS TO THE DEAD.

NO. II.

IN speaking heretofore of the Greek and Roman funerals, we have made no mention of the custom of burning corpses, which, it is well known, was common both in Greece and Italy. Some writers, relying on the authority of Lucian, have boldly asserted that burning was the prevailing practice with the Greeks. But it is quite well established, that both customs prevailed on the whole to about an equal extent, though at different periods one or the other may have predominated. When a body was burned, the ashes were collected into an urn, and buried. Discoveries have been repeatedly made both of urns and of unburned skeletons. In the case of one of the latter, found at Cephallenia, the obolus before referred to was still sticking between the teeth. Where is now the living soul which once animated those bones? Poor spirit! If the doctrine in which thou believedst is true, thou art still wandering on this side of the dark river. Why art thou thus a victim? Perhaps thou art paying the penalty of thy earthly transgressions. Perhaps thou art miserly, and graspest thy money too firmly between thy teeth. Perhaps thou art ill-fed and poorly clad, and the rich and the powerful keep crowding thee out of the boat. But this is thy doctrine, not mine. Whoever thou art, man or woman, Greek or barbarian, rich or poor, wise or simple, peace be with thee!

"Nos te ordine quo natura præmiserit, sequemur."

Let us now take a glance at some of the funeral solemnities of modern times.

It is a frequent occurrence among the Hindoos, when a man dies, for his widow to mount the funeral pile, and to subject her living body to the flames which devour his lifeless remains. This practice is encouraged by the religion of the Bramins. It is believed that a woman who devotes herself in this manner will live in heaven as many years as there are hairs on her head. The number of these has been computed, by some patient Hindoo mathematician, to be thirty-five millions. She who consents thus to endure a moment's torture for the sake of so many years of bliss, gives public notice of her intention, and immediately becomes the object of the greatest respect to her neighbors. They load her with presents, which,

unfortunately, she can never use, and assemble in great numbers at the scene of sacrifice. When the day arrives, notice is given by the loud beating of a drum, which soon summons the inhabitants of a whole village. The funeral pile is erected by the son of the deceased, and is composed of fagots, with the intermixture of hemp, clarified butter, pitch, and other combustibles. The widow repeats various formulas prescribed by the Bramin, walks seven times round the pile, and then ascends it. If she shows any reluctance to do this, she is forced to the pile by the spectators. The son, with averted countenance, then applies the torch to the face of his father, and the by-standers light the fagots at different points. The mass is about two hours in burning.

It is estimated that in this way more than five thousand women lose their lives yearly in Hindostan. This is enough to make us shudder. But is Hindostan the only country where women sacrifice themselves for those who are dear to them? Must we go across the water, to a nation of idolaters, to find instances of true, womanly devotion? In the very circle in which we live, how many pure hearts are breaking to-day, because they will not cease to love some false, selfish, heartless man! From how many tablets in our churchyards might we erase lying inscriptions, and insert in their stead, "She gave up her youth, her beauty, her happiness, and her life, to her husband!"

Among the Chinese, when a parent or elder relation dies, the fact is made known by fastening white labels on each side of the door of his house. The descendants of the deceased sit around the corpse, clothed in white, which is the mourning color, and the women among them keep up a most dismal howling. A kind of sacred ablution is performed soon after death, for which water is brought from the nearest well by the eldest son of the deceased. The body, dressed as in life, is inclosed in a coffin, which is made air-tight by means of cement and varnish. Upon this coffin a tablet is laid, with the name and titles of the deceased upon it, as they are afterwards inscribed on his tomb. The funeral procession does not take place till twenty-one days after death. It includes the children and relatives of the deceased, of both sexes. The tablet is borne in a gilded sedan or pavilion, preceded by incense and offerings. The procession is accompanied by music, which is furnished in the usual style of the Celestials. It consists of a drum, and of an instrument reminding one by its tones of the Scotch bagpipe. It is a part of

their belief, that money and garments must be burned for the use of the departed in the world of spirits, and these, by a commendable system of economy, are represented by paper. Twice in every year grand rites are performed in honor of the dead. The strict period of mourning is three years, which is generally reduced to twenty-seven months. No child can marry within the three years immediately after the death of his parents. On the death of an Emperor, the same customs are observed as if the father of each family within his dominions had died. Every one in the empire remains unshaven for one hundred days, and wears mourning garments much longer. To allow the hair to grow is, with the Chinese, a sign of sorrow.

In Egypt, at the present day, the following are the rites paid to the dead. When a man is at the point of death, the attendants turn him round so that his head shall be in the direction of Mecca. Immediately after death, and sometimes even before, all the males present raise this shout: "Allah! there is no strength or power but in God! To God we belong, and to him we must return! God have mercy on him!"—while the women begin the cry of lamentation called *Welweleh* or *Wilwal*, uttering the most piercing shrieks, and calling on the name of the deceased. It is common to hear from the various dependants of a person such cries as these: "O my master!" "O my camel!" that is, thou that broughtest my provisions, and hast carried my burdens. "O my lion!" "O camel of the house!" "O my dear one!" "O my only one!" "O my father!" "O my misfortune!" The women of the house are joined in their lamentations by others of their own sex, who are attracted by their cries. It is customary to call in "*neddabehs*," or public wailing-women. Each of these plays on a kind of tambourine, deprived, however, of the tinkling plates of metal which are usually attached to this instrument, and exclaim several times, "Alas for him!" They also extol his virtues to the perfect satisfaction of his dearest friends.

If the death takes place in the early part of the day, the burial services are performed before nightfall; but otherwise they are deferred till the next morning. The funeral processions of the common people may be thus described.

The first persons in the procession are six or more poor men, usually blind, called *Yemeneyeeh*, who march by twos or threes, chanting in a melancholy tone the profession of faith. "There is

no deity but God; Mohammed is God's apostle; God favor and preserve him!" These men are followed by some of the male relations and friends of the deceased, and often by a few persons of some sect of Durweeshes, bearing the flags of their order. Next come three or four school-boys, one of whom carries a copy of the Koran, or a volume containing some part of the Koran, which is placed on a desk made of palm-sticks, and covered generally with an embroidered handkerchief. They sing, in a livelier tone than the Yemeneeyeh, some words of a poem descriptive of the last day, which commences as follows:—

"I assert the absolute glory of Him who createth whatever hath form;
And reduceth his servants by death;
Who bringeth to naught all his creatures with mankind;
They shall all lie in the grave;
The absolute glory of the Lord of the east!
The absolute glory of the Lord of the west!
The absolute glory of the illuminator of the two lights!
The sun, to wit, and the moon!
His absolute glory! how bountiful is He!
His absolute glory! how clement is He!
His absolute glory! how great is He!
When a servant rebelleth against Him, he protecteth."

The bier, which immediately follows the school-boys, is borne (with the head foremost) by the friends of the deceased, who relieve each other at intervals. Then come the female mourners, sometimes to the number of fifteen or twenty, with dishevelled hair, weeping and wailing.

When the bier is brought into the mosque, it is laid upon the floor, in the usual place of prayer. The Imam of the mosque stands at the left side of the bier, and a servant of the mosque at the feet. The attendants of the funeral range themselves behind the Imam, the women apart from the men. The Imam then gives notice that he is about to repeat the prayer of four "tekbeers" * over the deceased. Then, raising his hands on both sides of his head, and touching the lobes of his ears with the extremities of his thumbs, he exclaims, and each one of the congregation after him, "God is most great!" Afterwards he recites a chapter from the Koran, and concludes with the exclamation, "God is most great!" which is repeated by those present, as it is upon all subsequent occasions

* A tekbeer is the exclamation of "Allahoo Akbar," or "God is most great."

when it is ejaculated. The Imam continues, "O God, favor our lord Mohammed, the Illiterate Prophet, and his family and his companions, and preserve them. God is most great!" Then follows a prayer, in which the Imam testifies to the virtue and religious devotion of the deceased, and implores mercy for him. This prayer concludes thus: "O God, if he were a doer of good, over-reckon his good deeds; and if he were an evil-doer, pass over his evil doings; and of thy mercy grant him thy acceptance, and spare him the trial of the grave and its torments, and make the grave wide to him, and keep back the earth from his sides; and of thy mercy grant him security from thy torment until thou send him safely to thy paradise, O thou most merciful of those who show mercy! God is most great! O God, withhold not from us our reward for the service we have done him, and lead us not into trial after him. Pardon us and him, and all the Moslems, O Lord of all creatures!" At the conclusion of this prayer, the people, by the order of the Imam, testify to the virtues of the departed, and march to the burial-ground, where the body is buried without further ceremony. A person called the "Mooluckckin," or "instructor of the dead," sits before the tomb, and informs its new inmate that two angels will shortly come down from heaven to him, and instructs him how, as a true believer, he must answer the questions which they will ask him.

This service is written, of course, in the florid and impassioned style of Eastern compositions. There is much in it which is beautiful; much pathos and tenderness, with but little, however, of the stateliness with which we invest our solemn services. Yet there are portions which are not without dignity and grandeur. Perhaps the most impressive part is the hymn which is sung by the school-boys; and yet the effect of this must be greatly marred by the shrillness and feebleness of the voices.

It is not a little remarkable, that men have been living upon the earth for at least six thousand years, and have not yet learned to regard death with equanimity. There has always been a conflict going on between the doctrines of religion on the one hand, and human instincts on the other. It matters not that the religious systems of all nations have declared, as if with one voice, that the future state was to be one of peace and happiness; not even the most civilized of them have yet been enabled to look upon death with perfect calmness. In some countries, so violent has been the expression of grief at funerals, that laws have been enacted to restrain it. There was a

law of Solon at Athens, which was also inserted in the laws of the twelve tables at Rome, forbidding the women to indulge in outward manifestations of sorrow,—“ mulieres genas ne radunto, neve lessum, funeris ergo, habento.” Mohammed also forbids the wailing of women at funerals. Wherever these laws have existed, they have been, as we should expect, dead letters. Legislation can do many things, but it cannot subdue the powers of nature or the human will. The tide will rise at its appointed time, though a king is sitting on the beach. The whirlwind will not respect the person of a privy councillor. Neither can laws stop the flowing of tears, where a heart is breaking.

But there is no need that the heart should break. There is no need that the quiet waters should be ruffled by the wings of the angel of death. We have only to turn our eyes in the opposite direction, to see an altogether different picture. This is the part of superior wisdom to do.

Lucian, the laughing philosopher of the second century, has expressed himself on this subject with so much truth and humor, that we cannot forbear borrowing from him a considerable extract.

“ When they have washed the dead bodies well, (as if the infernal lake was not sufficient for the purpose,) they anoint with the finest ointment the almost stinking carcass, crown it with flowers, and dress it up fine, that it may not catch cold upon the road, or appear naked before Cerberus. To this succeeds the weeping of the women, tears and lamentations on every side, beatings of the breast, tearings of the hair, and bloody cheeks; sometimes the garments are rent in pieces, dust sprinkled on the head, and the living, in short, in a worse condition than the dead; for they roll themselves on the earth, and beat their heads against the ground, whilst the deceased is finely adorned, and carried about, as to some pompous celebrity. Then, perhaps, steps forth from the middle of the crowd the father or mother, (for we will suppose, the better to carry on the farce, that the deceased is some beautiful youth,) and, embracing him, utters some strange and absurd speech, which the dead man, if he had a voice, would give a proper answer to; for now the father, in a melancholy tone, cries out: ‘ My sweetest boy, why would you die, and leave me thus, cut off in the flower of your age? never didst thou marry or have children; never didst thou fight for thy country, or till the earth, or arrive at old age; never again, my child, shalt thou keep company, never shalt thou fall in love, never shalt thou get drunk with thy companions.’ Might not the son, having begged leave of

Æacus and Pluto to peep from the door of his prison, thus have reproved his father for his idle complaints? 'Wherefore, good old man, art thou so unhappy and disquieted? Why dost thou trouble me with thy lamentations? Leave off tearing thy hair and cutting thy flesh. Why dost thou call me wretched, when I am much happier than thyself? Dost thou think it a misfortune that I am not like thee, old, haggard, and withered, and rusty, with a bald pate, and wrinkled face, bent down with age and weak hams, after such a number of Olympiads, which are but so many witnesses of thy folly? What is there in life so valuable, that I should here regret the loss of it? Eating and drinking, you will say, and fine clothes, and fine women. And fearest thou that I shall be wretched for want of these? Knowest thou not that never to be thirsty is better than to drink, never to be hungry than to eat, never to want clothes than to have the greatest plenty of them?' '* *

We are in favor of the laughing philosophy. And by this we do not mean to laugh at every thing, or upon every occasion; but to laugh when others laugh, to be cheerful when they are faint-hearted, and to wear a happy, tranquil face at all times. If, on our journey, poverty overtakes us, let us laugh him to scorn. If disease lays his iron hand upon us, let us sing the old sinner to sleep. If death deprives us of our dearest companions, let us believe that he carries them beyond the stars. Surely that is the truest philosophy which teaches us to reject theories, to close our hearts against suspicion, to feel no anxiety beyond our own responsibilities, and to murmur at no dispensation of Providence.

R.

OLD NEWSPAPERS AND THEIR LITERATURE.†

A REVERENCE for antiquity and its productions is a failing with some men. Whatever bears on itself the undeniable stamp of age is almost sacred in their eyes. An old book, issued from one of the earliest printing-presses, is infinitely more valuable to them than an edition of the same work published in their own day. Let a book be battered and torn ever so much, it is precious if it has suffered at

* Lucian. *De Luctu*, Francklin's Translation.

† *Specimens of Newspaper Literature*, by J. T. Buckingham.

the hands of Time. Other men show their respect for age by collecting old coins, old Roman lamps, or cups "*Evandri manibus trita.*" And it is a pleasant and interesting pursuit to hunt up relics of bygone days, things which carry us back in thought to the "good *old* times" so often and feelingly alluded to by poets and others.

Amongst old literature, none is more curious than that of some of the early newspapers of our country. The press during the past century has advanced rapidly on the road of improvement. The contrast between newspapers of the present day and those of a hundred years ago is marked and striking. This difference is owing not only to the advancement of civilization, but also to the changes which have taken place in language and modes of expression, and in the characters and dispositions of men. Phrases and words formerly much in vogue now seem to us as peculiar as an old-fashioned garment. Many very expressive phrases have been expurgated from the language, from motives of delicacy or fastidiousness.

The first attempt to start a newspaper in North America was made in Boston, under circumstances of considerable difficulty. In fact, the difficulties were so great, that but one number of the paper was issued. For that august body, the Legislature of the Province of Massachusetts, came down on the offending head of the journal, and crushed it in the bud. The editor, undoubtedly thinking it useless to strive against such a power, must have quietly acquiesced in their decision, that nothing should be printed without license, as we can find no proof that he sinned in that way again.

Eleven years after this abortive attempt to found a newspaper, appeared the first number of the "*Boston News Letter*," the first paper, properly so called, of Boston. The reasons for establishing it are given by the editor as follows: "At the persuasion of several gentlemen, merchants, and others, both of this and the neighbouring Provinces, who are sensible of the want of a Public Letter of Intelligence for both Foreign and Domestic Occurrences, the Undertaker has attempted to Print the same in hopes that all Persons who love a Public Good, will one way or another put to their helping hand to Promote and Support it." From the frequent call of the editor on the public for aid, we can easily infer that but few persons "put to their helping hand," and that the first newspaper did not prosper, — a common trouble even now with new undertakings. Of subscribers there were but few, and many of these were "delinquents," as they

are at present. The foundation of another paper in Boston, the "New England Courant," was a troublesome thing to the editor of the "News Letter." A "newspaper war" commenced immediately. We are all doubtless familiar with the famous controversy which took place in the Borough of Eatanswill, between the rival editors of the "Gazette" and "Independent," full particulars of which may be found in the memoirs of Mr. Samuel Pickwick. The rival editors of Boston, although they did not wage war with the violence of a Pott and the rabidness of a Slumkey, still indulged in "blackguarding" each other to their hearts' content. The contest was maintained with the utmost good nature on the part of the editor of the "Courant." In the very first number of his paper, he expressed his opinion that the "News Letter" was a "dull vehicle of intelligence." Whereupon the editor of the latter replies as follows:—

"On Monday last came forth the New England Courant by *Homo non unius negotii*; or Jack of all Trades, and it would seem good at none, and giving some very, very frothy fulsome account of himself. . . . And our new Publisher being a Scholler and Master he should (methinks) have given us (whom he terms low, flat, and dull) admonition, and told one and the other wherein our Dulness lay (that we might be better Proficients for the future, Whether in reading, hearing, or pains-taking, to write, gather, collect, and insert the Public Occurrences) before publick Censure, and a good example to copy and write after, and not tell us and the World at his first setting out, that he'll be like us in doing as we have done. *Turpe est doctori cum culpa redarguit ipsum*. And now all my Latin being spent, excepting what I design always to remember *nemo sine crimine vivit*. I promise for my part as soon as he or any Scholler will Undertake my hitherto Task, and Endeavours, giving proof that he will not be very, very Dull, I shall not only desist for his Advantage, but also, so far as capable, Assist such a good Scribe."

The answer of the other editor to this article is not to be found, but we can judge of its force and sarcasm by the following reply:—

"J. C. to Jack Dullman *sendeth* Greeting.

"Sir, What you call a Satyrical Advertisement was a just Vindication of my News-Letter from some unfair Reflections in your Introduction to your first Courant; Your reply in hobling verse had they more Reason and less Railing might possibly have inclined me to think you was some Man of some great Learning, or, as you please to word it, a *meikle man*; but Rallery is the talent of a mean Spirit, and not to be returned by me. . . . I do

not envy your skill in Anatomy, and your accurate discovery of the Gall-Bladder, nor your Geography of the Dung-hill (*natale sohum*). You say your Ale grows better, but have a care you do not Bottle it too new, lest your Bottles fly and wet your Toyes. You say that you are a Wiseman and his Advice is, *Answer not a fool according to his folly lest thou be like unto him*. And not very disagreeable to what I learned when a School Boy.

Contra verbosos noli contendere verbis.

Against a man of wind spend not thy breath.

Therefore, I conclude with *Verbum Sapienti*,

Tutius est, igitur fictis contendere verbis,

Quam pugnare manu —

Vale.

Since like the Indian Natives, you Delight,
to Murder in the Dark, eshun and fly the light.

Farewel."

The Courant, which took an able part in the amusing contest, appears to have been the most ably conducted journal of its time. Its editor was always satirical against his enemies, and those of the paper. But it is a dangerous thing to trifle too much with the feelings of others, and use satire too freely. And so the Courant man found it. He had on one occasion ventured so far as to speak disparagingly of the government of Massachusetts. But he reckoned here without his host, and as a reward for his temerity was incarcerated in the "stone gaol" of the town of Boston. For the Council having decided that his remarks were a "high affront to the government," ordered that the aforesaid punishment should be inflicted. (Thus we can see that editors had their petty troubles then as well as now.)

The Courant is celebrated, apart from the ability with which it was edited, for the connection of Benjamin Franklin with it as editor, which came about in the following manner. The government of the Province was inclined to take notice of all newspaper articles which at all reflected on them or their doings. Now the Courant had been very bitter in its remarks at the time when Governor Shute had suddenly left America for England. It said that "the people had sinned away one of the most extensive blessings they were ever possessed of," and that "it is naturally concluded that any Governor's departing from a Government with such privacy and displeasure can't reasonably be supposed to promote the interest of that Government at a British court." The following *Quere* among others is added to this article: "Whether their praying for his (the

Governor's) success in his voyage, if he designs to hurt the Provinces, (as some suppose,) is not in fact to pray for their own destruction?" This was more than the Legislature could endure, as their patience had been severely taxed by preceding articles, and they therefore forbade James Franklin to publish the *New England Courant* any more, "unless it first be supervised by the Secretary of the Province." Franklin was not inclined to accept either alternative offered, and to evade this command he determined to issue the paper under the name of his brother Benjamin, then an apprentice in his printing-office. This plan was carried out for about three years, but it does not appear that Benjamin had much to do with the editing. A few extracts from the *Courant* in the way of items of news current at that time, and some curious advertisements, will show their general character.

"BOSTON, Aug. 10. We are advised from Eastham, that Mr. Israel Cole of that place lately died worth £10,000, £2,000 of which he left to four grandchildren, and £8,000 to his only son, of the same name, who, in return for his father's extraordinary frugality in his life, and good will at his death, ordered the most magnificent interment for him that has been known in New England, which was performed in the following manner. The corpse was enclosed in a beautiful coffin, and was decently laid in a sled and drawn to the grave by a yoke of oxen; who, notwithstanding they supplied the place of porters and pall-bearers, and had neither gloves, scarfs, nor rings, yet 't is not doubted but that this neglect is entirely owing to the traders in those parts who deal in such funeral ornaments as are fit only for human bodies. The Heir attended the funeral without any thing of mourning apparel, which must be attributed to a generous scorn of the deceitful pomp and glory of hypocritical mourners, and not to any narrowness of spirit in him, whose spacious soul extends to the utmost bounds of his land, and to the very bottom of his chests."

THE EPITAPH.

"Here lies old Cole; but how or why
He lived, and how he came to die,
His son and heir may but declare it,
Who 's doubly blessed with father's spirit;
And who whene'er he comes to breathe all
His useless breath away, and leave all
To such another son and heir,
He may be thrown — but God knows where;
Perhaps in some black chymist's dark hole
Where out of wood he extracts charcoal."

"Advertisement.

"If there be any person that has imposed his surreptitious Digits or Bubonic Apathalins on the Globular Rotundity of an Hatt, tinctured with Nigridity, let him convey his Intelligences to the Preconic Potentate, where the sonorous Jar of his Tintinnabular Instrument, by a tremulous Perversion of the minute Æreal Particles, affecting the Auricular Organs make an Impression on the Cerebral Part of his Microcosm; and he shall receive Premeial Donation adapted to the Magnitude of the Benefit, whether the Hat has titillated his Manual nerves, or only struck the Capilliments of his Optic Nerve."

"Just Published and Sold by the Printer hereof.

"HOOP PETTICOATS Arraigned and Condemned by the Light of Nature, and Law of God. Price 3 d."

The Courant deceased about the year 1727, at the departure of its editor from Boston.

Passing over a multitude of newspapers, the existence of most of whom was at best but ephemeral, the next which especially attracts our attention is the Massachusetts, afterwards the Columbian Centinel, conducted by Benjamin Russell. As was usual in those days, and not uncommon at present, a new paper meets with but little success at its start. That the case of the Centinel was no exception to this rule may be seen from the following

"LOUD CALL.

"That 'times are hard' is the general complaint of all ranks of people; but that they are peculiarly so with the Printers hereof is a certain truth, which must apologize for their now earnestly requesting those, whose accounts with them are of more than one year's standing, to make payment. *Dunning* is an unthankful business; and glad would they be if they had no occasion for it; but really the want of the money due them, while it sickens the *whole heart*, will urge them to a conduct disagreeable in the extreme."

The Centinel was strongly in favor of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States which had been adopted by the Convention in 1787. It was the organ of the Federal Party, an ardent supporter of Washington, and a violent opponent of the Jacobins, as the opposition were then called. At the accession of Mr. Jefferson to the Presidency in 1801, the Federalists feared some great national calamity would come on the country, and the Centinel mourned bitterly the death of that party. On the 4th of March, 1801, appeared its epitaph:—

YESTERDAY EXPIRED

Deeply regretted by MILLIONS of grateful Americans

And by *all* GOOD MEN

THE FEDERAL ADMINISTRATION

of the

GOVERNMENT of the *United States*.

Animated by

A WASHINGTON, an ADAMS; — *a Hamilton, Knox,*

Pickering, Wolcott, M'Henry, Marshall,

Stoddert and Dexter,

Æt 12 years.

In one word

It found AMERICA *disunited, poor, insolvent,*
weak, discontented, and wretched.

It hath left HER

United, wealthy, respectable, strong,
happy and prosperous.

Let the faithful Historian in aftertimes, say these things
of its Successor, if it can.

And yet — notwithstanding all these services and
blessings, there are found

Many, very many, weak, degenerate Sons,
Who, lost to virtue, to gratitude,
and patriotism,

Openly exult that this Administration
is no more.

And that

The “Sun of Federalism is set for ever.”

“*O shame where is thy blush?*”

As one Tribute of Gratitude in these Times,

This MONUMENT

Of the Talents and Services of the deceased;
is raised by

THE CENTINEL.

The editor of the Centinel was a great lover of titles, and was desirous of giving the President, and other officers of state, high-sounding “handles” to their names. The President was to be addressed as “His Majesty the President of the United States”; Senators, as “Most Honorable.” Truly a most absurd idea, and no less unexpected from the editor of the Centinel, who was in other respects a sensible man.

The following piece came out in the Centinel in 1801. It will be immediately recognized as a parody on a well-known hymn. It was published to annoy its enemies, the Jacobins, already alluded to.

"Parent of ill! in every State,
In every Club adored —
By small, by wicked, and by great,
Of mischief sovereign! lord, —

"What lessons thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away,
For thou art paid when man deceives —
To cheat is to obey.

"If I am wrong, O teach my heart,
Still in the wrong to stay;
If I am right, thy grace impart,
To lead my steps away.

"Teach me to laugh at others' woe,
To tell the faults I see;
To others hatred let me show,
They friendship show to me.

"To thee, whose temple is each space
That's bad beneath the skies —
One chorus let us Jacob raise,
One common ruin rise."

The Epigram which follows has appeared in some newspapers of the present time, but it was first published in the Centinel. As the editor aptly remarks, "We may search far, before we can find a more delicate *morceau* than the following": —

"THE FEMALE GRAMMARIAN.

"'A Kiss,' said young Charles, 'is a noun we allow,
But tell me, my dear, is it *proper* or *common*?'
Lovely Myra blushed deep, and exclaimed, 'Why, I vow,
I think that a *kiss* is both *proper* and *common*.'"

The Centinel's prosperity increased with its years. It was liberally patronized, and derived a lucrative income from advertisements. It departed this life in 1840, by being merged in the "Boston Daily Advertiser," at the hale old age (for a newspaper) of

fifty-six years. "Peace to its memory." With the epitaph of the Pennsylvania Journal, crushed by the Stamp Act, passed in 1765, these extracts will close:—

"The last Remains of
The PENNSYLVANIA JOURNAL,
Which departed this life the 31 of October, 1765,
Of a STAMP in her Vitals,
Aged 23 Years."

SPRING FLOWERS.

WINTER has gone at last; its piercing winds have ceased to drive the snow-flakes in our faces, and to cause us to muffle our heads in our shawls as we hurriedly run to early prayers or morning recitations. The blue-birds singing merrily proclaim from every tree the coming of spring; the robin, who during the winter had left us or hidden himself in the thick woods, now whistles his cheerful and ever-welcome note from the elm, while the little sparrows, who all winter long have been with us as companions in adversity, and often petitioners for our bounty, now spring lightly on the lilac-bushes, or hop swiftly along the path with their cheerful chirp.

But masked as the coming of spring is in the animal kingdom, it is far more so in the floral; there, each day brings forward new beauties, and the buds and flowers seem to burst in our very sight. It is wonderful what changes a single warm spring day will make in the aspect of Nature; one week will often clothe the bare branches of the trees with young leaves of light green, or, in some species, with tints which almost rival the splendor of autumn foliage.

Towards the end of March, in our climate, the grass in sunny, sheltered situations begins to shoot out its green spires from among the dry remains of last year's verdure; its flower is not to follow for months, but it tells us that the power of winter is broken, that spring is coming. Soon we see more signs, for the delicate snow-drop and the crocus in the garden peep from the melting snow, and the flower-buds of the different maples and elms begin to swell.

One of the earliest trees which bursts into bloom is the White Maple, *Acer eriocarpum* of Michaux; it is not found extensively in its wild state near Boston, but is well distributed in the middle and

western parts of the State. The flowers expand early in April, and, as in the red maple, before the leaves; the male flowers are in crowded whorls on long footstalks; the female in similar whorls, somewhat less crowded. The brilliant white of the under side of the leaves, contrasted with the bright green of their upper surface, produces a beautiful effect; this, and the spreading branches of the tree, combined with its rapid growth, render it worthy of more general cultivation as an ornamental tree.

Next, we come to the Red Maple, *Acer rubrum*, which is too well known to need any description; its red flowers bursting out about the middle of April, in whorls or pairs of crowded sessile bunches, give in spring a gay appearance to the tree, no less than the brilliant color of the foliage does in the autumn, and render it a tree extensively cultivated for ornament.

The White Elm, *Ulmus Americana*, is also one of our earliest trees in flowering; the flowers, which have a reddish-purple color, appear before the leaves, and are very small, supported by short, slender footstalks, and united in bunches. This is our most magnificent tree; it takes many different shapes, but all are beautiful. The three most remarkable are the Etruscan vase, as it is called, formed by four or five limbs separating at twenty to thirty feet from the ground, gradually diverging, bending outward, and forming a flat head, of which shape a noble specimen may be seen in the old elm near the Botanic Garden. The plume is formed by one or more parallel trunks stretching up to the height of from seventy to ninety feet. The third shape is that like the oak, and is seen in elms which have grown in an open, exposed situation. In this case the tree forms a bushy head. An instance of this latter form may be seen in the "old Elm" on Boston Common, supposed to be at least 175 years old. The Washington Elm, which measured, according to Emerson, in 1844, thirteen feet and two and a half inches at three feet from the ground, where its girth is smallest, is another instance. As an ornamental tree, the elm is probably more extensively cultivated than any other; but it is very liable to the attacks of insects and worms, especially the canker-worms, which are too well known in Cambridge to need description.

One of the earliest flowering shrubs is the *Dirca palustris*, called (from the singular tenacity and toughness of its bark) leatherwood; its height is rarely more than from two to five feet; it is of irregular growth, and much branched. Leaves alternate, oval, very smooth when fully grown, and pale on the under side. The flowers

appear from the 10th of April to the 1st of May, but fall before the expansion of the leaves ; they are in small bunches, each flower being about half an inch long and of a yellow color ; the calyx is wanting, corolla funnel-shaped, stamens eight in number, alternately longer, anthers roundish. The fruit is a small oval berry, red when ripe, containing one seed. This plant possesses medicinal properties, acting as an emetic and cathartic ; it is not found wild near Boston, but grows plentifully in Maine ; specimens may be seen in flower at the Botanic Garden.

The Bloodroot, *Sanguinaria Canadensis*, perhaps may be considered our earliest spring flower ; the leaf and flower proceed from a tuberous horizontal root of a brownish-red color, which, when divided, emits an orange-colored juice, which gives name to the plant. Leaves radical and cordate, sepals two, deciduous. Flowers large, white, and solitary, petals generally eight, stamens yellow, which, contrasted with the pure white of the petals, produces a beautiful effect.

The leaf when it first issues from the ground is small and folded up, but during the summer it increases to such a size as to appear like a different plant, and often deceives those unacquainted with this fact. The seeds are numerous, of a dark-red color, in a two-valved capsule, and peculiar from a white appendage with which they are partially surrounded. In medicine, this plant is used as a narcotic. Near Cambridge it may be found on Wellington Hill ; there are also many fine specimens in the Botanic Garden, near the pond, in bloom about the first of May, or earlier.

By far the best known and most admired of our spring flowers is the Ground Laurel, *Epigæa repens*, commonly called Trailing Arbutus, or New England Mayflower. In the latter part of April, and often much earlier, this beautiful little flower may be found peeping from the fallen leaves, or often entirely concealed ; yet its delicate perfume will sometimes make its presence known when the eye fails to perceive it, which is not seldom, since one may easily pass over the ground where it abounds, " for they often play hide and go seek with you, crouching about old stones and under dead leaves and among mosses." * It belongs to the natural family *Ericaceæ*. Leaves heart-ovate, evergreen, and hairy ; stem woody and creeping ; flowers white, purple, or pink, and something like the blossom of the hyacinth in shape, very fragrant, and produced in bunches of

* Rural Hours.

from two to twelve at the end of the stems. This most beautiful of spring flowers is not found near Boston, though often seen for sale, being brought from a more highly favored locality. It grows plentifully at Plymouth, and was probably the first flower which cheered the hearts of the Pilgrim Fathers after the first severe winter; it is also found near Newburyport and Worcester, in this State, and in abundance on some hills near Providence, R. I.

About the middle of April we may often see in pastures and on dry hill-sides the Mouse-ear, *Graphalium plantaginicum*, or, as it is sometimes called, *Antennaria*. The whole plant is at first covered with a white down; the leaves are oval, obtuse, flowers dicæious, in small terminal corymbs of a reddish-white color, the fertile ones cylindrical and slender; to be found very plentifully on Wellington Hill about the 25th of April, and later.

At the same time, and after growing side by side with the *Antennaria*, we may find the early Saxifrage, *Saxifraga vernalis*, a small pubescent plant, with oval, alternate leaves, mostly radical, stem fleshy and hairy, flowers crowded, white, in corymbs on the ends of the branches, which form a panicle. It is a pretty little perennial plant, and is one of our most common early flowers; it may be found at Wellington Hill, and in a pasture on the south side of the East Cambridge road, a short distance from the Colleges.

The common Cowslip, *Caltha palustris*, is a common ornament of the low meadows and marshy grounds, about the 1st of May; its bright yellow flowers, produced in great abundance, present a gay appearance, and are much sought for; in early spring the young buds and leaves are brought to market, and eaten as a salad. Leaves large and shining; flowers of a bright glossy yellow, with stamens of the same color. According to Bigelow, the young buds are sometimes substituted for capers. This plant is very generally distributed through the country; its flowers are very perishable, and resemble a large buttercup, to which family, the *Ranunculaceæ*, it belongs. It grows in the marshes bordering on Fresh Pond.

On the Concord Turnpike, and in a grove on the East Cambridge road, about a quarter of a mile from the Colleges, a very beautiful plant is to be found, the Dog-tooth Violet, *Erythronium Americanum*. This plant belongs to the natural order *Liliaceæ*, or lily family, and is the smallest specimen. No botanist has as yet been able to discover why it is called Dog-tooth Violet, for it bears not the least resemblance to the violet family; it is always in blossom by the first

of May. The plant exhales moisture very rapidly, and is, therefore, difficult to transport any distance without care. The flower is lily-shaped, solitary and drooping, petals six, lanceolate, yellow, the three outermost inclined to crimson. Leaves two, radical, of a dark brownish green marked with cloudy white spots. In a clear day, the petals are expanded and reflexed, but closed entirely at night or during cloudy weather. The root is a solid bulb with a brown exterior; it possesses the medicinal property of an emetic when fresh, but in drying loses this power; the leaves are said to be more active, but this wants confirmation. The *Hepatica triloba* is a pretty, early spring flower, blooming in some sheltered situations before the snow has left the ground; the flowers appear before the leaves, in great numbers, and are of different colors, some being a deep blue, others pink, and others, again, pure white; the first-mentioned variety is the most common. The lobes of the leaves assume different forms, in some being acute, in others obtuse; these were formerly regarded as distinct species, but botanists now quite generally agree that these supposed species are nothing more than varieties.

The *Hepatica* belongs to the natural order *Ranunculaceæ*. The name is given from the fancied resemblance of the leaves to the liver; leaves three-lobed, petioles hairy. The blue variety may be found in great abundance at Mount Auburn; the white is not so common, but is to be met with; the blue is also very abundant at Jamaica Plains. There is a cultivated species with double flowers, which is very beautiful; but unfortunately it is apt to die out, and is very rare.

The Wild Columbine, *Aquilegia Canadense*, is a well-known and very showy flower, growing either in rocky situations or stony pastures, and springing from the clefts of the rock; it is a far more delicate flower, both in color and habit, than the common garden species; if a double variety could be produced, it would be a great addition to the garden. Nectaries straight, stamens longer than the corolla, stem erect and branching, about a foot in height, flowers hung on the ends of the branches, scarlet without, yellow within, nodding, in front the stem becomes upright. Grows plentifully on Wellington Hill; in bloom from April 20th to the middle of May, and often later.

We now come to a family of plants well known, but not less esteemed from familiar acquaintance; perhaps there is no species which has received so much attention from botanists as the *Violaceæ*; and as

the different species are liable to change, this attention has resulted, according to Bigelow, in a multiplication of names considerably exceeding the real species. Violets are of three colors, white, blue, and yellow, and vary to all intermediate shades.

The *Viola lanceolata* and *blanda* are the two chief white varieties in the vicinity of Boston, and vary so much in leaf that it is often very difficult to distinguish them; in the former species the leaves, as the name implies, are lanceolate, but vary much in width; the petals are white, greenish at the base, sometimes striped with purple; in the latter, the leaves are generally smooth and crenate, but often vary; the flowers exactly resemble those of the former species; the flowers of both are somewhat fragrant, those of the latter most distinctly so; both may be found growing abundantly together in any wet, open meadow, about the first of May, often continuing in bloom all summer. The *Viola pedata* is one of the most beautiful of the family; the flower is large, and very distinct from all others; the root is fleshy. Leaves pedate, consisting of from five to nine segments, which are wedge-formed and lanceolate. The petals are of a pale bluish purple, white, often yellowish at the base, and beardless; the stigma is compressed, its apex obliquely truncate, perforated. This is by far the most beautiful violet we possess; in dry, favorable situations, it is sometimes so abundant as literally to make the ground blue; according to Professor Gray, there is a variety near Baltimore with the two upper petals intensely velvety purple, and as showy as the finest pansy. This species is found in great abundance in the dry, sandy soil on the Dedham Turnpike; also in a fine grove on the road between Dedham and Milton.

The *Viola sagittata*, with dark purple petals, with white base and strongly bearded, is found on the low grounds on the East Cambridge road very plentifully.

Viola cucullata is the most common species in wet meadows and low grounds; *Viola ovata*, the common blue species of the upland; flowers pale, purple, and very numerous. The *Viola pubescens* is found on the Concord Turnpike; leaves alternate, petals yellow, streaked with dark purple, and slightly bearded; in bloom in June. The cultivated violets are generally double and very fragrant, while the wild species are mostly scentless.

A less common flower than any which have yet been mentioned is the *Trillium*; four species are well known. *Trillium cernuum* is

the one most commonly found in the vicinity of Boston ; the flower is on a footstalk, recurved under ; the leaves of a greenish-white, destitute of beauty ; leaves three, large, roundish, and pointed ; calyx-leaves three ; petals three, alternate with calyx-leaves ; stigmas three, recurved ; found in shady, damp woods at Jamaica Plain.

Trillium erectum bears a brownish-purple flower, with a very disagreeable odor, found only, however, in the western part of the State. The Painted Trillium (*pictum*) is by far the most delicate of the species ; it is very rare in this part of the country ; the petals are pure white, beautifully striped with purple at the base, undulate at the edge. Bigelow states that this elegant species "is not found near Boston," but it was a few years since very plentiful in a swamp on the Canton road in Dedham, though becoming scarcer each year, owing to the felling of the trees and the ardent zeal of tyro botanists.

The largest and most showy of the species is *Trillium grandiflorum* ; the leaves are sessile, acute at the base ; peduncle about an inch in length ; flowers white, turning red before they fade ; petals often two and a half inches long. This species is found in Vermont and at the White Mountains, and, with the two before mentioned, may be seen in bloom at the Botanic Garden soon after the first of May. Early in May we may often find in the woods the early *Thalictrum dioicum* ; it is a plant of little beauty, and, in a season when flowers were more plenty, would probably be passed by unnoticed. The flowers are produced in panicles, the corolla consisting of about five purplish petals ; the flowers are diœcious, the barren having many stamens with capillary filaments, and brown-purplish or yellow anthers ; the fertile smaller and less crowded. It is found at Mount Auburn and plentifully at Jamaica Plain.

A pretty and delicate little plant is the Goldthread, *Coptis trifolia*, so called from the bright golden color of its roots ; as it generally grows in black, peaty soil, the contrast is very great between the color of the roots and the peat. The leaflets are roundish, smooth ; the scape slender, and bearing one small starry white flower ; petals, five or six ; the root is often used in medicine as a bitter. It may be found in Brookline ; in bloom about the beginning of May.

Two very beautiful species of the Anemone grow wild with us in the woods, like the *Hepatica*, which, in the form of the flower, they resemble. They belong to the *Ranunculaceæ* ; the name is derived

from *Æolos*, the wind, because the flower was supposed to open only when the wind blew. *A. nemorosa* is a common species, which early in May spangles the woods with its delicate flowers; some are found of a beautiful purple, others pink, and others white or greenish; it is, however, only the outside of the petals which is thus tinged, the inside always remaining white. The flower is single, on a naked peduncle; the leaves add greatly to the beauty of the plant, being beautifully toothed and cut; this species may be found in great abundance in the woods on the East Cambridge road, and along the railroad. *Anemone Thalicteroides* is easily distinguished from the above by the number of its flowers; the upright stem is divided at the top into a sort of umbel of several flowers, interposed with leaves. Flowers white; petals ranging from four to twelve. This plant has caused some discussion among botanists, and is called by Hooker "a plant of doubtful genus." It is found with *A. nemorosa* on the East Cambridge road, blossoming early in May.

Here we stop, trusting that we have done something toward increasing this spring's crop of bouquets. R.

MARCH.

In the soft southwestern breeze
Wave the boughs of budding trees.
Herald of the blooming year,
Lo! the bluebird, chanting clear,
On the bending branches sits,
Or from elm to maple flits.

Where the little rivulets glide,
By the wasting drifts supplied,
See the ranks of grass appear,
Piercing through with tender spear!
While the clover, swathed in green,
Lifts its little hands between.
Breeze and bird and streamlet sing
Welcome to the coming Spring.

Now among the maple groves,
Where the timid rabbit roves,
Where the nimble squirrel comes,
And the speckled partridge drums,—

Through its tough rind wounded sore
Every tree begins to pour
In the pan its watery blood,
As in the enchanted wood
Palm and tamarisk and oak
Bled at Tancred's fearless stroke.

Day by day the current flows,
Day by day the farmer goes,
With his boys, from tree to tree,
And the urchins leap with glee,
While they haste to bear the sap
Where the kindled branches snap
Underneath the weighty pot,
And the sweet steam rises hot.

Soon those maple groves shall wear
Crimson plumage waving fair, —
Soon the May flower, reaching up,
Catch the light in fragrant cup, —
Soon the hill-sides shall grow green,
And the fields that stretch between, —
Soon among the pasture rocks
Stray the sheep and sober ox, —
Soon the sparrow's nest be found
Hiding in the grassy ground, —
Soon the ploughman's cheerful toil
Furrow o'er the shining soil, —
Soon the white-oak leaves appear
Larger than a mouse's ear ; * —
Then, ye farmers ! night and morn
Plant the golden seed of corn.

LORD BROUGHAM.

WHILE considering with pride our own free institutions, and boasting of the advantages which they afford, to all persons deserving anything for their talents or industry, to gain wealth, fame, and influence among the people, we are apt to forget that there may be other nations equally free with ourselves, and other forms of government almost, if not quite, as well adapted to develop individual character among the governed, as our own. A view, then, of the

* The Indians used to say, "Plant your corn when the white-oak leaves are as large as a mouse's ear."

life of one of England's distinguished men may not be inappropriate at this time, especially the life of one who has been engaged in the pursuit of objects and the advancement of interests in which the American people deeply sympathize.

Henry, Lord Brougham, who for almost half a century occupied the public mind and influenced the public sentiment of England as no one of his contemporaries has been capable of doing, was born at Edinburgh in 1779, of a respectable English family, sufficiently wealthy to afford him an excellent education at the High School and University of his native city. While at the University, which he entered when quite young, he devoted himself to mathematics especially, and communicated one or two papers to the Royal Society on subjects kindred to this science, which, although thought worthy of a place in the "Transactions" of the Society, were characterized by the faults as well as the excellences usually found in precocious juvenile productions. While practising a number of years at the Scottish bar, he employed his leisure moments in contributing articles to the Edinburgh Review, of which he was one of the originators. But his native city did not supply him with business sufficient to employ his restless energies, and accordingly he removed to London, where a more brilliant career was open to him. It was about this time that Napoleon, whose increasing power had now begun to excite alarm even in England, issued the famous Berlin and Milan Decrees, declaring all England to be in a state of blockade, and forbidding the nations of the Continent from holding any commercial intercourse whatever with the enemies of the Emperor. The English government, not to be outdone in this kind of paper warfare, retaliated with the Orders in Council, a similar measure, most injurious to commerce both in England and in this country, and one which finally involved the United States in the war of 1812. This blow proved almost fatal to England's manufacturing interests; the greatest distress everywhere prevailed, and the condition of the operatives, always unfortunate, was rendered still more miserable, so that they were in many instances destitute even of the necessities of life. The merchants of Manchester and other places presented the strongest remonstrances. Brougham appeared on their behalf before the House of Lords, and in a speech which lasted two days, with the most powerful eloquence, pleaded against the suicidal measures of the ministry, setting forth their injustice and disastrous effects in the strongest terms. This effort was unsuccessful, although afterwards, in a great

measure through his influence, the obnoxious Orders were repealed, and the foundation was laid of Brougham's remarkable popularity.

In 1810 Brougham entered Parliament, under the patronage of the Earl of Darlington. Here he found ample scope for the exercise of his peculiar talents. In the ranks of a feeble minority, perhaps the weakest that was ever dignified with the name of a party, he espoused the cause of freedom, and labored to promote the interests of the middle classes against the overwhelming power of the aristocracy. In conjunction with Wilberforce, Granville Sharp, and others, he brought to bear all the weight of his character and his unrivalled oratorical powers against the infamous traffic in human beings, to the iniquity of which the world was then just beginning to be aroused; and he has the honor of having procured, mainly by his own exertions, the passage of a bill declaring it felony in a British subject to engage in the slave-traffic. For four years Brougham was absent from Parliament, his great rival, Canning, having defeated him in the Liverpool election. During his absence the famous Corn Laws were passed, which he, with many other distinguished men, believed at that time to be at least a partial remedy for the distress which was alarmingly on the increase in the agricultural districts. This measure, however, he afterwards looked upon in its true light. Such a change of opinion, though sometimes called inconsistency, certainly deserves rather commendation than blame; for experience has fully demonstrated the uselessness of attempting to interfere by legislative enactments with the self-regulating machinery of commerce. Its demand and supply will establish the price of any article of merchandise, in spite of the efforts of ministers and Parliaments. At any rate, the Corn Laws failed to produce the desired effect, although other causes soon changed the burden to the shoulders of the manufacturers. The distress which followed was even greater than that of the agricultural districts, which had been the occasion of the passage of the Corn Laws. The people, furious from hunger, cried out fiercely against the government, which they believed, and with some reason, to be the cause of their calamities. They were excited to deeds of violence by artful demagogues, and rose in arms to obtain that justice which they despaired of obtaining by more peaceful measures. Against the cruel policy of the ministry which was provoked by these acts of sedition, Brougham strongly protested; but the influence of the ministry was too strong, and the distress too little felt by the legislators, and he was unsuccessful. Resistance was crushed,

and the last drop of misery was added to the already overflowing cup of English operatives.

About this time commenced the efforts of Brougham in behalf of education. From long examination, he had become convinced that no educational system could be depended upon to accomplish its object, except one under the immediate supervision of government. All institutions founded by private munificence, he thought, were sure in time to allow abuses to creep in, so as to render them useless. With this conviction in his mind, Brougham called attention to the state of the various schools established by the benevolence of private individuals; he devoted himself to the work with untiring industry, and succeeded in obtaining a mass of information, which exposed practices the most scandalous and unfaithful on the part of the trustees of educational funds. These facts he laid before the House of Commons, and in several able speeches argued the imperious necessity of taking some action in the matter. Being strongly supported by public opinion, he at last succeeded in obtaining the appointment of a commission to inquire into the subject; but among the commissioners the mover of the inquiry was not included; even the offer of his services was declined, and the matter was allowed to drop to give place to others of more immediate interest.

In 1820 occurred an event which raised very high the popularity of Brougham among all classes of Englishmen. Every one is familiar with the story of Queen Caroline. After the death of George III. she returned to England to claim the crown, to which, as the lawful wife of the Prince of Wales, she was justly entitled. Against her was brought to bear all the power of an unscrupulous court and ministry, and a man even of Brougham's talents might be excused for hesitating before giving up all hope of political preferment, and incurring the lasting enmity of the king, in order to defend a helpless woman against such odds. But Brougham, who had been her legal adviser while she was Princess of Wales, fearlessly undertook her cause. On both sides the greatest legal talent and eloquence were displayed, the prosecution being conducted by men who held the highest stations at the bar; but such an effect was produced by the plea of Brougham, and so strong was the popular feeling on the subject, that the king was forced to abandon the attempt to obtain a divorce. The next measure of Brougham somewhat lessened the popularity he had gained by his last public act in defence of justice. To promote the cause of education which

he appears to have always had nearest at heart, in 1820 he introduced into Parliament a bill providing for the instruction of the poor at the public expense. Such a measure we should expect would meet with general approval ; at any rate, we should not expect to see it opposed by those who were to reap its benefits. But there were objectionable features in the bill, which excited the fiercest opposition even among the people, besides that which would naturally arise against any measure originating with such an active opponent of the ministry as Brougham. The whole system of education, by his plan, was to be under the control of the Established Church. The schools contemplated were to be founded on the recommendation of church dignitaries, and the power of selecting the teacher was in effect vested in the clergyman of the parish. Starting with the principle that a religious education is all-important, and that therefore it is the duty of the state to provide such, if it provide any, he thence argued, and not unreasonably, that, since it is impossible to teach all systems of doctrine in one plan of education, one must be selected, and that no one is so appropriate as the one in which the state itself believes and which it recognizes. But among the people was a great body of Dissenters, to whom this logic was by no means convincing, while they maintained that their children had an equal right with others to be educated at the public expense, and that, too, without incurring the risk of imbibing religious sentiments which they believed to be false and pernicious. As these men helped make up the party of which Brougham was the head, the general admiration for him was naturally somewhat diminished.

In 1823 occurred that famous attack upon Canning which has rendered Brougham's oratorical abilities renowned far and wide, an effort hardly surpassed by the Philippics of the great Athenian orator himself. Canning had, with Brougham, for many years strongly advocated Catholic emancipation ; but it was generally believed, (with how much truth it is impossible to determine,) that on taking office this time he was to sacrifice his principles and abandon the cause in compliance with the desire of the court. It was in a speech in support of the Catholic claims, that Brougham accused Canning of this desertion. A description is given of the attack by some writer, which, although it is perhaps too well known, I cannot forbear quoting : — " At the outset, the oration of Brougham was disjointed and ragged, and apparently without aim or application. He careered over the annals of the world, and collected every instance in which genius had degraded itself at the footstool of power, or principle

had been sacrificed to the vanity or the lucre of place ; but still there was no allusion to Canning, and no connection which ordinary men could discover with the business of the house. When, however, he had collected every material that suited his purpose, when the mass had become big and black, he bound it about with the cords of illustration and argument ; and when its union was secure he swung it round and round with the strength of a giant and the rapidity of a whirlwind, in order that its impetus and its effect might be more tremendous ; and while doing this, he ever and anon glared and pointed his finger to make the aim and direction sure. Then with both his clenched hands upon the table, he hurled at Canning an accusation more dreadful in its gall, and more torturing in its effects, than had ever been hurled at mortal man within those walls."

From this time till the death of George IV., the conduct of Brougham was such as to entitle him to the admiration of every lover of freedom. He appeared everywhere and on every question the warm friend and undaunted champion of the people, and the resolute, uncompromising foe of oppression, in whatever garb it clothed its Protean form. The claims of the Catholics found in him an able and an enthusiastic defender. He labored with untiring energy to ameliorate the condition of the oppressed African. The Holy Alliance, that infamous compact, in which the powers of Europe joined, under cover of religion, to crush the spirit of freedom in Italy and Spain, unmasked by him, displayed to the world its hideous features, and appeared in its true character. But it was in his favorite project of law reform that Brougham appeared to most advantage as the champion of progress. It can hardly be conceived what an incongruous patchwork system the English laws were at that time, and how clumsy and awkward was their mode of administration. Laws dating back almost beyond tradition were side by side with the last act of Parliament. They were adapted to all states of society except that which then existed, and punished judiciously all kinds of crimes except those which men were then likely to commit. In this state they presented a noble field for the exertions of the reformer. Brougham was perhaps better calculated than any other man in England to begin the reform. He had devoted the best years of his life to studying their theory, and in making a practical application of their principles. He had long occupied himself in setting forth their meaning before the courts, and had in his brilliant legal career fully experienced the vexatious delay and trouble of conducting legal business. But he had no small

difficulties to contend with. In a country naturally so conservative as England, he had to change a system which seems to contain in itself all the elements of stability, depending as it does entirely upon precedents which have become a part of history and from their very nature admit of no change. This was, indeed, no light task, even for one with the talents and influence of Brougham. But he fearlessly undertook it, and though for the moment he was without success, yet he brushed away the dust and cobwebs from the laws, and dragged them out of their obscure corners into the sunlight, so that their deformities became visible, and thus prepared the way for the reforms of the next generation.

After the general election which became necessary upon the death of George IV., Brougham sat in Parliament for the first time as the representative of a truly popular constituency. The great county of York, which boasted that it selected only men of noble birth and of the highest talents, nominated him, a man known only by the services he had rendered the people, as its representative in the House of Commons. But he was not long to remain there. The Whig party, which, when the Edinburgh Review had first promulgated its principles was but a powerless minority, had in the progress of time raised its head, and was preparing for the struggle for power. Of this party Brougham was the acknowledged leader, and when he led them on to the attack, the Wellington and Peel ministry fell before their triumphant assault. A new cabinet was formed under Earl Grey, and Brougham entered the House of Peers at once a lord and High-Chancellor. Now was the calm repose of that august assembly cruelly disturbed by the impetuous eloquence of the champion of the middle classes and the enemy of prescription. Both parties looked with some solicitude to see if the Lord Brougham in office would still retain the character of Brougham, the leader of the troublesome, but weak opposition. The hopes of his friends and the fears of his opponents were not disappointed. In the debate on the Reform Bill he laid about him right and left, delighting in the consternation he created, and by his overpowering eloquence succeeded in passing a bill than which none could be more repugnant to the feelings of the Lords. In the election under the new law, the ministry gained a tremendous majority, and were now almost without opposition. But the popularity of the Whig party had reached its height, and was now destined to ebb. The severe measures adopted towards Ireland, though perhaps justified by the violence of agitators, with other measures, dictated, no doubt,

by a sincere desire for the welfare of the country, yet sadly disappointing the hopes of the reform party, turned the tide of popular favor, and the fall of the ministry was as rapid as had been its ascent. Brougham, who never faltered in expressing his opinions, but stoutly maintained them, regardless of consequences, was the first to incur the popular odium, and upon him fell the fiercest attacks of his late friends no less than of his old enemies, the Conservatives. But the stand taken by Brougham in the debates on the Poor Laws struck the final blow at his popularity. Although always an upholder of the rights of the middle classes against the aristocracy, he had never sympathized deeply with the rabble. Looking upon the Poor Laws as affording as it were a bounty to idleness and crime, he had endeavored to remedy the abuses which existed under them. In his speeches on the subject, he fiercely combated the principle, that every person, unable, from whatever cause, to obtain a subsistence, is entitled to the assistance of the state, and, taking no pains to modify his strong language, adduced facts which seemed to support his theory of the injurious effects of the Poor Laws. He even inveighed against hospitals and asylums for the aged so strongly, as to excite the wildest outcry at such a cruel and hard-hearted policy. After this, no one regretted the dissolution of the Melbourne cabinet, which succeeded that of Earl Grey; and though its other members were afterwards restored to office, Brougham has never since taken part in the councils of the nation. His subsequent career in Parliament has been marked by the same peculiar independence of thought and fearless expression of opinion which he had previously displayed. He has not been one who could be fitted to the Procrustean bed of party, and has not been held by the trammels of political maxims. It is this characteristic which has gained him the reputation of inconsistency and fickleness, a reputation which only the impartial pen of the historian, who after his departure shall write his actions, can fully remove. It will not be long before this may happen, for he now, at the age of seventy-five years, is calmly awaiting the end of his earthly career.

When reviewing the political life of Lord Brougham, of which I have given an imperfect, and I fear tedious sketch, we are struck with his sudden and rapid descent from the height of popularity to a position which seems to be the most unenviable a statesman can occupy. We can hardly attribute this to the inconstancy of the people, and it seems still less just to accuse the honorable Lord of deserting the principles which he had pledged himself to maintain at all hazards,

for the purpose of conciliating the high aristocracy with whom he became associated. His whole career affords no instance of an attempt to gain the favor of any one. In fact, he seemed rather to delight in making enemies than in gaining friends. But in accounting for this decline we may consider the fact, that, of all really conscientious reformers whom the world has known, there appears never to have been one thoroughly radical. Like the annual growth of the tree, the whole extent of which is laid down in the bud as yet undeveloped, so the progress which an individual is to make, or the change which he is to bring about in the world around him, is already marked out in the beginning; and as soon as he reaches his limit he becomes as conservative as his predecessor, only at a certain distance in advance of him, and is in his turn destined to be passed by the one who shall come after him. How far Brougham sympathized with the reform party was not at first seen by his admirers. It is to be regretted that his training at the bar or his natural talents gave him a style of oratory so full of the figures of rhetoric as to be exaggerated, and which without evil intent on his part blinded the eyes of the liberal party as to his real sentiments. That he was with them at the outset there is no doubt; but when they, exulting in victory, were eager to be led on to new victories, his course of reform was already run; he had seen everything changed which he thought to require improvement, and now clung as tenaciously to existing institutions as the most bigoted of the opposite party. Taking this view of his conduct, we may be better able to account for the disappointment with which his friends compared his early and his later career in Parliament. Brougham, however, does not need his career in Parliament to prove him the friend of the people and the advocate of reform; for that which shows him in his true character most conspicuously is his enthusiasm in the cause of education. I have only space now merely to allude to the exertions of Brougham which are of this nature. But as the founder of Mechanics' Institutes and Adult Schools, he has done more than twenty politicians intriguing for the balance of power could do to raise England to her present height of greatness and prosperity. I commend, then, the object sought by Brougham in this and his other efforts in the same cause, as one worthy of any man's talents, and worthy too to be pursued with the same earnestness and devotion to the work which has characterized him, so that the same noble reward may be obtained, the grateful memory of an enlightened people.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"O May, with all thy flowers and all thy green,
 Right welcome art thou, faire freshe May;
 I hope that I some green here gotten may." — CHAUCER.

Thus good Geoffrey sang in the ear of May five hundred years ago, and thus bards and puny bardlings in all the various degrees of inspired and uninspired song have been trying to say or sing to her ever since. Each year some hundred pretty things are said, some hundred youths with the proper frenzy rolling in their eye come forth to strike their little lyres, in or out of time and tune, and hope that they too "some green here gotten may." We wish them all success. May they and all the world get just as much green as their little hearts desire. There are two orthodox ways of presenting this pretty month to the readers of a monthly magazine. We may be historical, and tell how our fathers and grandfathers led our mothers and grandmothers in the May-dance on the green, when greens and May-dances were in fashion; or, if they were chimney-sweepers, how they dined and made merry in St. John's wood in the olden time; or we may join the band of May-mad bards, and raise our voice in threadbare song. We may be deep or shallow, wise or weak. "God hath given to some men wisdom and understanding, and to others the art of playing on the fiddle." We claim neither. We are neither sages nor fiddlers, but, for all that, a cordial welcome to the balmy month. And now, as Horatio asks of Hamlet in the play, "What news, my lord?" Indeed, there is not very much to tell. Hamlet's mad answer will perhaps give the moral of almost all the world's news. "There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark, but he's an arrant knave." This is the point of a good deal of the world's sober farce. To find out that villany is villany, and a knave a knave,—this is what is ever doing and never done; this is what is going on in the high places of the earth, on the Crimean battle-field, at the council-board of the Allies, and in the secret committee-rooms of our State Legislature. The world stood once, like honest Gobbo, between its conscience and the fiend. Conscience stood on one side, and modestly offered such absurd, old-fashioned bribes as virtue, justice, truth; the fiend put on a bold face, held out an apple, and bade it budge, and then its heels were at his service, and then it ran. That day is long past. It was a good while ago that its wild race began, and yet it seems to be making a fair headway still, dodging or jumping the petty pebbles that try to stop its course, and hurrying on, nobody knows where. But we are getting too serious for this pleasant Spring month. These are winter thoughts. Spring brings fresh green grass, and we may cease to feed on cold dry hay. The world has really still a little good left. We had better pick it out, cherish it, be satisfied with it. We can, perhaps, endure this wicked world one short month longer.

MUSIC. — The regular musical season is over in Boston; with regard to the season itself there is not a little room for complaint; the fortunate advent of the Italian Opera Troupe, through the enterprise of a New York gentleman, Mr. Hackett, only relieving its general want of life and interest. But not to speak of this, a word may be said of the closing concerts of the series given by the *Men-*

delssohn Choral and the *Musical Fund Societies*. These were both excellent concerts. We never heard the Seventh Symphony performed better; and it was pleasant to witness such correct taste and true appreciation of Beethoven's inexpressibly beautiful music. The solos and concerted pieces, vocal and instrumental, were all well done, and the entertainment, as a whole, very satisfactory.

It is sad to think that a society like the *Musical Fund*, to a great extent a home production, cannot exist in a permanently flourishing condition in Boston; whether it be its own fault, or that of the public, or both. For this institution has never taken the stand it should take, nor achieved the success which was expected of it.

With their last concert we were much pleased, and, with one qualification, entirely satisfied. We left the hall inquiring, with many others, Who is Mrs. Long? for that lady sang so delightfully, that her notes continued sounding pleasantly in our ears, and we were surprised that we had not heard of her before. As far as the singing is concerned, we could not see that the *Qui la voce* of *Puritani* was done better at the Opera, and we could but deprecate the mistake of causing Mrs. De Ribas to appear at the disadvantage of following her. Mr. Cutter's performances were universally pleasing, and justly so; they suggested the execution of Jael, joined to a sustained force and vigor which the latter seldom displayed. Of Mr. Parker's overture, the opening piece, we cannot say much here, and if we had room perhaps we should say more of the author than his work. The *Overture*, if not so satisfactory as the older music which has come to be so much to us, was very pleasing, as well as free from much that a young author might have introduced for the sake of immediate effect. And while we noticed the earnestness and the modest bearing of this "Boston boy," directing an original overture, we were inspired with the hope of much that may yet be done by a young man of so much talent, enterprise, and enthusiasm. If he will devote himself to composition, we will all say, God speed. We suggest that the Musical Fund give Mr. Parker a benefit concert, and repeat his overture; so delightful a concert as the last, with such an object in view, would fill the Music Hall.

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The May Flower and Miscellaneous Writings. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.
Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1855.

From good old stock this "May Flower" springs; and its fresh and healthy Beecher tone cheers and warms the heart like the fragrant flower whose name it bears. The simple, sturdy virtues we read of, which glorified the days of our grandmothers, here find "a habitation and a name"; and we make room in our hearts, as for our own friends, for the single-minded, earnest ones who live in this volume. The reforms of to-day find utterance here; the incense of religious aspiration rises from these pages, and trees and the way-side brook come in, slightly sketched, like an artist's simple studies of nature; but, like these, opening broad visions of beauty. We welcome this book, with its health-giving tone, as we welcome the joyous coming of the Spring. It may be obtained of Mr. John Bartlett, in Cambridge.

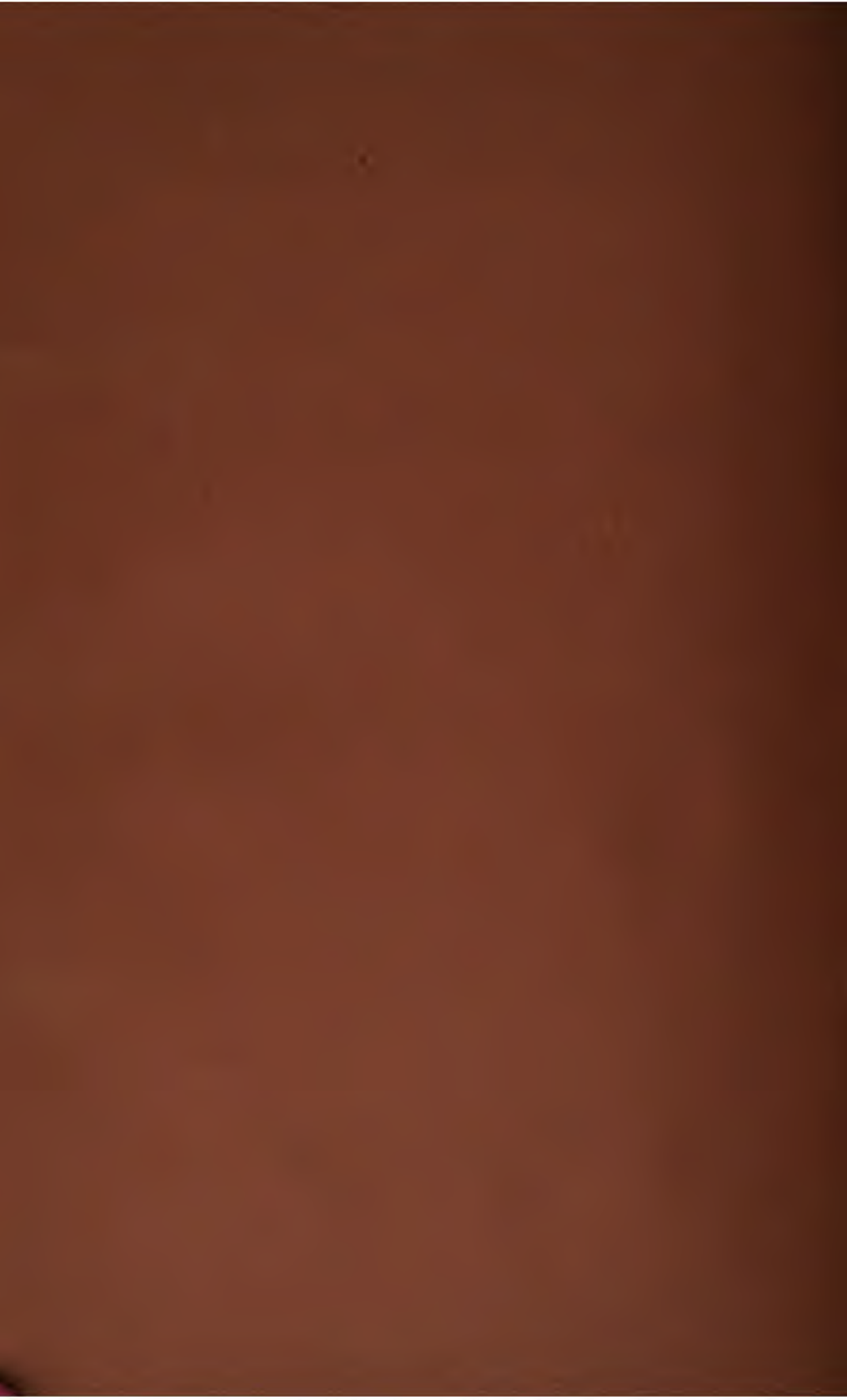
TO UNDERGRADUATES.

As the Editors' Address is somewhat general in its character, we wish here to address ourselves more particularly to our brother students. And first, as to contributions to our pages. We invite all Undergraduates to send us articles for publication, on any subject they choose to treat; and we promise them an impartial judgment so far as we can give it, reserving to ourselves the right of rejecting any article we think unfit for the press. All papers will be published anonymously, unless the writer chooses to sign his name; but the Editors will deem it a sufficient reason for rejecting an article, that we do not know the author's name, since we must know who is responsible for what we print. We hope to receive a good supply of papers on all subjects, — and would especially solicit carefully written scientific articles.

Our Magazine is started with no intention of using its pages to "squib" the College Government, and we shall avoid all personalities of every kind.

We intend to publish about the first of each month. Each number will contain forty-eight pages; and if we meet with good support, we shall increase the number.

We hope you will one and all take such an interest in this nursing of yours, as to support it handsomely. We have the promise of valuable articles from many of the best writers in College, and have no doubt we shall receive others, equally valuable, from sources now unknown to us. We ask you all, therefore, to give us your encouragement, your articles, and — your subscriptions. Our Magazine will be issued by Mr. John Bartlett, who takes upon himself the duties of its publication. He will see that subscribers receive their copies regularly, — and all business communications may be addressed to him.



THE

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THE
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No. 6.

THE HOMERIC QUESTION.

FOR more than two thousand years the universal belief of the whole world, almost without exception, respecting this most curious and difficult question of literary history,—the Homeric Question,—has rested in the genuineness of the Iliad and Odyssey. By the genuineness of these poems we would be understood to mean, that they were the production of him whose name they bear, and that they have come to us essentially as they left their author. We have said “essentially,” because reason tells us, and we trust in admitting this we are guilty of no heresy, that, during the twenty centuries and more since their birth, they have been peculiarly exposed to corruption, which they have not altogether escaped. The world’s creed throughout this long period, as we infer from the writings of both ancients and moderns, may be thus summed up. There was one Iliad, one Odyssey, and one Homer, the sole father of them both. The example of apostasy to the true Homeric faith was reserved for that nation which is pre-eminently the nation of infidels and sceptics,—the Germans. Towards the close of the last century, Frederic Augustus Wolf, the great German philologer, gave to the world his doubts on the possibility of the composition of a poem like the Iliad by a blind minstrel, who, as De Quincey says, “had not so much as chalk towards the scoring down of his thoughts.” Like other reformers, pretended and real, Wolf rapidly won over to his doctrine, which received from him the title of the Wolfian Hypothesis, many converts, not only in Germany, but also in Eng-

land. The cherished belief of ages in the unity of Homer and of his poem was not, however, destined to be destroyed without a struggle; and the partisans of the Father of Poetry entered the lists to do battle in his cause. Hence sprang a controversy which has continued in Germany until the present time. "In England and America, on the other hand, the established opinion maintains its ground rather by ancient prescription than by any exertions made in its behalf."

The Homeric question as raised by Wolf includes two very distinct points to be solved,—the unity of composition and the unity of authorship. All the proof we have to offer in support of this unity, unfortunately for us, is by no means direct, but at the best only presumptive. This we might expect, for assuredly we cannot look for evidence in favor of a question that had never been disputed. Suppose that two thousand years hence some Icelandic Wolf should deny the unity of the *Paradise Lost*; with what show of reason could even Milton's most strenuous advocate murmur, because he could not find direct proofs coeval with that poet of the unity of his poem? However, circumstantial evidence, if strong enough, is conclusive, and to this we shall resort to vindicate Homer's fame.

The following are the heads under which we propose to consider this question. The external probability that such a poem as the *Iliad* could have been composed and preserved at the period assigned to it, and the internal probability; that is to say, the evidence of an original design and the unison of the several parts as now existing. We do not claim the praise of originality for this division, since we find it employed by nearly every writer on the subject. To refute the Wolfian Hypothesis, which presupposes the non-existence of the art of writing in the time of Homer, we must first decide whether it be essential for the production and preservation of the *Iliad* that this art should have been known to the Greeks at that period. The only extant authority for the Homeric age is the bard himself, and no allusion to writing is made in all his works, if we except the *σήματα λυγρὰ*, "the baleful signs," of the letter of Bellerophon, which, by most scholars at the present day, are thought to have been pictorial, and not written. These "signs" prove nothing. Homer wrote, or, to avoid ambiguity, we ought to say composed, an epic descriptive of the actions and customs of persons who lived centuries before his time, who delighted in war and piracy, and who despised the peaceful arts as worthy the attention only of slaves or

of women. Even if writing had been known to his heroes, it does not follow that he must needs have alluded to it in a poem intended for the amusement of contemporaries, and not for the instruction of posterity. If it were unknown to them and yet known to himself, which certainly is not impossible, if he had represented Achilles as sending a sealed cream-laid invitation to dinner to Agamemnon, he would have been guilty of an anachronism only equalled by him who spoke of lucifer matches in the time of Juvenal. A modern writer on this topic has said, "If, in the Crusades, the lettered churchman had not been swept along with the unlettered baron, allusions to writing in a contemporary poet of the holy wars would have been as incongruous, and would have occurred as rarely, as in Homer." Might not an epic of the siege of the Crimean Troy be now composed, with all its various incidents, with its single deeds of mighty prowess, its heroic charges of brigades, its catalogues of fleets, its wraths of pseudo-Achilles, and its Ulyssean forays, without one line that, centuries hence, if all contemporary literature were totally destroyed, would lead a Sandwich-Islander to imagine even that the arts of printing and writing were known among us?

We have lately met with an argument in Colonel Mure's *Literature of Ancient Greece* for the "express mention of written documents in Homer," which, says the Colonel, would be "incontrovertible where no preconceived theories obstructed the free exercise of the critical judgment." Though lengthy, we shall take the liberty of quoting it in the author's own words, preferring to borrow his language rather than appropriate his ideas. After stating that the destinies of a hero, as "lying on the knees of the gods," are several times spoken of in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, he adds: "The Greeks in every age were in the habit of writing and reading with their books or papers resting on their knees. In various classical texts this custom is specified in terms almost identical with those employed by Homer. Still more immediately in point is a passage of the Republic of Plato, where Laches holds on her knees the written reports of the past lives of men and their coming destinies. Add to this the ancient proverb, where Jupiter is described consulting, literally looking down into, his parchment roll of Fate." We have said that the *σῆματα λυγρά* prove nothing. We now infer that the absence of all other allusions to writing, granting this to be one, and excluding, if you please, the *θεῶν ἐπὶ γούνασι κείται*, "the lying on the knees," is decisive of nothing. But we have strong pre-

sumptive evidence of this art from other sources than Homer's own works.

Cadmus, a Phœnician, brought letters into Greece some seven centuries before the Trojan war. On this point the doctors do not disagree. These letters, we admit, in those early barbarous times, before that intercourse which civilization brings about between one section of a country and another had sprung up in Greece, might have been confined for a very long period to his new city, Thebes. Still, we think that seven hundred years were sufficient for their diffusion over the whole of Greece, and even to the colonies in Asia Minor, aided as this diffusion was by trade. For it must be borne in mind that the Phœnicians were a great commercial people long before Homer, and are frequently alluded to by the ancients as carrying on an extensive coasting trade among the islands in the *Ægean* and on the coast of Asia Minor. Homer, too, in the *Odyssey*, describes a Phœnician ship as lying off a port in the Greek Archipelago for a twelvemonth, bartering with the natives. It is as absurd to suppose that these Phœnicians in their traffic communicated no knowledge of letters to the Greeks, as to conjecture that the English could trade with the Hottentots daily for a year without imparting to any one of them a smattering of our language, written or oral. Commerce presupposes some literary culture. Alphabetical writing, it is true, is not absolutely indispensable, but some method to supply its place there evidently must be. Now, unless we are willing to receive a poetical supercargo, such as, according to the hypothesis of Wolf, even in the time of Solomon, was employed by the Tyrian and Sidonian coasters, and whose memory was his ledger, where were recorded "invoice, bill of lading, freight, stowage, tonnage, custom-house and harbor dues, contracts, debts, good and bad, and all the other transactions of a first-rate Sidonian house of business," — unless, reader, you are ready to admit all this, you must grant that the Phœnicians were versed in the art of writing. Again, Carthage, an offshoot from Tyre, as the Roman historians tell us, "had an extensive literature," — sufficient to rouse the jealousy of her rival, and to give force to the peroration of Cato, the censor, "*Delenda est Carthago.*" If this were the condition of the colony, how much more extensive the literary culture of the parent state must have been whence the colony drew the tone and spirit of her own. Furthermore, Homer displays a knowledge of maritime geography too vast to have been acquired by his own

travels, and which, therefore, must have been imparted to him by others; and we know of none more likely to give this information than the loquacious Tyrian sailors.

Another question naturally suggests itself here, in connection with this subject. If these poems were written, on what were they written? In the earliest times, there were various materials used for writing,—tablets of wax, wood, the metals, stone, the bark of trees, linen, skins, and leaves. Herodotus mentions the use of papyrus in his day, but not as a new thing. In fact, in his time there was a tradition of long standing, that writing-material was obtained by the Greeks from the Phœnicians, and this, too, when the commerce of this nation was in its decline. It is not easy, therefore, to conjecture that the same material could not have been furnished to the Greeks centuries before, when that race was in its most palmy days. The same author informs us that in Ionia the skins of animals, prepared in a peculiar manner, were employed as material for writing. Now, no one can show that these prepared hides were not used in the time of Homer, and if they were so used, we maintain that they were the only material that poet could have made use of. Dionysius Halicarnassus says in his *Roman Antiquities*, that, in his time, a treaty between the Gabii and Tarquinius Superbus, written on a wooden buckler covered with ox-hide, was preserved at Rome; and if this had escaped the ravages of time for four centuries or more, we think we do not err in surmising that the Homeric poems among a more civilized community could have survived for three.

To judge from the fear expressed by the Greeks for the Phœnician mariners, we should infer that these sailors combined the stealing of slaves with the exchange of Tyrian dyes. Even Homer, in the *Odyssey*, represents the adventurous Greeks, when restored in after-life to their homes, as relating the experiences of their youth passed in bondage. A slave's value is in proportion to his attainments, at least it was so in ancient times; now, we believe, the more ignorant are the more desirable. The treatment he received evidently corresponded to the services rendered. Therefore, a Greek in slavery among the Phœnicians would acquire, for his own happiness, as great an insight as possible into the customs and language of his masters, and of course, on his return home, he would carry back such knowledge, including that of letters and their use, with him. Another argument in support of the existence of the art

of writing in Homer's day, and one which we do not remember to have seen before, is urged by a late writer in one of the English Reviews. The substance of it is this. The most grievous sin for which the prophets inveighed against Tyre and Sidon is the selling of Hebrew youths and maidens to the heathen nations. Joel expressly mentions Greece as a great mart of the Phœnician slave-trade. "The children also of Judah and the children of Jerusalem have ye sold unto the Grecians, that ye might remove them far from their border." Tyre, as long as she continued worthy of that name, furnished the voluptuous inhabitants of the Greek cities with beautiful women. Now we have the right to draw the inference, from what we know of Greek habits, that these handsome females, so frequently spoken of as remarkable for their musical and other entertaining accomplishments, acquired immense influence over their owners. They were their domestic companions, and doubtless had their own way very much in the early training of the offspring they bore to their masters. "Can we suppose," asks the writer already alluded to, "that they themselves forgot all the lore of their own early Asiatic years? or, that they could converse with their lords, or bring up their children, without communicating something of that in both quarters, largely in the second at all events?" Though we have thus at length brought forward these arguments in support of the theory that the art of writing was known to Homer, we do not insist upon them. We have introduced them to refute the absurdity alleged, that the Homeric poems could not have been composed and preserved without the aid of this art. To us this point is not of such importance. Admitting the art of writing as unknown to Homer, we deny that this fact at all decides the question.

At this point in his argument Mr. Coleridge says that the main question now is, not whether the poems could be preserved, but whether they could be composed, without the aid of writing. And here we must forget the present, when poets lean upon auxiliaries; when Popes "can rise from their couches and call for pen and paper, lest the fugitive poetry of the night should have escaped the treacherous recollection with our morning dreams." We must go back to the past, when memory was a profession, when rhapsodists sang at the feast, at the games, and at funerals, one competing with another in the quantity and quality of his songs, and for the favor of his auditors, and when memory alone preserved the literature of the

times. Here we find hundreds of lesser Homers who could recite, and, while reciting, compose short poems on almost any given subject. No one pronounces this marvellous. Is it any more incredible that one surpassing all the rest in grandeur of conception, force of intellect, and strength of memory, should stand forth far above his contemporaries,—*primus inter omnes*? This is all we claim for Homer, superiority in degree, and not in kind. Furthermore, it is not improbable that the Grecian bard may have dictated his epic to various pupils, who were to him as walking manuscripts. The partisans of Homer have, from time to time, adduced arguments and parallel cases to establish the possibility of the composition of the Iliad with the aid of memory alone. Of all brought forward, the most to the point is that of Mr. Coleridge, who says that Silvio Pellico and his friend Maroncelli composed many thousands of verses in their confinement, unassisted by writing. To be sure we cannot claim for their verses the same literary merit with those of Homer; their subjects were doubtless more simple, their plots less complex. Still the fact remains the same; they were able to compose verses without the aid of writing. "There are yet," says Botin, as quoted by Constant, "in Finland peasants whose memory equals that of the Grecian rhapsodists." These peasants generally compose verses, and some recite very long poems, which they preserve in their memory as they correct them without writing them. So much for the composition of the Iliad.

At the present time, the arguments for the unity of the Iliad that are drawn from external circumstances are generally conceded to be inconclusive, and the attention of critics is turned for the most part to the internal evidence of an original design in the whole, and to the congruity of the several parts as we now have them. That universal admiration bestowed upon the Iliad during the whole of the poetic age of Greece, and the uniform silence of all writers on this question of the plurality of authors, brings weighty evidence to our mind of the unity of this poem. Nor are we left with this negative proof alone. Aristotle, the prince of ancient critics, lauded the unity of the Iliad as its rarest merit, and his disciples declared that not a verse could be obliterated without weakening the structure of the poem. Three things were said to be alike impracticable: "to take from Jove his thunderbolt, his club from Hercules, and a verse from Homer." Even the exceptions of Zoilus and his followers to the poems of the Grecian bard "did not partake at all of

the nature of the questions of modern criticism, but consisted of small cavils at the probability of events, the truth of facts, the propriety of manners, and the choice of words." The only questions raised among the ancients at all corresponding to those discussed by critics of modern times are, whether the last books of the *Odyssey* were genuine, and whether the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were composed by the same author. We anticipate your objections to this, O ye hypercritics, that the poetic age was not the age of historical criticism, and that, when this period did come, the grammarian's touch destroyed this seeming whole, and laid bare the fissures and patches. We reply to you, that it is improbable that the few incoherencies of the *Iliad* should have escaped the notice of the litterateurs of the poetic age of Greece, and from their silence we infer that they did not look upon these inconsistencies as destroying the unity of the poem. Wherever we see a finished epic, perfect as a whole and consistent in its parts, whose unity had never been questioned until the age of literary scepticism, in which the idiosyncrasies of every individual portrayed are everywhere true to themselves, whose beginning presupposes its completion, whose end reflects its commencement, and whose middle is but the bond between such beginning and end, we have a right to assert that this is a poem one and indivisible, and call upon those who think otherwise for their proofs. All admit, we think, the general congruity of the parts, and the carefully observed individuality of the characters of the poem, not in the prominent passions or feelings alone which the superficial student of human nature perceives, but in those less conspicuous traits of character which escape all but the keen discernment of the practised critic. The objections urged are the few inconsistencies and contradictions which the *Iliad* exhibits. These objections to the unity of this poem are a proof of this very unity, if we deny the art of writing in Homer's time, or, waiving this denial, they are strong presumptive evidence of its oneness. For no compiler would have linked together into an epopee odes subject to such charges of inaccuracy, while, it has been said, "it is demanding something beyond the reach of human faculties to expect that a work should be free from inequalities of style and inadvertencies of composition." Incoherencies, if not too flagrant, are not blemishes. "Faultless precision of detail is the attribute of mediocrity." Furthermore, these contradictions might be expected. In the heat of composition the bard might readily forget that Pylæmenes had been despatched to

Pluto's dusky halls in the Fifth Book, when, in the Thirteenth, needing a warrior, he represented him as fighting most valiantly. Generals and soldiers, like the heroes of the stage, might limp off the field of conflict "terribly howling," at the end of one book, to reappear in the opening of the next act all safe and sound. But these contradictions are easily accounted for. The *Iliad*, as is well known, like the other poems of the time, was sung or recited in detached portions, in the houses of the wealthy at marriages and funerals, and in the temples of the gods at public festivals, by those wandering minstrels, the rhapsodists. Of course these musicians, having an eye to their *douceurs*, would foist into the genuine odes any passage that would gratify the pride, or omit such as would wound the feelings of their patrons, so that, if need be, they would not shrink from evoking from the shades heroes whose burial they had chanted the day previous. Even though we grant these interpolations in a work exposed to such constant changes for centuries, still we maintain that we cannot admit a plurality of authors unless the proofs in the poems themselves of several authors exceed in weight and number those evidences of unity of design, admitted even by the originator of the heretical doctrine himself,—Wolf, who confesses that, setting aside the historical arguments, and looking only at the poem itself, "he is so struck with its uniformity of tone and coloring, and the many indications of its being the production of one mind, that he is almost inclined to believe that his researches have misled him, and that he ought to abandon his theory."

Now, what are the proofs of a diversity of workmanship in the *Iliad*? The incongruities and contradictions already alluded to, and certain inferiorities of language and sentiment observable in various places throughout the poem. The inconsistencies we have already disposed of. The discrepancies of style will never prove anything conclusively, for that which one critic declares to be essentially Homeric, another regards as non-Homeric and spurious. Again, reason tells us that the style of the interpolations, which we admit are to be found, must differ from that of other portions of the poem, and the inferiority of parts, particularly of the few last books, is to be attributed to the difficulty of the conditions exacted by the poem and the unpromising nature of the subject. Thus much for the plurality of authors.

That same harmony of the parts of the *Iliad*, that same consist-

ency of characters, thoughts, and feelings, and that same uniformity of sentiment and language which point to the unity of the poem also indicate the unity of the composer. The same arguments that are decisive of the one are conclusive of the other. However this may be, it is at all events incredible, if we will but reflect, that the age of Homer should have been so prolific of great poets. Still more beyond belief is it, that these peers of Homer should have selected the same limited portions of the history of the Trojan war for their songs, which, after having been buffeted about for centuries, were found to be one epopee, with a natural beginning, middle, and end, and interspersed with episodes, each of which refers to events in others. No, we cannot credit this, and the more we reflect upon it, the more firmly convinced we are that one has but to read the arguments in support of the Wolfian Hypothesis to be converted to a true believer in the old Homeric faith.

We shall now close this article, which has, we fear, already exceeded the limits allotted to our Clio, with a quotation from Mr. Mure. After an analysis of the different characters in the *Iliad*, Mr. Mure declares that it is impossible that "a series of such singularly delicate portraits, individualized by so subtle a unity of mechanism, not only in their broader features of peculiarity, but in the nicest turns of sentiment and phraseology, can be the produce of the medley of artists to which the Wolfian school assigns them. . . . It were about as probable that some ten or twenty sculptors of the age of Pericles, undertaking each a different part or limb of a statue of Jupiter, should have produced the Olympian Jove of Phidias, as that a number of ballad-singers should succeed, by a similar process of patchwork, in producing the Achilles, or the Agamemnon, the Priam, the Hector, or the Helen of Homer." The original structure of the *Iliad* may have been enlarged by accessions, or may have been diminished by decay and mutilations; yet many of its original proportions can still be traced, and we can enjoy the general effect designed by the architect.

WOMANLY ETHICS.*

IN a review of *The Lamplighter*, published some months ago in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Emile Montegut speaks well and wisely of the great literary fact of the present age, — the position of Woman as author. He alludes to the great merits and success of various female authors, and shows what a work they are doing for the moralization of the world; or, as he puts it, for checking our demoralization. Fiction is the principal field to which he looks for illustrations of this; and certainly our time and nation have afforded him some brilliant examples. But this wholesome influence of the feminine mind will by no means confine itself to a single channel. It seeks the novel as best effecting its purposes, for the novel is to-day the great engine of literature, as the epic was in Homer's day, and the drama in Shakespeare's. But already women are also invading the borders of science, of politics, of metaphysics, and every day finds them more at home in their new grounds.

Especially in Ethics — so long left to the coarser if stronger mind of man — the subtle influence of woman is silently working many changes. Ethics, indeed, would seem to be the appropriate province of woman, for it is there that she so much excels man. To the fine teachings of intuition, on which all the great ethical laws depend, the soul of woman is far more keenly attentive than the man's duller and grosser spirit. Woman represents the conscience and religion of the world. Her clear, loving, sympathetic insight solves many a problem which perplexes the brain of man. Few women, however, though with the clearest perception of the ethical laws which govern the world, have sufficient force and precision of thought to enunciate and explain them. They give us ethics and theology in their best form, — that of a pure and beautiful life, — but they fail to set forth a logical system. It is with some surprise, therefore, and with unmixed delight, that we learn that the book under notice is the work of a woman. For that this book should have been written by any one is a pleasing thought, but that it should have come from the pen of a woman gives it a double interest and value.

This *Essay on Intuitive Morals* is an attempt to establish by

* *An Essay on Intuitive Morals, being an Attempt to popularize Ethical Science. Part I.* London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1855.

demonstration, so far as the subject will admit it, the real, intuitive character of all those great principles of morality which lie at the foundation of true Ethics, as of true Virtue. It is bold and yet modest, clear, profound, and, if not successful, (though a strong and increasing party among us will maintain that it is so,) at least deserving of success by the excellence of its endeavor.

This volume contains the *Theory of Morals*, and is divided into four chapters. 1st. *What is the Moral Law?* 2d. *Where it is to be found.* 3d. *That it can be obeyed.* 4th. *Why it is to be obeyed.* Its conclusions on these four points are, 1st. "The Moral Law is the resumption of the eternal necessary obligation of all rational free agents to do and feel those actions and sentiments which are right. The identification of this law with His will constitutes the Holiness of the Infinite God." 2d. "The Moral Law has been found in the Intuitions of the Human Mind. These Intuitions are natural, but they are also revealed." 3d. That the Moral Law can be obeyed, because the Human Will is free. 4th. That we should "do Right for the Right's own sake,—love God and Goodness *because* they are Good."

In her singularly fine Preface the author says :—

"I have sought (and this has been my chief aim) to place for the first time, as the foundation of Ethics, the great but neglected truth, that the End of Creation is not the Happiness, but the Virtue, of Rational Souls. I believe that this truth will be found to throw most valuable light, not only upon the Theory, but upon all the details of Practical Morals."

This idea, that Virtue, and not Happiness, is the end of creation, is the key-note of the book, and ably does the writer support her noble postulate. She seems to have read and understood the masters of metaphysical and ethical science, and her book is enriched with some of the finest quotations. In these days of libraries and encyclopædias her learning may not seem remarkable, but what certainly is so is the skill and judgment she shows in the use of it. Yet it is no small thing that a person born within the four seas of Britain is able to comprehend and willing to do justice to those mighty metaphysicians of Germany, who have laid so broad a foundation for the future philosopher to build his fair structure on. Sir William Hamilton has done this, and our author also does it—with a deeper insight, as it seems to us.

It is difficult to make quotations from a book like this, especially

as our limits forbid us to make long ones, but we cannot forbear to select a few passages. Take first of all this striking statement from Chapter First:—

“Proceeding on our premises that the omnipotence of God is not to be supposed to include self-contradictions, we observe at the outset, that (so far as we can understand subjects so transcendent) there were only, in a moral point of view, three orders of beings possible in the universe.

“1st. One Infinite Being. A Rational Free Agent, raised by the infinitude of his nature above the possibility of temptation. He is the only *Holy* Being.

“2d. Finite creatures who are Rational Free Agents, but exposed by the finity of their natures to continual temptations. These beings are either *Virtuous* or *Vicious*.

“3d. Finite creatures who are not rational nor morally free. These beings are *Un-moral*, and neither virtuous nor vicious.

“Dismissing for the present the consideration of the first and third classes, I return to consider the second, which, in our planet, is occupied solely by the human race.

“I have said that finite creatures who are rational free agents are exposed to temptation in consequence of their finite natures. This truth is commonly disputed. We are told of angels, of dwellers in the stars, and of the spirits of the departed, all of whom men have imagined to be beyond the reach of temptation to sin. But surely a little reflection might convince us that the attributes we give to such beings mutually exclude one another, and that, while we call them finite, we are claiming for them the distinctions of infinity. It is precisely the infinitude of God which enables us to predicate his absolute holiness. His alone is that pure Will which has no lower nature with blind instincts against which to contend. . . . Short of omniscience and omnipotence there is room for ignorance and weakness. In a word, short of perfection there must be imperfection.”—pp. 17, 18.

Of Intuition, or rather Inspiration, she says:—

“Shall we say, then, our Bodies receive no Divine influence? Higher is the destiny of our Intellects, which, starting from the grounds of thought He has provided, can soar up on the wings of the reason and memory He supports, and gather in every star throughout His infinite domain, fresh incense for the altar of adoration. Who will say there is no Divine influence on the Intellect? But there are nobler powers still in our nature. Virtue is better than Knowledge, to love God better than to study His greatness. It is only in the moral and religious sentiments that humanity culminates, and in them, therefore, does it most nearly approach to God. Everywhere, the world over, men have thought that duty and religion were taught us differently from other learning; that other science was the lesson our Father wrote for us on earth and sea, but that *this* His own voice whis-

pered in the depths of our hearts. Everywhere, also, men have believed in the probability of communion with God, *not* through the intellect, but through conscience and piety. They have not believed amiss. Our contact with God, unconscious in the body and the mere intellect, becomes conscious when our wills come into perfect Harmony with His Will; and loving Goodness we love Him who is supremely Good. Of this communion, this contact of the Infinite and Finite Spirit, it is not well to speak much; the holiest fane in all the material world is less holy and solemn than it." — p. 84.

We must omit all statement of the able way in which the author refutes *Euthumism*, or the system of Moral Pleasure, — the system of Democritus, and in later times of Henry More, Sharrock, Bishop Cumberland, Shaftesbury, and Hutcheson, — and *Eudaimonism*, Public and Private, — the Greatest-Happiness system of Paley, Bentham, and others. To our mind, she completely exposes the fallacy of all these doctrines, and establishes her own.

We wish this book could be reprinted in this country, for the benefit of a large class of readers, — larger, we venture to say, than it will find in England. Its conciseness and clearness, as well as the intrinsic nobleness of the doctrines which it maintains, would fit it for a text-book in our colleges, and when the work is completed we hope to see it so used. Women endow Professorships, — in old times they used to fill them, — why should they not do so again? or, at any rate, write the books which Professors use? Certainly this book is far better adapted for the ethical instruction of our young men, than the grovelling system of Paley, or the dogmas of any of his followers.

A COLLEGIATE DISCURSION.

LORD BACON in a famous aphorism advises us to "vary discourse of the present occasion with arguments," with more to the same end, namely, of shunning monotony. Beside an early display of the extensiveness of our reading, which, together with all the other lights of other days, has acquainted us with the terse wisdom of Verulam and St. Albans, (you see we know all about him,) our present purpose is to stand fast by "the present occasion," and not fly off into the aoristic province of things in general foreign to our

present habitation and pursuits. This we hold to be a very laudable intent, for, if the learned Thebans who conduct this Magazine will allow the soft impeachment, in its case there has been so far anything but a monotonous train of allusions to matters collegiate. These, however, must be interesting, so long as they are not tedious. We intend, then, to reap a little in this new field, premising that we have too little mock modesty, itself a worse affectation and vanity than downright puffery, to hint any fear lest our labors be found tedious by their kind inspectors. Juniors addicted to Whately are respectfully requested, before proceeding, to search for the fine logical vein which lurks darkly in this beautiful and pathetic exordium. If they can't discover it, why, "*sit pro ratione voluntas.*"

It is the belief of some deluded parents and guardians, themselves unblest by the priceless advantages of a college education, that the hopes of the family in whose liberal culture they invest large sums, in addition to the many other accomplishments which characterize men of great parts,—and what other, pray, does our college turn out?—acquire that of speaking with fluency and ease the language of Cicero, or, at any rate, that of his somewhat canine commentators. Greek is out of the question, as requiring too vast an exertion of the adolescent mind. But Latin—of course students are accustomed to express themselves after the manner and in the words of those old Romans, whose study has weakened their eyes and their heads. Not exactly. True, some such habit did obtain of old, and indeed within the present century certain scraps were used by way of regular formulas. Some amusing anecdotes are told with regard to this practice, such as the well-known one about the lofty dignitary's macaronic injunction, "*Exclude canem, et shut the door*"; and another, of a tutor's dismal flunk on *faba*. It has disappeared along with Commons, the servility of Freshmen and brutality of Sophomores, the Oxford-mixed uniform and buttons of the same color, fines for cutting recitations, and other old college customs, good and bad. Now-a-days it is enough to get up one's Livy or Lucretius for recitation, and to get off decently the portion one is called on to construe. Beyond that point, and such phrases unworthy of note, as, *et cetera, e pluribus unum, actum est de Thompson*,* as you pleasantly observe on being told of that vivacious gentleman's detection in his pursuit of vitreous fractions;—beyond these

* A translation of these expressions will be given on personal application to one of the Senior Editors.

and a few more equally modest Roman heresies, we are stout sticklers for our mother tongue, the future orthodox language of the world. Should a stranger seriously put an inquiry to a student in Latin, in all probability the annoyed undergraduate would do him a personal injury ; or insert a wisp of hay in his hat-band, that all the College-yard might fly the nuisance as dangerously insane. No, no ; we have too much affection for Virgil and Horace to mangle them in misquotations, too much respect for Priscian to break his head on our own account.

How you talk ! And how do you talk ? We hear your impatient protest, your hasty interrogatory, dear sir, and mean to gratify you, only not in a hurry. There is plenty of paper on the table ; it is quite early yet, and the present writer is greatly averse to the spasmodic manner of conveying information. All fiery thirst should be slaked carefully, by degrees. We talk English. But that is a very general statement, as the particularity of your old bachelorship is about to remark. As there are varieties of the human species in College, we use varieties of language, of course ; not so many as Vallombrosa's leaves, or the sea-shore sands, or as anything else you please of the same infinitely divisible character ; but still different sorts of speech. Some men (you know that in College all are "men," from the hirsute Senior to the tender Freshman who carries off a pound of candy and paper of raisins from the maternal domicile weekly) are seriously given to the use of the hardest, driest, and most unpoetic terms the copious Dictionary of Dr. Worcester can furnish. Catch them using an ambiguous term, paltering in a double sense, lingering over a far-fetched but felicitous expression, or flinging a racy *sesquipedalian* at you, when an insipid word that can barely show a penult for itself, or a disheartening monosyllable, will serve their turn. These are they who are above wasting their precious time over editions of the poets, who despise Dickens, and "don't like Thackeray's plot." Give them the charms of Quaker phraseology, or, better still, the brevity of the Spartans, without the pithy thought which gives all its value to the Laconic style. The perplexed look they give a fellow who can rattle off forty words for their four is comical to behold ; they appear to have doubts of his sanity, fears for the excellence of his morals, and thorough contempt for his opinions. They hold in great suspicion the veracity or good sense of anybody in whose wretched brain a grave fact and a light jest can find place at the same time. For

they only read Horace as a part of the fixed business of the course, and see nothing more in *ridentem dicere verum Quid vetat*, than so many words to be scanned, parsed, rendered, and forgotten. Far from their immaculate lips be the pollution of the expletives with which the thoughtless, the graceless, and the corrupt sometimes garnish their discourse, and give emphasis to "airy nothing." Nothing is airy with them; nothing that can't balance the lead of their natural gravity can sink into their intellectual scales; nothing short of actual perforation with a cudgel could win entrance into their crania for a spark of fancy or a flash of humor. You can be brought to no sadder pass than an hour's conversation with such profound bores. Unlike the learned pig, these knights of rueful countenance are unwilling to confess their character; so we dismiss them before our dose of derision has been mixed too hot and strong for their astonished nerves.

After this little fit of girding at dull, hopeless cases, it is pleasant to pass on to a widely different and more agreeable class. Quite a number of fellows are very like corn grown in shady places, only "*pingues paleâ*"; they exceed in *chaff*. Their genius, like that of clever Cockney cabmen, is thrown away in banter. For a short chat, when the mind is weary of insensible constructions, refractory salts, uncertain functions, or the last theme subject, commend us to these merry lads. Among them, above all others, you may hear the colloquial anomalies peculiar to College,—

Φωνάντα συνετοῖσιν ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἐρμηνέων
Χαρίζει.

Only the knowing ones take without an interpreter, is the amount of this cheap pedantry. Our singularities of expression do not go so far, to be sure, as "pattering flash"; we do not call a good fellow "a nobby cove" or "werry slap-up party indeed." Still, "College Words" — capital as far as it goes — did not exhaust the subject. Excellent precedent! Neither do we mean any such treason to that select, that sacred phraseology. Let profane hermeneutics take away from its inspection all fussy and offensive exposition. Great as is our desire for your approbation, and hopeful the promise with which we have all along teased and tickled your enduring expectation, O respected, all-too-disgusted reader, we prefer incurring odium to giving that stunning vocabulary, definitions and all.

Seriously, differences of speech result in great measure from differences of character, as all splendid and all grievous rhetorical performances testify. These, as they are found in the four grand divisions of our world in miniature, we have neither inclination nor ability to discourse on. Illustrations can be found copiously enough in first-class novels, works on style, the comic grammars, and the literary phase of what in all its forms is delightful, *Punch*. Take all that is spicy in each, and conjure up in your vigorous, swift-paced imagination an additional hundred words and phrases unsanctioned by ancient usage, nauseous to the shade of decent Campbell, unsuspected by Billingsgate Grote, and fugitive even from liberal Webster. Let no prim square-toes suppose they are nasty; they are only fresh, indigenous, and untransplanted. Such is what we have to hint about the expansive dialect you may hear from men as they nimbly ply the tongue in the paths, at the post-office, in the free and easy intervals of society meetings, and while paying visits.

Thrice glorious word, harbinger of more manuscript, that comes just in the nick of time, at that critical moment when ineffectual manipulation of the scalp had decided us bankrupt, imbecile, "unable to cope with our adversaries," the editor who wrung from us a promise of "copy," and the printer's devil who expects the same to be duly furnished. An acquaintance — bless him, he is more than that, he is a brother of the U. Z. — some time ago intimated his design of discussing the pleasures and miseries of College visiting. May he have the patience of Job and the compliance of Griselda, for his purpose has been stolen, doubtless marred too in the stealing.

This injured mortal has pitched his tent in a central position, and is sufficiently attractive to have had his room made the scene of every imaginable College vis, visit and visitation, — as some ancient essayist has it, — short of multitudinous hilarity pretty well into the morning. Tell his story, O ghosts of innumerable sardine-boxes, and emptied cracker-kegs! — (the hard are much to be preferred, since the soft afford less of pleasurable excitement to the gums, and of exercise to the molar dental formation;) — speak ye also, barrels, whose apples have long since been peeled in the cause of friendship, or have been piratically pocketed as common property, as if they were a species of that great genus which embraces the Fabers of one's acquaintance and classmates, shoe-strings, lucifers, omnibus-tickets, theme-paper, postage-stamps, and the nutriment of pipes. At unseasonable moments he is invaded by goodies; ill-

favoured men eager for his old boots and diseased raiment torment him while rooting at his Greek; he often pipes his eye on account of the dubious treasures he has purchased from Poko, (Benjamin de Jung, Esq., of Judæa,) in order to rid himself of that fumid celebrity; that amiable fossil remain of a remote antiquity, contemporary with the venerable Bede, familiar of the Salem witches and accursed of Matthew Hopkins, Jemmy of the saccharine and phosphorescent baskets, modestly breaks in on him with his eternal Matches and Balls. But everybody is subjected to these petty annoyances; they are no very serious breaks upon one's general happiness. On the contrary, they furnish occasion for many a laugh and jest. We mean to expend no fretful powder and shot on these partly necessary, wholly well-intentioned inconveniences. Keep your door unlocked, sing out, "Come in," and give a kind word to these poor devils. They don't bite, and are as well pleased with a civil speech as with a triumphant assault on your dimes.

Shut up the lexicon, subvert the Greek play, push aside the Kühner and Bohn, and twist around your animal economy; for here enters a classmate, who has with one hand given a careless rap, as much as to say, "This sort of premonition is generally expected," and with the other turned the door-knob. It is one of those incorrigibly good-natured fellows who are continually taxing your worship's own equable temper with comments on the last fortnight's history, or with aimless and useless inquiries about what will probably happen between the Fourth of July, Christmas, and the Greek Kalends. Relax your docile jaws as he empties what he means for an amusing budget of gossip; soften down the intense feeling with which he relates heroic Rapid's deductions, and fall in with his spirited denunciation of that smooth dunce Tardy's unmerited good fortune. Never mind how ill his chronicling of small beer suits your dignified humor; put a good face on the matter, lower yourself from the Clouds, and don't be savage. You are no such awful grandee, after all, that these little events, which are great in our quiet sphere, should be beneath your majestic notice.

But we are laying ourselves open to the charge of creating the evil we have rebuked. It is hard to find one who is not pleased with a visit from a classmate, however trifling the object, however valuable the moments on which it encroaches. Genial, cheerful hospitality is the order of the day. Good-humored welcomes are universally extended, and the College host, without descending to

rude coarseness or chilling vulgarity, adapts his reception and conversation to the comfortable character of his dressing-gown and slippers. Of all things we detest, and scornfully reject, that old superstition of the beauty and necessity of set forms and starched ceremonies. A frosty etiquette and conventional formality, which are all very well in society, where you care not a straw for half the people you meet with, and have the same high estimation returned without discount, when transplanted to the warm naturalness of College life becomes an abominable plague to the nervous, a milder disgust to the more happily constituted, and the laughing-stock of all. Yonder austere, well-got-up Junior, with look as secret as if he had just issued from the cave of Trophonius, as exalted as if he were seated on a dromedary's hump, — even he, if you call on him, will prove as easy as French recitations, as lively as declamations.

Give the stories of the four Halls voices, and with one accord they will shout their testimony to the invariable cheerfulness which has made them temples of perennial good-humor and kindly feeling. Especially wilt thou, South Stoughton Fourth, borrow old Pater Stentor's lungs to swell the glad chorus. Let no carked grumbling charge a Sophomore's true love with drawing an invidious distinction.

True, it is not every room to which you can always gain access. Some few constantly turn the keys of their churlish doors, and others, from time to time, "sport oak." We meant but a minute since, out of personal pique, to put a slight on both parties; but sober second-thought determines us to say a good word for the latter. The inveterate dig, who swells his head and withers his heart by devoting to his excavations more than twice the hours which health and nature forbid our severer studies to go beyond, may set up his own defence if he has any. Trammelled as we are by "injurious bonds of time," interrupted by the incessant tintinnabulation of the harsh monitor atop of Harvard Hall, and haunted by the cares of unperformed exercises, it is the hardest thing in the world — after making due allowance for that innocent social enjoyment which is in itself, as we have all along intimated, a capital feature of our College culture — to get a little unbroken leisure for sweet communion with that glorious company of friends and teachers not named in the course of studies, not disrespectfully spoken of as "shop." Such a communion is an intellectual necessity with most men, as much so as physical exercise is a corporal necessity.

With the upper classes, we believe, it is made imperative by the exigencies of their oft-recurring tasks in original composition and compiled argumentation. This delightful converse with poets, philosophers, essayists, and moralists cannot be pursued profitably or pleasurably by half-hourly snatches. It requires a much longer extension of time. But the many invasions, not to speak too harshly, to which a resident of the buildings is exposed on the score of books, gossip, societies, common studies, clubs, illumination, proximity, and a hundred other reasons, are often fatal to a longer peacefulness unless the means of ingress are decidedly cut off. To secure this end, one must either lock his door and preserve a religious silence when there comes a tap, tap, tapping; or resort to an unpleasant sort of frankness, which, without an uncommon knack, a peculiar social tact, cannot fail of shocking a visitor's self-complacency. Private literary pursuits must be abandoned, and even required duties often slighted, unless some such course is adopted, at any rate on special occasions. (In this connection, it may be a solace to some to gain further, though indirect, consolation from what the planetary De Quincey says of "reading by instalments," in his Biographical Essay on Lamb.) It is safe to conclude, that although one may carry his spirit of indulgence to social claims so far as entirely to sink personal considerations, of whatever weight they may be, at least he ought not to blame those who reject this weakness, this ephemeral pleasure, for the sake of gratifications more substantial and benefits more permanent.

There are several marked classes of visitors whom it would rejoice us to scandalize. There is the nervously excitable man, all whose geese are swans, whose veins are all arteries. Next, that baleful mortal, the inquisitive man, with his Himalayan mole-hills, taking *omne ignotum pro mirifico*; who has an asinine anxiety to hear the minutest details of every incident he hears mentioned, takes airs on himself while retailing information acquired by impudent pumping, and has a blissful ignorance of what constitutes impertinent intrusion. We must pass them over, and also neglect our friends who insist on smoking wherever they go,—a practice most reprehensible. May they not suspect us of harboring any animosity against them on account of their frequent pollutions of our sanctum! No, no, dear Tom and Joseph, the sight of your noble visages, your incipient whiskers, the scrubby fuzz eruptive over your lips, and the charms of your piquant phraseology, your very

Sherbet-of-Shiraz conversation, more than compensate for the vile odors you blow in clouds, and the unpleasant state of ignition which roasts your nasal organs and carbonizes your lungs.

Just as a little bird whispers that the nadir of inanity has been compassed, enters Didonius Ham, the ebony drawer of our water, whose unfavorable notice of the flickering candles on the right shows it is high time to close this slip-shod, disjointed babblement.

THE POEMS OF JOHN NORRIS.

AN allusion of James Montgomery's to this once celebrated, but now forgotten man, created a desire to know more of him, which was not so readily to be gratified. Though the bard of Sheffield spoke warmly of the Rector of Bemerton, and though Norris certainly has stanzas and entire poems which seem worthier insertion in the regular collections than some that have found place there, his name was not to be found in either Ellis, Campbell, or Southey. There are many good reasons why his little book should never be permitted to reach a tenth edition (Wordsworth vouches for the previous nine), yet buds and blossoms may be found in it which those who professedly go a Maying through our old poetic literature, culling flowers from its neglected hedges and by-ways, had no good reason for refusing a place in their posy. The first notice of his writings that we met with was in Willmot's *Lives of the Sacred Poets*. This amiable writer, who, in his own beautiful words, has "walked through the burial-ground of our elder poets with no irreverent footstep," thinking that he "shall not have lingered there in vain if he has removed one obliterated inscription or bound one flower upon a tomb," did not wholly neglect the grave of poor Norris. Though obliged to pass over his name without extended notice, he places it among those that deserve to be treasured up in the memory of the Christian. We will not apologize for inserting entire his brief, but kindly, sketch of our author. "Henry More was happy in the fellowship of some excellent men, who partook of his innocence, simplicity, and enthusiasm. Of these, by far the most remarkable was John Norris, whose few poems display no ordinary genius, and whose Sermons on the Beatitudes overflow with sensi-

bility. His life was in harmony with his profession; he built his tabernacle away from the tumult of the world, and set up his pillar of rest in a holy place.* His writings are imbued with the serene thoughtfulness of an amiable mind. His charming Idea of Happiness was the meditation of a few broken hours in a garden. Although not unvisited by those raptures on account of which he gave More the name of the Intellectual Epicure, his fancy was more sober and temperate. His glimpses of a brighter country were not less vivid than those of his friend; but he descended from his heavenly contemplations with a more solemn awe, and a more reverential silence."†

We learn from the *Biographia Britannica* that Norris was born about 1657, in Wiltshire. His father was a clergyman, and, with the design of educating his son for the same profession, sent him to Winchester School, and thence, at the age of nineteen, to Oxford. Here he read very deeply in the classics, and became especially enamored of Plato, the influence of whose mystical writings pervaded all his works and gave the prevailing color to his life. Having been graduated at the regular period, he was elected a Fellow of All Souls, and employed the leisure which this situation afforded him of pursuing Plato through his most abstract speculations. Next, he fell in with the "Search after Truth;" and as Malebranche's idea of seeing all things in God chimed in with the entire bent of Norris's disposition, he gave himself up to its study and defence with all the enthusiasm of his nature. In 1691, after spending the previous two years as incumbent of Newton St. Loe, he was presented "for his distinguished merit" to the nominally valuable rectory of Bemerton, where sixty years before "holy George Herbert" had labored and died. This living was rated at between £200 and £300 (equivalent to three times that sum at the present day); but according to his own statement in a letter to a friend, "the clear income of his parsonage was not much above £70 a year, all things discharged."‡ He had successful recourse to his pen for the increase of his means, and in the twenty-second year before his death produced about the same number of works, mainly upon Theology and Philosophy, which enjoyed a fair share of popularity. They glow, says Willmot, with the purest fervor of the Christian philosopher. He had

* His own words.

† *Lives of Sacred Poets*, First Series, pp. 337, 338.

‡ *Letters written by Eminent Persons*. 1813.

the honor of a controversy with Locke, in 1690, upon the Nature of Ideas, and displayed no slight acuteness in the discussion, although of course he was no match for his illustrious opponent. He maintained his temper much better than his argument, and much better, too, than Locke. The illiterate cobbler of Germany who attended the Latin discussion between Eck and Luther, judging him defeated who first grew angry, would have formed in this case a very erroneous decision.

Norris's death was hastened by his literary activity, and he died in some measure a martyr to it, in 1711, in his fifty-fifth year. His poems are few in number, and, as they were nearly all written before he was twenty-one, must be judged in a good degree by the promise which they give of ability to do better things. In the Preface, dated "All Souls, June 21, 1678," he *apologizes* for having dallied with the Muses; and though he still protests that he does not think it "an employment beneath the character of a scholar," nor can find it in his heart to repent him of the few blank hours bestowed in this exercise, yet the tone of the paragraph, and the fact that, though he continued to acknowledge his verses, he never added to them more than one or two pieces, make it evident that he *did* consider rhyming beneath the dignity of the grave philosopher. He judged of poetry by his own model, the "melancholy Cowley"; but we know not if this is a sufficient excuse for him. The metaphysical school, which marred a good poet in Cowley, and found its proper direction in Butler, expired in Norris. To their Pindarics and far-fetched conceits he has added his own mysticism, yet without being guilty of anything so glaringly unnatural and absurd as are many of the examples which Johnson produces from Cowley. It is singular that this last-mentioned poet, Norris's admired master, should have been the favorite also of Dryden, who speaks of him as "the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley," and *more* than singular that Milton should have classed him with Spenser and Shakespeare, as the three English poets who held the highest place in his regard.

The annexed lines, though tainted with mysticism, are a favorable specimen of the enthusiastic piety which imbues all our author's writings. They are taken from his capital work, the *Theory of the Ideal World*, where, after dwelling upon Malebranche's idea of seeing all things in God, he breaks out into a meditation of the most elevated and glowing devotion, which concludes with this hymn: —

"Lay down, proud heart, thy rebel arms,
 And own the Conqueror divine;
 In vain thou dost resist such charms,
 In vain the arrows of his love decline.
 There is no dealing with this potent fair,
 I must, my God, I must love thee;
 Thy charms but too victorious are,
 They learn me not my native liberty.
 A holy force spreads through my soul,
 And ravishes my heart away;
 The world its motion does control
 In vain; the happy captive will not stay.
 No more does she her wonted freedom boast,
 More proud of thy celestial chain;
 Free-will itself were better lost,
 Than ever to revolt from thee again.
 Sun of my soul! what shall I do
 Thy beauties to resist or bear?
 They bless, and yet they pain me too,
 I feel thy heat too strong, thy light too clear.
 I faint, I languish, I almost expire,
 My panting heart dissolving lies;
 Those must shine less, or I retire:
 Shade Thou thy light, I cannot turn my eyes."

Watts, who had experienced these same "raptures,"—and to him who has not felt them, in at least some slight degree, these verses will be nonsense,—alludes approvingly to this and a few others of the "Rev. Mr. Norris's Essays in Verse." In them, he says, "the heart having been first inflamed from heaven, and the muse not having been left alone to form the devotion and pursue a cold scent, but only called in as an assistant to the worship, the song ends where the inspiration ceases; the whole composition is of a piece, all meridian light and meridian fervor; and the same pious flame is propagated and kept glowing in the heart of him that reads."

Norris's simplicity often treads unconsciously on the brink of the ridiculous, as in the complaint of Adam turned out of Paradise. We quote one verse in illustration:—

"Stay then, bright minister, one minute stay!
 Let me in Eden take one farewell round;
 Let me go gather but one fragrant bough
 Which as a relic I may keep and show;
 Fear not the tree of life; it were
 A curse to be immortal and not here."

Though copying Cowley in his style, there is marked originality in his thoughts; but as his poems were carelessly written, and seem never to have been retouched, they are very crudely expressed. Some of them seem to have been polished and appropriated by succeeding poets, as, for example, the image in the second verse of the *Infidel*. We were forcibly reminded, in reading it, of a stanza in Beattie's *Minstrel*, but hesitated positively to affirm any connection between them till the suspicion was confirmed by D'Israeli; and even now, though certainly thinking it a *coincidence*, we would rather the Man of Curiosities should vouch for the *plagiarism*. It has not been very long since the oldest of us chased the rainbow firmly persuaded that gold and jewels lay in rich profusion on that favored spot of earth touched so lightly by the radiant foot of this fairy Morgana, and we can all remember with Hood "the fir-trees dark and high," and how

"We used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky."

Since the incident then is by no means an uncommon one, it is perhaps uncharitable to assert more than an accidental coincidence. But be that as it may, here are the two poets with a hundred years between them in their styles. Our limits will not admit of more than the first two verses of the elder:—

"Farewell Fruition, thou grand Cruel Cheat,
Which first our hopes dost raise and then defeat;
Farewell thou Midwife to Abortive Bliss,
Thou Mystery of Fallacies.
Distance presents the object fair
With charming Features and a graceful Air,
But when we come to seize th' inviting prey
Like a shy ghost it vanishes away.

"So to the unthinking Boy the distant sky
Seems on some Mountain's surface to rely;
He with ambitious haste climbs the ascent,
Curious to touch the Firmament.
But when with an unwearied Pace
Arrived he is at the long-wished-for place,
With sighs the sad deceit he does deplore,
His Heaven is still as distant as before."

In Beattie the *image* and train of thought are the same, though the illustration is different:—

" See in the rear of the warm sunny shower
 The visionary boy from shelter flee,
 For now the storm of summer rain is o'er,
 And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky,
 And lo ! in the dark East, expanded high,
 The rainbow brightens to the setting sun.
 Fond fool that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
 How vain the chase thine ardor has begun !
 'T is fled afar, ere half thy purposed race be run."

A thought which is daily on our lips, and which belongs of right to our neglected author, is usually given to Campbell. It is that household word from the Pleasures of Hope : —

" Like angel's visits, few and far between."

Hazlitt carried it back one stage, more than thirty years ago, in his Lectures on the Poets : " To use Mr. Campbell's own expression, his fine things are ' like angel's visits, few and far between.' There is the same idea in Blair's Grave : ' Its visits, like those of angels, short and far between.' Mr. Campbell, in altering the expression, has spoiled it. ' Few ' and ' far between ' are the same thing." But the thought is older than Blair, and Montgomery, quoting it from its rightful owner, adds : " I have borrowed this phrase neither from Blair nor Campbell, but from ' John Norris ' of the seventeenth century : —

' How fading are the joys we dote upon !
 Like apparitions seen and gone ;
 But those which soonest take their flight
 Are the most exquisite and strong ;
 Like angel's visits, short and bright,
 Mortality 's too weak to bear them long.'

Can we doubt that these lines were actually inspired by such a visit in the presence of the heavenly visitant ? Such poetry is not of the earth, earthy."

Norris seems to have anticipated, also, the idea contained in that famous couplet which was never read without a thrill : —

" The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man 's the gowd for a' that."

He is addressing " a Friend in Honor." Explaining why " he so little to his *titles* bowed." His apology is, that he knew and revered his friend's sterling worth before these titles were conferred upon him, — that he considered his new distinction only as the set-

ting to the diamond, &c.; and he sums up with a simile which the reader will perceive is exactly equivalent to that of Burns:—

“ To some whose native worth more dimly shined
Honor might some improvement give,
As metals which the sun has less refined
A *value* from their *stamp* receive.
But you, like gold, pass for no more,
Though *stamped*, than for your weight you would before.”

That a copy of the *Miscellanies* may have found its way to the mantel-shelf of some Ayrshire farmer, and have been one of those few books to which the Shakespeare of Scotland had access in his youth, is possible, but hardly probable. But even if it were certain that Burns had our author's lines in his mind when he penned those burning words, the sparkling form into which he has crystallized the thought so diffusely expressed by the other, would make it for ever his own.

It would be difficult, even if the space were allowed us, to give a proper idea of John Norris by quotations, for, though there are few of his poems which do not contain some line or verse repaying the perusal, these passages are not easily detached without injustice, and seem to lose their freshness and fragrance in the transplanting. But to the lover of old sacred poetry, who knows how to make allowance for the period at which an author wrote, and to whom the word mysticism is not a bugbear, we can promise a pleasant and profitable hour with this amiable man.

As for these “mystics,” we confess a strong partiality for some of them. The faults of such men as More, Norris, and Behmen, the “inspired cobbler” to whom Coleridge acknowledged such frequent indebtedness, lean very much to virtue's side. Certainly only a pious heart, glowing with love to God and finding its delight in meditation upon heavenly things, could commit their errors. Being of the head, these errors were venial and have received sufficient punishment in the loss of that share of the attention of posterity which their powers of mind would have certainly won for them, had they not been thus misdirected. We confess we would rather err with these three men, might we share their ardent piety also, than go right with some cold “cast-iron Christians” of the present day.

OF SOME SATIRISTS.

I HAVE snatched a few hours from "laborious days" to consider some of those who have lashed the follies and vices of the world from pulpits, which were, to be sure, of their own erection, but none the less consecrated for that. If there is anything impudently imperfect in the attempt, it may be remembered that the days were laborious, and the hours few. Little that is novel can be presented by such treatment. Still, barely to mention here and there a name from the list of famous masters of wit who have won the smiles of all the world, sometimes too through their tears, may give some entertainment to literary ears; just as a retired warrior feels a returning sense of power as he recounts his past campaigns and names the brave who obeyed him, or as we amuse ourselves at times in solitude by bidding memory call the roll of absent friends.

Let Heinsius and Casaubon, with erudition as futile as it is tedious, settle the question as to the origin of satire between the early Greek rural festivals, and the *lanx satūra*, the olla podrida or multifarious fun-chowder of the Romans. It is enough for us to know that the reason and our springs of action, while they are ever ready to listen to an appeal, are at times very particular about the manner in which it is made. They are often deaf, unless wit and fancy second the call. These must tickle us while reason probes, so that a shout of laughter drowns the howl of pain, and some sort of equilibrium of feeling is preserved. Human nature refuses to stand too much rigidity in behavior or discourse; even the mathematician must unbend. Constant austerity will always be suspected to be imposture. This it gradually discovers itself to be; as in the case of Coleridge's pompous, silent vis-a-vis at dinner, who passed with the philosopher for a superior mortal, until the dumplings came, when he exclaimed, "Them 's the jockeys for me," and at once sank into raptures and the common herd.

Welcome, then, to the satirist who smiles as he preaches, who plays the lightning of wit along the bolt of reproof, and whose very stab is a part of the cure. Welcome satire has always found, in all places and at all times. Livy finds the vagabonds whom Romulus collected on the Palatium coming in, after duly plundering the Sabine hen-roosts and dividing the booty, to social chats, in which

they were wont "*seria ac joca celebrare*." This sportive temper the descendants of Romulus continued to preserve long after the ancestral sternness and vigor had died out of the family ; as witness their enjoyment of Horace when Roman liberty had become a mockery, and their later degenerate passion, which only lived for "*Panem ac Circenses*." So, too, everywhere else the relish of satire has been one of the earliest manifestations men have given of their having arisen above a total indulgence in the pleasures of sense, and attained to a craving for nobler gratifications.

The ancient satirists indulged their fancy for personal abuse and coarse description to a degree which only their languages admitted. No modern speech can furnish such copious vocabularies for those purposes. Rabelais almost invented a language of his own ; and Swift, in his dirty moods, offends as much, perhaps, by the repetition of the same objectionable phrases, as by their use at all. With such huge piles of filth immediately at their command, almost crying for employment, no wonder the classical comic writers proceeded to a liberal pelting of everybody and everything. The people liked to see the figurative rotten eggs whizzing through the air ; especially when they were directed against their rulers, often as these were also their favorites. "*Multa cum libertate notabant*," says Horace of Aristophanes, and other writers of the *prisca comædia*.

Aristophanes is the most provoking of writers. With great genius, greater acuteness, and a hawk's eye for the least appearance of extravagance in others, he nowhere appears to have perceived that his own excess of mirth was as bitter a satire on himself, as his caustic fun was on his fickle fellow-citizens. There is no reverence in him, no love of mankind. Everything, good or bad, is sacrificed on his altar to Momus, let the other gods fare as they may. He puts the good old Euripides, Milton's favorite, again and again in his pillory ; and with the crane and pulleys of his wit hoists Socrates up into the Clouds, to hang a more conspicuous object of derision than the splendid rascal Alcibiades, or the scurvy scamp Cleon. Roman legacy-hunters never fished for wills with half the zeal he rummaged for scandal. Jestng Pilate's opinion of Truth does not appear very different from that of Aristophanes ; for when he laughs down the sophist's arguments to show there is no such thing as Truth Absolute, it is the disputation he sneers at, not the false conclusion. For his own part he intimates that, after all, good and evil only come from custom, — in themselves are nothing. Aristophanes will take rank

with Shakespeare when the utilitarian philosophers addict themselves to the study of poetry, but hardly before.

This light, gay, classical Voltaire warms with his own art, and when he comes to speak of Cratinus, who had done much to exalt the office of satire, it is refreshing to find him break out into a magnificent eulogy of that poet's labors. (*Equites*, 526 et seq.) But he does not stop with the compliment. Cratinus was yet alive, a mighty old man, in disgrace, neglect, and poverty. Therefore Aristophanes goes on to insult him as a wretched old driveller; to pluck the hairs from his miserable old beard. He could "bear no brother near the throne."

The much abused "Thirty" deserve our gratitude for killing off this old style of comedy, and ushering in the new, which, with its Alexandrian successor, gave all the more faithful a picture of the manners and follies of the times, because it was forbidden malignant railing and foul abuse.

Indeed, this defeats its own object, beside being foreign to the true purpose of satire. Modern taste may go too far in its requisition of delicacy in satire, and in its intolerance of that rough showing up of folly, vice, and imposture, which calls things by their right names, and hits at its mark straight out from the shoulder. A sufficient degree of individuality is necessary in satirical sketches to enable us to detect in those about us, and in ourselves, the faults satire aims to correct.

But it is cruel to go beyond this,—to impale a victim for the pleasure of watching his writhings, after goading him for his imperfections. Such judgments never go unreversed. Poor "Sporus" and "Lord Fanny" come into their rightful inheritance of oblivion at last, and the guilty dullards gibbeted in the Dunciad are pardoned, as that terrible onslaught gathers dust on the shelf.

Of the later Greeks, Lucian of Samosata has the character of a most lively and agreeable satirist, free from coarseness and from ill-nature. A justly distinguished member of our College has introduced him to the American public; but the present writer fears that, as he was deeply puzzled by the many inflections which diversify the Greek tongue at the time he availed himself of the introduction, associations not desirable to recall must restrain him from noticing that famous wit.

Among the Romans, after we have made our bow to our common very good friend, the genial, gentlemanly Horace, Juvenal looms

up, stern, severe, the sublimest Roman of them all. Cincinnatus has come back again to have his honest, straightforward, old-fashioned simplicity shocked by the new state of things; he drops the plough-share and the sword, for Heaven sends him genius and a pen. The ancient city must quail and wince under the blows of this strong and pungent rebuker. Alas! the ancient city was in the condition of a drunkard who cries over his wretched state, embraces the moralist who prays him to reform, and then forgets his remorse over a fresh bottle.

The sole test of the success of satire, it has been hastily said, is that it raises a laugh. A happy paragraph out of Molière may seem to say so too: "Les plus beaux traits d'une sérieuse morale sont moins puissants, le plus souvent que ceux de la satire; et rien ne reprend mieux la plupart des hommes que la peinture de leurs défauts. C'est une grande atteinte aux vices, que de les exposer à la risée de tout le monde. On souffre aisément des répréhensions; mais on ne souffre point la raillerie. On veut bien être méchant; mais on ne veut point être ridicule."

To a great extent this is very true. How weak, for instance, is "la sérieuse morale" of Mons. G. P. R. James. But the characteristics of Juvenal's satire — and who will deny its success? — are lofty contempt, rough vehemence, withering indignation, and pitiless rebuke. Qualities these to produce a very uncomfortable sort of laughter.

We must limit, then, the amount of influence satire has over the risible muscles, and admit that often, as in the case of Juvenal, the mirthful part of satire, or that which contains something of fallacy, is only added to soften the too severe shock which the "*sæva indignatio*," the more true and pointed part of it, would produce on our sensibilities without such a modification. The true function of laughter, after all, is only to clear the mind of morbid humors, and purify it so as to admit of our taking sound and broad views of things. Sometimes, as in the case of minor follies and stupidities, a correct perception of the nature and cause of such errors immediately follows our grin at another's detection of them, and with it a tacit, yet strong, determination not to lay ourselves open to ridicule on the score of like absurdities.

But almost as often laughter performs for us the nobler office of preparing the mind to give a full and fair scrutiny to serious faults and dangerous vices. The witty part of satire, like oysters, serves

as a whet to the appetite before it falls to on the more serious, the *piece de resistance*.

Stately Juvenal we have kept waiting all through this digression. Before leaving him altogether, it may be well to give, as a taste of his quality, a line which has received what Brother Ringletub of the Methodist mission to the Fejees would call a happy modern "improvement":—

"Omnia novit
Græculus esuriens—in cælum, jusseris, ibit."

This case of paratactic protasis, and felicitous hit at versatile, unprincipled Jacks-of-all-trades, Dr. Johnson, in his inimitable imitation, *London*, applies thus to the consummate flower of modern quacks:—

"All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes."

Of the other Roman satirists I can barely name Martial, the epigrammatist, and the amorous Catullus. After them, Priapus seems to have been more worshipped than abominated by the poets of the declining empire. We could conceive well enough the manners of the court of Nero, if we knew no more of that libidinous reign than that Petronius—before whose dense fuliginosity the ribaldry of our English Suckling, Rochester, and Sedley shines, as it were, with "a dim, religious light"—was that wanton lunatic's *élegantia Arbitræ*. Fastidious critic!

From these free-spoken, free-thinking gentlemen to Rabelais, the transition is not very difficult. Profoundest of scholars as he was, he prefers the fast man's commendation,—the jolliest old cock in the world. Loose as he is in his fantastic dialect, and wild flights as his fancy takes, his serious meaning, the under-current which flows evenly along in the muddy streams spat out by Pantagruel, and Panurge, and Friar John, imparts to the least thoughtful mind a moral and rational excitement which forty leaden homilies could not give. In spite of his masquerade garb, his cap and bells, we see it is a monk who cuts such extraordinary capers, whose postures are at times so shameful; and under all the disgusting tomfoolery of the harlequin we detect the philosopher. Lucifer of wits and coryphæus of humorists, dirtiest buffoon, excellent moralist,—Rabelais was so rich that he could lend even to Swift, and so poor that the stolidest Muggletonian could well afford to despise him.

Here the question occurs to us, whether the comic treatment of

manners, follies, and vices, up to our own prim, correct Miss Betty of an age, has not chastised vice and corrected absurdity too much at the expense of decency. A Della Cruscan, a sentimental novelist of the last generation, an admirer of Byron who has never read Don Juan, or a critic who has formed his notions of purity from the namby-pamby publications of the day, might, with more or less fierceness and equal stupidity, say that it has. Such a judgment would be stupid, because it would overlook the subtle distinctions which cause one generation to differ from another, not to speak of the more unmistakable characteristics which give a sort of distinct individuality to each successive century. Who shall dictate the manners of a past age? Those of our own time may appear as ridiculous two centuries to come, as those of Charles II.'s reign are offensive to us. Bring an author up in Laputa with talents for description; who will blame him for portraying insane projectors, instead of humdrum mortals? Every century past is, in some degree, a Laputa to us. If Tom Jones is a rake, yet high-principled, kept by the harridan Bellaston, yet a faithful lover of Sophia, — who are we, to break out with a denunciation of honest, hearty, manly Harry Fielding, who put down what he saw without extenuation? — who are we, to say that this is all a libel on human nature, and of a tendency to corrupt youthful imaginations? Pitiable is the virtue which Fielding's sketches can debauch! As well charge our daily journals with corrupt designs in publishing scandalous occurrences, because, forsooth, as soon as swains and damsels read such accounts, away they must fly together to re-enact the disgraceful history. If Fielding were writing among us now, — and would that he could be galvanized from his grave! — his hero would scorn as much as we do the base meanness, which a hundred years ago we should all have winked at as the most pardonable gallantry. Instead of a bastard squire, he would, perhaps, come before us a merchant's clerk, who, while he scorns to rob the safe, yet is not too proud to squander on miserable vanities or shameful vices the little revenue duty calls him to apply to far different objects. There are a thousand Blifils every day treading our streets, to whom even the Tom Jones of a hundred years back, with all the imperfections on his head which a hundred years ago passed for harmless, was virtue itself. Weak-minded and poor-spirited indeed is he who cannot enter his own protest against that light-hearted scoundrel's undeserved happiness, and supply a running commentary out of the

nobler morality which the healthier public opinion of our own time accepts for its instructor. No, Fielding, like others whom the charge of indecency has banished from the shelves of the polite, painted just what met his eye wherever it turned, not exceptional pruriencies; he called things by their right names, and he saw that undue frailty could be made hateful without cursing, and that simply to show up vice in its true colors, with a running fire of wit, was enough to make it odious. It is Richardson, with his languid inference of a moral, and his vivid, luscious description of immorality, who is likelier to fire an imagination which before was chaste, or to further deprave one already heated.

There are different ways of looking at things; some sweet, some sour, some prudish, some free. It is all very well for the moon—a prude—to chase round the heavens with only her side face presented to us. Fugitive as she is, and averted, astronomers have wrested many a favor from even her baffled reluctance. Sublunary things are far less coy, and to a studious gaze present many a varying aspect. The dismal brethren of Exeter Hall look only for such acid appearances as will pleasantly reflect their own tart physiognomies. The satirist and the humorist—who are pretty much the same, differing only in degree—see all things transfigured through a halo of wit which radiates from themselves.

If, among the many phases in which the world shows itself to the serio-comic writer, some forms have arisen to depict which delicacy calls indecent, the blame of the picture we must transfer to those who would sit for it, and not pass censure on the painter. He was bound by the tenure of his office to tell us what he saw,—for truth will get reported,—and all we can hold him to strict account for is, that his own honesty prevent him from distorting a single beauty of virtue, or lending a false charm to one foul lineament of vice.

But where have we left Rabelais? Too far back to admit of a return. So good-by to him, enigmatic satirist, whose grotesque mantle of grossness is thrown over so manly a body of rare sense and roaring humor. Cervantes, too, Molière, Le Sage, Boileau, each exquisite in his way, can have no word from us now.

Bishop Hall leads off the march of our English satire,—the British Lucilius,—a quaint, powerful writer, who struck off his rough verse in all the fire and vigor of youth. He did not “make a Spanish face with fawning cheere,” did not stand on compliment with his age, but thought

"The satire should be like the porcupine,
That shoots sharp quills out in each angry line,
And wounds the blushing cheek and fiery eye
Of him that hears or readeth guiltily."

These random lines hardly can give a notion of the strong, racy language and native idioms in which he delightfully abounds. His volume is very slight, and for a few days one could not do better than carry it with him and give to the study of the good Bishop's verse his spare minutes.

Of Butler and Dryden, — Hudibras, McFlecknoe, Absalom and Achitophel, — it were idle to say anything. The mighty genius of Swift, however, we cannot pass unnoticed. What a clear vision he has; with what Herculean force he drives his blows straight home. Like a pirate, and to the full as merciless, he bears swiftly down on offenders and cuts them off, resolute to give no quarter. Human nature he holds to be utterly vile, and all that he does not blacken with terrible severity escapes only because it is too despicable to deserve the pains of maligning. Why should one be shamefaced or delicate, when so brutish, so disgusting, so utterly contemptible a creature as man, is the text he is to preach on? Such is the only apology for his ferocity he lets us infer. *"Ἀνθρώπου — ἱκανῇ πρόφασιν.* That is all. His imaginary horses, the Houyhnhnms, may have virtues, but his fellow-creatures are altogether destitute of them; they are hideous in meanness, more vicious than apes, more degraded than the vilest reptile. All along his envenomed lines, gleaming with wit, darkling in corruption, not a drop of honey is there to take the taste off the bitterness of his abundant gall. Look over those stupendous pieces, "The Place of the Damned," and more especially "The Day of Judgment," and say what sort of priest he was who wrote those terrible lines. Shame, shame on him that he debased his cogent logic, his strong, nimble, nervous language, — the very mirror of his meaning, — to point such a moral as this, — the human race are not only awfully bad, but totally incapable to better, and all attempts to do this must be absurdly vain.

But in spite of the verdigris of his satire, the frequent leprosy of his wit, the pages of Swift must always enchain the admirers of superior genius, trenchant logic, surprising power of illustration and Saxon expression. Perhaps some future Inspector Bucket in criticism, gifted with more than ordinary powers of keen, patient investigation, may give us a better solution of that perplexing riddle, —

the Dean's character,—than Scott, or Thackeray, or any one else, has yet offered.

The English writers, Swift's contemporaries and associates, with their immediate successors, were all more or less satirists,—Pope, Prior, Gay, Arbuthnot, Smollett, Armstrong, Fielding, Goldsmith, the great elephantine moralist (who lived so much better a satire on the rest of the world than ever he wrote), and so many others,—the second Augustan age of our literature. Among them flourished Sir Richard Steele, poor Dick, whose res flourerunt but badly. Well might he take the guise of an amiable Tatler who could gossip without scandal.

Wherever men were busiest, there was this Guardian of the minor morals, ever on the alert to catch a hint for the next paper, and a friend to take part of a bottle. All sorts of chances he went through with in his gypsy life, from day to day; now hiccuping golden-mouthed morality to fellow and drunken dragoons; now his party's leading pamphleteer and pet wit of the town; now with the Royal Comedians and a thousand pounds; now skulking in an out-of-the-way tavern, inking his ruffles and cudgelling his brains over a pamphlet to pay for his dinner,—the guineas of friend Joseph's last loan having been dissipated. All fortune's arrows failed to pierce his well-protected skin,—tough with jollity, cased in invulnerable proof-armor of good humor. He kept his temper and his improvidence through all the ups and downs of his busy career, and, perishing penniless, bequeathed posterity a rich treasure of kindly satire and mirthful instruction.

Of later satirists Charles Churchill has been too little read, since the occasions which, combined with the poet's pressing necessity of the means of life, called forth his writings. When we read Churchill's life, and see how hardly that high-spirited, true-born Englishman fared with the world, we learn to bear with his rebellious protest against it; we can pardon even his intimacy with the modern Alcibiades, John Wilkes, and know what measure of allowance to make when his wounded independence in indignant reaction seeks too large a liberty. Read in this way, his poems furnish a capital contrast of honest rage and manly rebellion, to the romantic noodle and school-girl's medley of strained indignation, windy melancholy, wordy declamation, and spirited bombast, that Byron poured out against a world which had more rational work to do than to mind his fretful curses or respect his enormous selfishness.

Gifford better deserves to sink in oblivion, — a fierce, stupid old tom-cat out of Bedlam, who sold himself to the Tories and the Devil. Nicholas at once stepped into possession, and for the rest of his life kept the old ruffian scratching away in the Quarterly, growling all through the gamut, spitting filth at everything noble and generous, even preferring mud to velvet when he haply sheathed his belligerent claws.

The clever fooleries of the Anti-Jacobin — to pass by its infamous libels — are too much of a burlesque character to take rank among our minor satirical writings. Like all other parodies, they must soon cease to interest the curious, for such matter is constantly offered in newer and more engaging forms.

Savage's books, the author of the "Bachelor of the Albany," deserve to be read for their clever satire, which, without being wholly of a special kind, very happily applies to matters nearly concerning our own times.

Dickens can hardly be classed among satirists. He forms a school of literature by himself; distinguished by jading exaggeration, most diverting caricatures, Dutch painting, powerful prose dramatic scenes, prolixity, love of humanity, and disregard for English grammar.

I had intended to conclude with some consideration of Thackeray's works, the kindest yet most searching of all satirists, who combines the observation of Fielding, the grace of Addison, the point and clearness of Swift, and all the best qualities of a dozen other famous writers, with a thousand peculiar to himself. Perhaps the reason why our admiration of him is heightened into love, is that tenderness which lies at the bottom of all his causticity, all his wit, and all his seriousness. It is not with a knout he whips the many small slips and absurdities which make up the farcical part of life, nor does he open up an abyss of flaming horrors to terrify a weak sinner. His strokes of ridicule and sarcasm, his admirable irony, are not in the main directed against such persons as society commonly stigmatizes or laughs at. The ordinary channels of moral oburgation and didactics are enough for the condemnation of scoundrels; only the quiet cares of social affection can do much for fools, — it is not difficult to raise a laugh at them. Thackeray's aim is rather to show up the imposture, the mean hypocrisy, and poor vanity which vast numbers who profess a horror of those vices harbor under the disguise of their opposite virtues.

He does not vituperate the weak as if they were irreclaimably bad, nor the stupid as at all despicable. He knows that out of the heart are the issues of life, and to its nobler cultivation all his best, and indeed all his least, efforts are turned. Nowhere can you find truer representations, daguerreotypes, as it were, of the ways of the world, than in his writings; nowhere more wholesome instruction how to deal with it honestly, manfully, yet with love and charity.

But everybody has read *Vanity Fair*, the *Hoggarty Diamond*, the *Book of Snobs*, and the rest of that splendid list, just as everybody means to read and re-read *The Newcomes*, and whatever else Mr. Thackeray may hereafter delight and instruct us with. And abrupt and summary as it is, this article, although many loved names have been neglected in it which crowded on the memory and courted notice, has already been spun out too long for *Maga's* modest limits.

JUVENILE BOOKS OF ADVENTURE.

ALTHOUGH the tastes of children are indeed almost as varied as those of older people, there are still many things almost equally interesting to them all. There are, therefore, certain classes of books, among the great variety, which, at the present day, are composed exclusively for the young, that are almost sure to be popular with children, even if only moderately well written. Now there is a period in the life of almost every boy, when he has a very strong liking for adventure, in imagination at least, if not in fact; for there are some youngsters, who, although they would shrink from an actual encounter with a big dog, are able in ideal conflicts to destroy lions and grizzly bears to any extent. This fondness for adventure is not derived from books, as is sometimes supposed. It would be almost equally strong, if no books on this subject existed. *Robinson Crusoe* was perhaps the first book in the English language which ministered to this feeling in the young; but can we doubt that boys had the same desire for adventure before Defoe was born? I do not, of course, mean that no books of adventure existed in English before *Robinson Crusoe* was written, but there were probably none, or very few, really suited to children; and although they were probably enjoyed much by all the boys who had an opportu-

nity to read them, they were so little adapted to the youthful mind, that their influence could not have been very extensive. But Robinson Crusoe exactly met the want which existed here, and though not written for children, it obtained, if possible, a wider popularity among them than among adults. The great success of this work has caused multitudes of others of the same description to be written, all, or nearly all, of which have become popular for the same reasons, though few approach to Robinson Crusoe in their style and in the skill with which the story is told; but as young readers are not so likely to observe these points as older ones, this has not prevented them from becoming more or less popular.

Of late years, many more books have been written expressly for the young than was formerly the case, and books of adventure have multiplied with the same rapidity with which other kinds of children's books have increased. Some of these books seem to be intended solely to amuse; but the larger number at the present day contain much useful knowledge. Of the former class, the *Swiss Family Robinson* is a good example. Probably many of our readers can recollect with what intense interest they first perused its pages, and how reluctant they were to arrive at the end. But hardly any book was ever written in the matter-of-fact way in which this is, without the introduction of magicians, demons, fairies, or the like, which contained so many positive absurdities. All the animal and vegetable productions of the earth, if we may judge by the samples afforded us in the course of the work, must have existed on the island where the Swiss family are located. Not the least attention is paid to probability throughout; and this is more to be regretted, as the story itself, as has been intimated, is really peculiarly well suited to engage the attention of the young.

Perhaps the very best juvenile books of adventure are those of Captain Marryatt. And indeed those books may be considered the best which that author ever wrote; they are certainly superior to all but a very few of his works of fiction. In most of these last, there is a certain artificial, unnatural, strained character, which is very unpleasant. (I except *Peter Simple*, and one or two others, where this fault is not met with.) But in his stories for children, Captain Marryatt has written in a natural, simple manner, which is calculated to attract all, and especially the young, for whom these works are designed. The probability of the narrative, too, is carefully attended to. We do not meet with plants or animals which

belong to America in the islands of the Pacific, when reading Marryatt's *Masterman Ready*, nor do we find impossibilities performed on shipboard, as in many other works on similar subjects. Marryatt's works of this class are also distinguished by variety and abundance of incident, and always have an excellent moral tone; so that they possess nearly every requisite of books written for the young.

Among the more recent juvenile books of adventure, Captain Mayne Reid's series deserves special notice. Captain Reid, like the other Captain, has written many other works of fiction, besides this series for the young. His four books for children—the *English Family Robinson*, the *Boy Hunters*, the *Young Voyageurs*, and the *Forest Exiles*—are all American stories. The first of this series, the *English Family Robinson*, is an account of a family of emigrants who are obliged for some years to take up their abode in an oasis of the great American desert. This is, in my opinion, the worst of the four books. The story is told in a somewhat unnatural way. A party of traders are represented as crossing the desert by an unaccustomed track. On their route they arrive at a mountain, with a fertile spot in a deep valley at its foot, where they find the family of emigrants comfortably established. They are hospitably received, and in the evening their host relates his story, which occupies the bulk of the book. But occasionally points in the story come up, which, to the reader, would be unintelligible without explanation; but with which the hearers of the tale can hardly be supposed unacquainted. Once recourse is had to a diagram, to illustrate the method of discovering a wild-bee hive. This certainly can hardly be conceived to be necessary to explain the process to a party of hunters and traders, accustomed to the woods and plains of the West. Other similar passages may be found throughout the work. They could not indeed be avoided, as the author chose to fetter himself in such a way that no better course could be taken. The scientific information, too, is not as well considered in this book as it should have been, seeing that it is one of the chief objects of the work to impart such information in an attractive form. We are told, for example, in the course of a description of a combat between a rattlesnake and a black snake, that the former, who was just in the act of swallowing a squirrel when impolitely interrupted by the other, was unable to use his fangs in his defence, because "they were already locked in the body of the squirrel." Now, that the

squirrel may have stuck in the rattlesnake's throat is easy to believe, but that the snake's fangs were locked in his prey, is a circumstance which I must take the liberty of doubting, as most authorities on the subject distinctly state that poisonous serpents do not use their fangs in swallowing. This is, to be sure, a point of little importance. Still the smallest error should be avoided where the object is avowedly to impart knowledge. An erroneous impression is more easily made than eradicated.

The *Boy Hunters* is, in a great measure, an improvement on the previously mentioned work. The author abandoned in this book the inconvenient method of telling the story which he adopted in the *English Family Robinson*, and the explanations which become necessary in the course of the tale are consequently made to appear more natural. Three boys, the sons of an old Frenchman, residing on the Mississippi, make an expedition into the Western prairies in search of a white buffalo. The various adventures which they meet with on their journey to the region of the buffalo fill the greater part of the book. Finally, they are captured by some Indians, who are about to put them to death, but change their minds on the exhibition of a pipe, the same, according to the story, which the brother of the celebrated Tecumseh carried on a journey which he made among the Western Indians, for the purpose of inciting them to attack the whites. This pipe he afterwards gave to the father of the *Boy Hunters*, who had given it to his sons on their expedition to protect them from danger at the hands of the savages. This part of the story seems rather improbable, but as the book is intended for young readers, it is less objectionable, though it is certain that tales even of this kind should be kept as much as possible within the limits of probability. One of the greatest charms of the unsurpassable *Robinson Crusoe* is the perfect naturalness of every incident. It is the care exercised by Defoe in this particular, that lends such an air of perfect reality to the adventures of *Crusoe*.

The *Young Voyageurs*, the third of Captain Reid's series, relates the adventures of the same three boys, Basil, Lucien, and François, with whom the "*Boy Hunters*" has already made us acquainted, on a journey to a fort of the Hudson's Bay Company, accompanied by their cousin Norman. In this work we have the character of the central part of British America illustrated by the adventures of the heroes of the story on the rivers and lakes of that region, as well as on the land; for a considerable part of the journey is accomplished

by canoe navigation. The travellers are overtaken by winter before they can arrive at their destination, and resolve to pass the winter where they are. But becoming tired of the confinement to which they are thus subjected, they resume their travels before the end of winter, which affords a capital opportunity for other very interesting adventures. They finally, however, get through the perils which menace them, and arrive safely at their journey's end.

In the *Forest Exiles*, the best, as I think, of the series, the scene is laid in the great forests of South America, where certainly adventures in abundance may naturally enough be met with. A Peruvian family is forced, by one of the frequent revolutions which take place in the South American states, to escape across the Andes into the forests. Here they remain some years, when, (having collected a sufficient quantity of the products of the forest to secure the family from want by their sale, on arriving again among the habitations of men,) they construct a raft, and pass down one of the many rivers of that region into the Amazon, and so to the eastern side of the continent. The adventures are numerous and interesting in this story, and the scientific information better arranged and digested than in the other books of the series.

In these books there is a decided improvement visible, from the first to the last; a circumstance which affords good reason to believe that, if Captain Reid continues to write for the young, he will become one of the most successful and popular of those writers who have devoted their talents to this kind of composition. The faults, therefore, which are to be noticed in these books, are met with much more frequently in the first works of the series than in the last.

Perhaps the most prominent of these faults is a disposition which the author manifests to make much of every adventure he narrates. He appears to wish to excite the fears of his readers as much as possible, whenever he has brought his heroes into dangerous situations. For the attainment of this end, he makes a great display of italics in all passages where he intends the interest to heighten, and also introduces a great number of "Ha's" and "Ho's," and like interjections, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Now it is true that a certain class of the Captain's readers would find the interest of the book increased by even a more liberal use of these artifices; but a class by no means large. For as soon as a boy has read two or three story-books, he becomes aware of the fact that perilous situations in books rarely or never

result in any very serious accident. So when he finds the author of the next book he reads striving violently to attract his attention to the extreme danger in which the hero of the story is placed, he is likely, in nine cases out of ten, to feel at once that nothing is to be apprehended, simply because so much is threatened. It is far better in such cases to endeavor to prevent the reader's attention from being drawn to the danger, than by preclusion to bring it immediately before his mind.

Another objection which may be brought against Captain Reid's juvenile books is, that the information contained in them is in many cases too much disconnected with the narrative part of the book. We frequently meet with long dissertations on scientific subjects inserted in the midst of the story, and sometimes not very interesting, which the juvenile reader must be strongly tempted to skip, and so is apt to lose the advantage to be derived from them. The last of the series, the *Forest Exiles*, is nearly, if not quite, free from this defect. There is, I believe, but one such passage in the story of any length, — that relating to the various palms of South America, — and this passage is naturally introduced, and is interesting enough to attract the attention of most children.

Captain Reid is not altogether free from the very common fault in works intended for the young, of stating mere opinions positively as if they were facts, and without qualification. Nothing can be more injurious, and more calculated to fix prejudices in the youthful mind, than such passages in books which are written for children. Some people think that, if the opposite course is adopted, the book will become uninteresting. Most such, I think, might easily be convinced of their error by comparing Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather* with Dickens's *Child's History of England*. In the latter, this fault is carried to excess; in the former, it is most carefully avoided; and yet no child, unless too young to learn history at all, could really find more interest in the *Child's History*. Scott, in the preface to one of the volumes of the *Tales of a Grandfather*, gives some most excellent reasons for the course he has pursued. And, in general, we may say that a book does not always interest children because it is written in a puerile style.

But notwithstanding these, and a few other faults of less importance, Captain Reid's books are excellently adapted to their purpose. Some stories of this sort there are, which deal largely in the melancholy and dismal. These have a bad influence, especially on the

minds of such children as prefer them to others. Of this fault none can accuse the works before us. The descriptions are vivid, and enter a good deal into particulars; a point which should always be attended to in works designed for children. The moral tone of all these books is excellent, and yet is not forced upon the attention so as to disgust the young. On the whole, these books are worthy the attention even of adult readers, and no boy will lay them down at the close of the story, without wishing for more of the same sort.

The subject of books for the young can never be entirely without interest for those of any age. Most of us can recollect our interest in such books a few years ago, and some will have occasion hereafter to take some interest in what their children have to read. Perhaps these considerations will be thought sufficient to justify the bringing a subject which many may at first be apt to think trivial and uninteresting, before the readers of the Harvard Magazine.

NEW BOOKS.

Familiar Quotations. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1855.

LORD BYRON said that a man might pass for a very erudite person by merely reading with attention Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, such is the number of quotations contained in that work. But here we have, so far as quotations are concerned, a score of Burtons cut up fine, boiled down till all the obscenity and dead languages have flown up chimney, and, finally, carefully enclosed and packed for use in a neat duodecimo volume. The occupation of oracular newspapers in general, and of the *Delphic Transcript* in particular, is now quite gone. In future, woe to the quarter-educated politician, or the public lecturer with no education at all, who shall have the audacity to misquote a passage. Some active Uncle Tom among the audience will instantly jump up, with a copy of "*Familiar Quotations*" in his hand, and cry out, "Jem, that's wrong, my boy!" Woe to the authors who shall dare to omit the inverted commas. Won't they catch it? The book, like a good rule, works both ways; it not only gives every facility for the detection of careless copyists, but it also enables one to sprinkle his conversation, his writing, and his public speaking, with the choicest selections from the best authors,—the very nutmeg of the English language. Here is a collection of several thousand quotations from the Old and New Testaments, the Book of Common Prayer, and from more than one hundred and fifty of the best English and American writers; the whole accompanied by a complete index. It is a boon, an absolute boon, to law-

yers, newspaper editors, politicians, literary people, drawing-room belles, young gentlemen of limited conversational powers, and, above all, to students. Here is a field for themes! Only think what a mark you would get for something of this sort:—

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, *remember that* the almighty dollar is a sort of homage that vice pays to virtue. *In the beautiful words of Smollett, —*

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye."

EDITORS' TABLE.

ORDER OF PERFORMANCES FOR EXHIBITION, TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1855.

1. A Latin Oration. "De Ingenio ac Moribus Othonis Imperatoris." Phillips Brooks, Boston.
2. A Greek Version. From Sir Thomas Browne's "Urn Burial." Raymond Egerton, New Orleans, La.
3. An English Version. "Mirabeau." From Lamartine's "Histoire des Girondins." Rezin Augustus Wight, Baltimore, Md.
4. A Disquisition. "Francis the First and Lionardo da Vinci." Edward Jackson Brown, Fitchburg.
5. A Dissertation. "Horace's Literary Criticisms on his Predecessors and Contemporaries." Samuel Crocker Lawrence, Medford.
6. A Disquisition. "The Republic of San Marino." James Many Seawell, Louisville, Ky.
7. A Greek Dialogue. From "La Camaraderie." George Campbell Barrett, Cambridge; Charles Brooks Brown, Cambridge.
8. A Dissertation. "The English Expeditions against Walcheren and Sebastopol." John Boies Tileston, Dorchester.
9. An English Version. "Death of the Duc d'Enghien." From Chateaubriand. Walter Hayes Burns, New York, N. Y.
10. A Dissertation. "The Novels of Fielding." Benjamin Smith Lyman, Northampton.
11. A Latin Version. From a Speech of Henry Clay in behalf of the Greeks. George Washington Robinson, Lexington.
12. A Disquisition. "Poets of the People." Edward Barry Dalton, Lowell.
13. A Disquisition. "Universities in Republics." William Whiting Richards, Boston.
14. A Dissertation. "The 'Thoughts' of Pascal." Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, Hampton Falls, N. H.
15. An English Version. From Tacitus's Agricola. "Calgacus to the Caledonians." John Jordan Jacobsen, Baltimore, Md.

16. A Latin Version. From Burke's "French Revolution." David Casares, Merida, Yucatan.

17. A Disquisition. "Turner as a Landscape Painter." William Pitt Preble Longfellow, Portland, Me.

18. A Latin Dialogue. From "The Jealous Wife." Charles Tasker Howard, Brookline; Joseph Waite Merriam, Boston.

19. An English Version. From Lamartine. "The Funeral of Voltaire." William Wirt Burrage, Cambridge.

20. A Dissertation. "Influence of French Taste upon English Literature under Charles II. and Queen Anne." James Tyndale Mitchell, Philadelphia, Pa.

21. A Greek Version. From Cicero's Oration for the Manilian Law. Arthur Searle, Brookline.

22. A Dissertation. "William Cobbett." Theodore Lyman, Boston.

23. An English Oration. "The Moral Progress of Nations." Robert Treat Paine, Boston.

This Exhibition was of the usual character. All who came bent on being pleased went away satisfied; and sour critics had the walls of their fermentation refreshed. Objection may be made to the flaring decorations which men parade on such occasions, of society badges, club medals, and, above all, ribbons of every length and color. The medals and pins are barely decent; the ribbons give men the appearance of haberdashers' walking advertisements, or of prize cattle.

AFTER having been driven around like a humming-top, tossed like whipt custard or Sancho in the blanket, by the exigencies of getting up a number of the Harvard, one feels pretty much exhausted, so immense is the erudition, the critical acumen, and the pedestrian exercise that must be brought to bear on so sublime an undertaking. It is not enough, it seems, to edify the public in the "article" department, — something remains. The hapless mortal who already has had to catch ghosts of ideas by the tail with a desperation only equalled by the recklessness with which street ragamuffins adhere to spiked carriage-boards, must reload the spent gun of his wits and blaze away in the Editorial, if means human or divine can furnish the ammunition. Under what baleful constellation came he into the world, that this is to be his post-prandial exercise now that Recess has brought a brief down, a Sabbath of rest from the superhuman exertions which paralyze the Titanic brains of Collegians? In vain cometh lamentation; this is a yoke which the neck can't slip out of. Well, what is there to talk about? May, usually so blithe a season, has left us after a reign most unkind, in which we were forced to kindle May fires instead of plucking May flowers, and that, too, after a rheumatic April. Let that pass, for at length the bluebottles have begun to buzz, the buds have blossomed, all the usual vernal greenery has slidden into view, buttercups and other herbage (whereof you may find a full, true, and particular account in our last number) "do paint the meadows with delight," and soon we shall have blistering heat, worse than Olympic dust, endless reviews, tree-frogs, and mosquitos. This were a capital opportunity to introduce stanzas of original poetry. Alas! our Helicon has for a time dried up. To return to the

weather, — what an admirable topic it is, how suggestive, so unhackneyed ! Polite conversation would be strangled without it ; let polite writing always treat with delicate courtesy what bears the brunt of so much of its verbiage. "Peace, anserous creature." O, very well then, if you can't stand this sort of nonsense, man of profound genius, hearken to a word about "enterprises of great pith and moment" in recent history. A Distinguished Orator has been awarded a Salver and a Mug ; the stanniferous bowels of Cornwall have yielded him tribute ; the good and wise, the rag-tag-and-bobtail have exulted in his honors, — honors whose brightness the grime of an envious Traveller could not tarnish. The concentrated nescience of America meets this month in the city of Penn, but that pure patriot, it is feared, will stand but little chance with the Grand National Council of — Knavish Noodles we were about to say, but perhaps they are not so bad as that.

While touching on these extraneous matters, the late Nullification Bill, as some call it, invites remark. To most, no doubt, it appears a piece of fanaticism and treason, the offspring of an irrational, pestilent spirit, which is wedded to impracticable abstractions. On Independence Day many a staunch conservative, many a stumbling-block in the path of Progress, many an idolater of forms which the spirit has abandoned, of compacts only stringent with one of the contracting parties, will recognize in empty declamation the fact, that it is the part of true Americans — not of the martyr Poole stamp — to make certain abstractions a little more practicable. We are fresh from the perusal of a reading-room full of comments on the Kansas outrages, the bullet and bluster policy of a wretched conspiracy of wicked and witless ruffians.

" But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things."

To dogmatize on politics is not within our province. Like the lordly Bateman and his Proud Young Porter after their escape from "Far Turkees" and a "stern parient's" wrath, we hie us home again. The Societies have held their elections, and are doing as well as could be expected. The Boat Clubs prosper, and are doing a famous work in battling with the monster Dyspepsia. We suppose that, at the approaching friendly Naumachia, they will not stoop to conquer ignoble dories or stevedores' craft. The usual instalment of Freshmen has been made acquainted with the Institute's "clash of arguments and jar of words." The Sophomores have celebrated,

" With gratefulness, gladness, and glee,"

the glories of the first half of College life, and sworn loyalty to Alma Mater for the second. Quite a number of Catalogues are on the eve of publication (which helps to account for our own delay), and — and — quite a number of things have taken place, or are about to attract attention, which are very well known to most of our readers, and are of no interest to the rest.

Nothing could be more pleasant than the duty we have now to perform of announcing the election of the following gentlemen by the Sophomore Class as Editors of the Magazine for the next Collegiate year on its part: — FRANCIS O. FRENCH, JOHN C. ROPES, and JAMES J. STORROW.

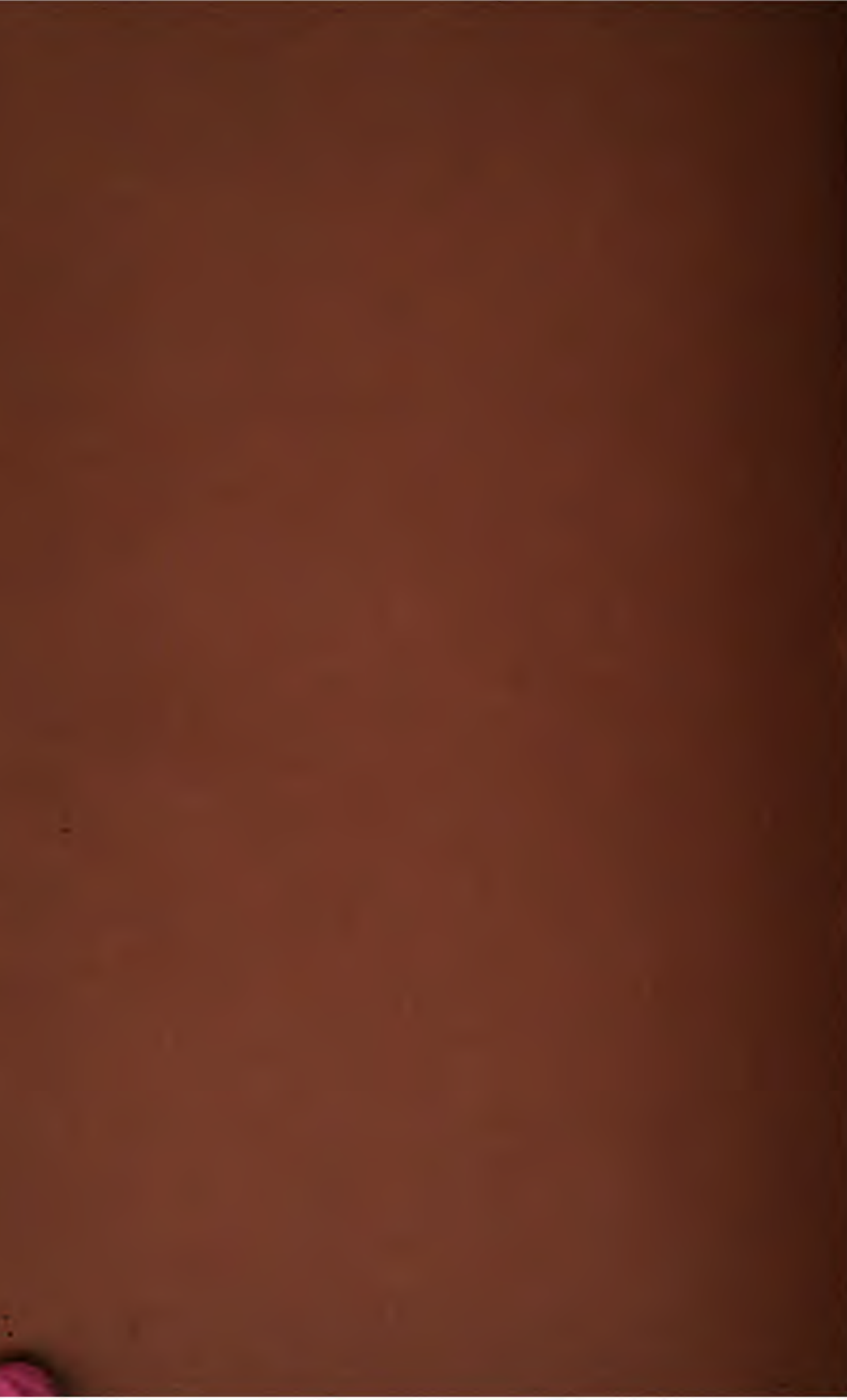
"The Birth, Lyf, and Actes of King Arthur, of his noble Knights of the Round Table, their mervyllous enquests and adventures, th' achyvyng of the Sanc Greal; and in the end Le Mort Arthur, with the dolorous death and departing out of the world of them all."

It was one of the first books ever printed in England, and was translated from the French tales, or a compilation of them, during the reign of Edward IV. It was printed in 1485 by the celebrated William Caxton, who, in giving the reasons which induced him to issue such a book, speaks thus of King Arthur:—

"It is notoyrly known through the universal world that there be IX worthy and the best that ever were. That is, to wit, three paynims, three Jews, and three Crysten men. As for the paynims, they were before the incarnation of Christ, which were named, the first, Hector of Troy, of whom the story is common, both in ballade and prose; the second is Alysander the Great; and the third, Julius Cæsar, Emperor of Rome, of whom the stories ben well known and had. And as for the three Jews, the first was Duke Joshua, which brought the children of Israel into the land of behest. The second, David, king of Jerusalem; and the third, Judas Maccabeus. Of these three, the Bible rehearseth all their noble histories and acts. And since the said Incarnation, there have been three noble Crysten men, stalled and admitted in the universal world, into the number of the IX best and worthy. Of whom the first was the noble Arthur, the second Charlemayne or Charles the Great, and the third and last, Godfrey of Bulloigne." And because Arthur was a British hero, Caxton thought him especially worthy of his labor in printing his history.

The tale begins with an account of the birth of Arthur, which, like that of all heroes, was attended with some peculiar circumstances. His father dying when he was a young child, he lived in obscurity, and it was unknown even to himself that he was the son of Uther Pendragon. But one day there was found a stone with a sword sticking in it, and a voice was heard to say, that whoever should draw out the sword should be king of Britain. Many knights attempted it, but success was reserved for the young Arthur, who drew out the sword, and was in consequence proclaimed king by the Britons. Afterwards, his mother, Queen Igrayne, came into the court and acknowledged him for her son.

In the beginning of his reign, Arthur was assailed by the neighboring kings, and many hard battles were fought. Finally, he con-



THE

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THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

JULY, 1855.

No. 7.

KING ARTHUR.

THERE is no name in British history, and perhaps none in all history, which has occasioned the historian so much perplexity as that of King Arthur. On the one hand, he is set forth as a great hero, a mighty warrior, who performed the most wonderful achievements ; on the other, his very existence is denied. We have long and circumstantial accounts of his birth, his battles, his conquests, and his death ; yet these are all cast aside as fabulous by many careful investigators. Nor is there any person, I will venture to say, concerning whom there is such vagueness of idea as concerning the time, place, and manner of Arthur's life and death, among the majority of people. We have all heard of him. We all know something about him. The poetry of our language—from that simple and graphic ballad which greeted our childish ears with the information that,

“ When good King Arthur ruled the land,
He was a goodly king,” &c.

to the stately verse of Spenser and Milton—is full of allusions to him. Have not the names of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table been like household words to our ears since we first revelled in the magic pages of Scott, and haunted us with their rich mystery ever since ?

We shall speak first of the historical Arthur, and then of Arthur as he appears in the legends and tales of chivalry.

The best accounts agree in making Arthur a prince of the Silurian

Britons, — a small nation, inhabiting what is now Herefordshire and the southern part of Wales. He lived between the years 500 and 550 after Christ. At that time the Saxons, who had some time before invaded England, were in possession of many parts of the country, and Arthur found himself compelled to fight with the ferocious Saxons who surrounded him, for the very existence of his small principality. It was in these wars that the glory of the historical Arthur was won. By his skill and bravery in defending his own territories, he so gained the admiration of the Britons that they chose him *Pendragon*, or commander-in-chief of the British forces of the other states. For the Britons — the descendants of the Celtic tribes whom Cæsar found in possession of the island — were divided into many small kingdoms, somewhat resembling the German principalities; and these, in time of common danger, put their armies under the command of some one king, who had the title of *Pendragon*. At this time the Britons were Christians, having been early converted, — some traditions say by the preaching of St. Paul. By long intercourse with the Romans they had also acquired a considerable degree of civilization, while the Saxons were fierce and barbarous Pagans. This circumstance has added to the glory of Arthur's deeds, and given rise to the most wild and exaggerated stories, as we shall see. After Arthur's election to the supreme command, he is represented by all the chroniclers as having been successful in his campaigns against the Saxons. The common accounts speak of twelve great victories which he won; but the exactness of this number may be called in question, and the localities where the battles were fought are not always marked with much accuracy. Yet traces of these conflicts are said to exist still in some of the alleged localities; and the candid historian will place much reliance on an unbroken tradition sustained by such evidence. The ground covered by Arthur's campaigns is the central and western part of England, the northern counties, and the south-eastern parts of Scotland. Two of his battles are said to have been fought near Edinburgh; and a cliff near the town, well known through the descriptions of Scott, still goes by the name of Arthur's Seat. But his crowning victory was near Bath, and by this success he established peace for many years. It is probable, however, that the extent of Arthur's territories during this peace has been much exaggerated, even by sober historians; to say nothing of the veracious Geoffrey of Monmouth, who makes him the conqueror of Iceland,

the Orkneys, Ireland, Norway, Denmark, and France. At no period is it probable that his power extended over all of England even, and he is believed by many to have defended only his little principality. But it seems that the Saxons, though not driven out of Britain, nor yet wholly subjected to Arthur, were kept in check by his valor, and restrained at least from advancing their conquests. He found his countrymen distracted, disheartened, and everywhere yielding before the savage enemy. By the vigor and prudence of his measures, and more than all, no doubt, by that force of character which does more to win victory than all external aids, he delayed for a while the downfall of his nation. But in the decrees of Providence it was written that the Celtic race should give way to the Saxon, that the English nation might grow up from its double root, the glory of the world ; and however Arthur's prowess might retard, it could not annul this destiny.

But it is the institutions established by Arthur in these years of peace which, if they can be traced with certainty to him, will do more to insure his immortality than his wars against the Saxons. Here, however, the spectre of scepticism again meets us, and we cannot state as a fact what we would fain believe, — that the order of knighthood, in the form in which it governed Christendom so long, owed its origin to Arthur. It is said by those who advocate this opinion, that, after the peace with the Saxons, Arthur, finding that his subjects were losing that discipline in war which long practice had taught them, founded an order of knights, — the famous Round Table fellowship, — by means of which the ancient spirit of valor should be kept up, and a force be always ready for the defence of the kingdom. This was the origin of that institution of chivalry which is the peculiar feature of the military and political history of the Middle Ages.

So say the champions of Arthur. It is certain that some such brotherhoods of warriors existed among the Celtic tribes, and they had a kind of tournament before the time of Arthur. But to what extent this principle was developed we have no means of knowing, nor how far the British hero improved upon it.

After this long time of peace Arthur was again involved in war, most probably with the Saxons ; but, also, his realm was torn by civil dissensions. The battle in which he was at last slain is said to have been fought with his own nephew, Mordred, at a place called Comlan, in Cornwall. Tradition makes the king die by his nephew's

hand. His body was carried to the old monastery of Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, and there buried. Many years after, in 1189, Henry II. caused search to be made for the body, and it was found and removed. The bones were of gigantic size, and on the skull were the marks of nine wounds which had healed in his lifetime. A tenth, which was still open, was supposed to be the fatal stroke of Mordred. By the king's side lay Queen Guinever, and her fair silken hair looked as fresh as when she lived; but at the touch of a finger it crumbled to dust.

Thus much of Arthur do we gather from history which bears the marks of authenticity. Yet, in spite of all this, there are those who deny that any such personage ever existed. "As to Arthur," says Milton, — Milton, who himself designed to write an epic with Arthur for his hero, — "as to Arthur, more renowned in songs and romances than in true stories, who he was, and whether any such ever reigned in Britain, has been doubted, and may again, with good reason. Considering all things, there will remain neither place nor circumstance in story which may administer any likelihood of those great acts that are ascribed to him." If the poets give up Arthur, what shall we say? But his own countrymen go farther. "The Arthur of romance," says Mr. Owen, "is the Great Bear; and perhaps this constellation, being so near the pole, and visibly describing its circle in a small space, is the origin of the famous Round Table." Again he says: "Are we mistaken or not in recognizing him as Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord?" Mr. Davies, another Welshman, concludes that Arthur is a representation of "the polyonymous patriarch, — the deified Noah." Poor Arthur! These things put us in mind of some of those profound speculations in Knickerbocker's History of New York, and of some very probable theories which we have seen advanced concerning Homer. Joshua Barnes wrote a book to prove that King Solomon wrote the Iliad; and another investigator found in that poem an account of the downfall of Jericho and the conquest of Canaan by the Jews. Jacobus Hugo thinks that Homer prefigured the destruction of Jerusalem by that of Troy, that he secretly meant the Dutch by the Harpies, John Calvin by Æneas, Luther by Antinous, and the Lutherans generally by the Lotus-Eaters. Perhaps there will come a time when men will consider Napoleon a personification of Orion, and the French Revolution only a poetical way of expressing the fact that that constellation rises and sets. The existence of Shakespeare has already been doubted.

But, leaving the vexed question of Arthur's historical reality, let us consider him as he appears in the romances, for it is in this way that we know him best. Here he is an accomplished knight, the head of the Round Table fellowship, the stately and beloved king, the sturdy destroyer of Saxons and Saracens, and the centre of those worthies whose exploits dazzle us in the old legends.

But before speaking of these fictions, — which claim to be fictions, — let us devote a few moments to the history of Geoffrey of Monmouth, since he professes to give a true account of Britain from the siege of Troy to his own time. It may not be generally known that the Britons claimed for their kings a descent from Æneas, the Trojan hero. The list of British sovereigns before the time of Christ is quite formidable. Thus, according to Geoffrey, Arthur was the lineal descendant of Æneas. He was crowned king of Britain by Dubricius, Archbishop of Legions, when he was fifteen years old, and from his first appearance was immensely popular. Taking advantage of this, he attacked the Saxons and defeated them in several battles, until they finally agreed to sail back to Germany. But when, after being reinforced, they refused to sail, and ravaged the country as far as the Severn, Arthur marched against them with all his forces. Here the historian stops to describe the arms of the king, and as these are often alluded to by the romancers we quote his description. "He wore a golden helmet with the figure of a dragon for its crest; on his shield, which was called *Priwen*, was an image of the Virgin Mary; at his side was *Caliburn*, an excellent sword, made in the Isle of Avalon; and he carried a lance named *Ron*, hard, broad, and fit for slaughter."

When the armies met, there was a terrible battle. All the first day they fought without result; on the second, Arthur performed such prodigies of valor that the Saxons were defeated. With his own hand, says truth-telling Geoffrey, he slew four hundred and seventy men. Who can wonder that the Saxons yielded? They retired to the Isle of Thanet, and shortly after surrendered. Soon after, Arthur conquered the Scots also, and when the whole country was reduced he married *Guanhamara*, — this is the way Geoffrey Latinizes Queen Guinever, — descended from a noble family of Romans, and surpassing in beauty all the women of the island. After this, for a pastime, he conquers Ireland, Iceland, Orkney, and Gothland; then enjoys twelve years of peace, in which time he establishes his court, so famous for politeness, and causes thereby much fear among the kings of Europe. They make war upon him,

and he invades their territories. First he conquers Norway, then Denmark, and finally Gaul, or France. This provokes the wrath of the Roman Emperor, who sends to him, demanding tribute. Arthur refuses it; and, collecting an army of precisely 183,200 men, he marches to meet the Roman army, defeats them of course, and wins great glory. Not long after this he dies, the history not being very clear as to the manner of his death. For all this the veracious Geoffrey is responsible, and for a long time his chronicle passed for veritable history. It was written in Latin, from a Welsh or Armorican manuscript, it is supposed, about the year 1140; and from Latin it was translated into French by Robert Wace, chaplain to Henry II., about 1150. Soon after, it was rendered into Saxon by Layamon, a priest; and before 1300, into English verse, by Robert of Gloucester. It furnished the historical basis for many of the romances of Arthur, and, as we have said, was once received as authentic history. It seems unlikely that a book like this could gain such credence unless some of its statements were true; yet the extravagances and monstrosities of Geoffrey have done more than anything else to throw discredit on the story of Arthur. He is a worthy rival of Sir John Mandeville and the great Munchausen in his relation of marvels. Yet there are some points on which his authority is of value, and wherever he speaks of the social customs of the Britons his remarks are of considerable importance, as being founded on tradition or still surviving habits. In his description of the great feast made by Arthur at the time of Pentecost, there are some particulars which may interest the ladies of the present day. The queen and the king held separate feasts, as Ahasuerus and Vashti did in the days of Esther. The dress of all the knights was the same in form and hue, and all the ladies were attired alike; and this was esteemed the height of fashion. The ladies, too, had a high standard of merit, to which the knights must raise themselves; for they thought none worthy of their love except such as had been tried in three battles.

But forsaking the field of history, so perplexed by scepticism and contradiction, let us turn to the romances and see how the story of Arthur is treated there. It would be the work of years to speak of all the variations of this story, and our essay would be as long as that renowned epic of the Calmucks, which they measure by miles, — no reciter being able ever to repeat more than three miles of it. We will only give a sketch of one of the best known of all, the *Mort Arthur* of Sir Thomas Mallory. Its title is as follows: —

"The Myeth, Lyl, and Actes of King Arthur, of his noble Knights of the Round Table, their myrthfull enquests and adventures, th' archpbying of the Sanc Greal; and in the end Le Mort Arthur, with the dolorous death and departing out of the world of them all."

It was one of the first books ever printed in England, and was translated from the French tales, or a compilation of them, during the reign of Edward IV. It was printed in 1485 by the celebrated William Caxton, who, in giving the reasons which induced him to issue such a book, speaks thus of King Arthur :—

"It is notorly known through the universal world that there be IX worthy and the best that ever were. That is, to wit, three paynims, three Jews, and three Crysten men. As for the paynims, they were before the incarnation of Christ, which were named, the first, Hector of Troy, of whom the story is common, both in ballade and prose; the second is Alyxander the Great; and the third, Julius Cæsar, Emperor of Rome, of whom the stories ben well known and had. And as for the three Jews, the first was Duke Joshua, which brought the children of Israel into the land of behest. The second, David, king of Jerusalem; and the third, Judas Maccabeus. Of these three, the Bible rehearseth all their noble histories and acts. And since the said Incarnation, there have been three noble Crysten men, stalled and admitted in the universal world, into the number of the IX best and worthy. Of whom the first was the noble Arthur, the second Charlemayne or Charles the Great, and the third and last, Godfrey of Bulloigne." And because Arthur was a British hero, Caxton thought him especially worthy of his labor in printing his history.

The tale begins with an account of the birth of Arthur, which, like that of all heroes, was attended with some peculiar circumstances. His father dying, when he was a young child, he lived in obscurity, and it was unknown even to himself that he was the son of Uther Pendragon. But one day there was found a stone with a sword sticking in it, and a voice was heard to say, that whoever should draw out the sword should be king of Britain. Many knights attempted it, but success was reserved for the young Arthur, who drew out the sword, and was in consequence proclaimed king by the Britons. Afterwards, his mother, Queen Igrayne, came into the court and acknowledged him for her son.

In the beginning of his reign, Arthur was assailed by the neighboring kings, and many hard battles were fought. Finally, he con-

quered his enemies by the help of the celebrated wizard, Merlin, and established his court in peace and splendor at Camelot. He married Guinever, daughter of Leodegron, the king of Camelard, from whom he obtained the Round Table as a kind of dowry. About this table he collected a most noble fellowship of knights. There was Sir Lancelot du Lac, the flower of chivalry; Sir Gawain, Sir Owen, Sir Percival, Sir Launfal, and scores besides, — valiant courtiers and true. Sir Lancelot is the principal figure among these worthies. Indeed he, rather than the king, is the hero of the *Mort Arthur*. He is the lover of the queen, the champion of the king, and the *preux chevalier* of the Round Table. His prowess is invincible, and his whole character is attractive, if one can forget his intrigue with the queen. This, however, seems to have been considered a virtue rather than a vice; for he is everywhere praised for his constancy to his lady, and Sir Tristram, who in like manner loved the fair Isonde, wife of King Mark of Cornwall, sends to Sir Lancelot and his queen, saying, “that there were but four true lovers in all Britain, and these were Lancelot and Guinever, and Tristram and the fair Isonde.” Such incidents show us the unfavorable side of chivalry, and take away much of the romance which clusters around our ideas of the heroic, unselfish devotion of the knights to the ladies. There is much in all these tales which to modern ears seems unpardonably gross, and it often requires great charity to allow them the merit which they actually possess.

The business of the Knights of the Round Table was to seek adventures, and so, making Camelot their head-quarters, they sallied out in all directions to search for some opportunity of exercising their prowess; some giant to kill, some injured lady to rescue, or some castle to besiege. In the romance, they are led through a labyrinth of adventures too tedious to enumerate, but many of them told in a picturesque manner; but finally, they nearly all set out upon the one great adventure, — the achieving of the Sant Greal. The Sant Greal was the cup out of which our Saviour drank at the last supper. It was brought to Britain by Joseph of Arimathea, and kept for a while by his descendants, but when it was lost through the fault of one of its keepers, it became a great object with every true knight to find it again. It often appeared, in vision or otherwise, to those who were in search of it; and on one of these occasions it is thus described: —

“And there came in a little dove at a window, and in her mouth

there seemed a little censer of gold. . And there was, withal, such a savor as if all the spicery in the world had been there. And there was forthwith upon the table all manner of meats and drinks that they could think upon."

Such was the Sant Greal, or Holy Grail, which the knights set out to find.

And here, amid the discord and grossness of this part of the romance, begins a tale of singular beauty, the story of Sir Galahad, which has been made in some degree familiar by Tennyson. The finding of the Holy Grail was an adventure of such sanctity, that in order to achieve it a knight must be pure and chaste, not only in deed and word, but also in thought; and in this requisition the knights of Arthur's court were sadly deficient. Even Sir Lancelot, the mirror of knightood, was kept back from success by his intrigue with Queen Guinever, although he and the other knights set out in pursuit of it. But in Sir Galahad, the son of Sir Lancelot, was found that purity which the holy adventure required. He is called the maiden knight, and in all things he is worthy of the distinction. He it was who was chosen by Heaven to achieve the grand adventure. After many strange chances he obtains the object of his search,—he finds the Holy Grail. But instead of leading him back in triumph to Arthur's court, and rewarding him with the glory and splendor of earth, the romancer, with a singular elevation of thought, makes him die as soon as he has realized his aspiration. Without pain, and peacefully, the soul of the gentle Galahad passes from the sordid and noisy world, to that heaven whence it came. We know of nothing finer in the whole range of romantic fiction.

After the termination of this adventure, the surviving knights reassemble at the court of the king, and the knightly sports begin again. But they are soon interrupted by an event which, in its result, destroys the whole fellowship of the Round Table, and occasions the death of Arthur and Lancelot, and most of the knights. This was Arthur's discovery of the loves of Lancelot and the queen. Lancelot was suspected by Mordred and Agramant, nephews of the king, and finally he was detected.

The jealousy of Arthur of course prevented his remaining longer at Camelot, and when he retired with his men into France the king pursued him, leaving the kingdom in charge of his nephew Mordred. Just after an indecisive battle with Sir Lancelot, Arthur got intelligence that Mordred had usurped the throne, seized Queen Guinever,

and meant to marry her and hold the kingdom. Upon this he sailed back to England, landed in Cornwall, and was met by Mordred with a large army. The two armies met at Camlon in the Lyonesse, a port of Cornwall which is now under water. The fight, which lasted till sunset, was brought on by an accident, contrary to Arthur's desire.

When it was ended, both armies were totally destroyed, with the exception of Arthur and two of his knights, Sir Lucon and Sir Bedivere, and on the other side Mordred alone; and all four were wounded. When Arthur saw how his knights were slain, and saw also the false Mordred who had caused the slaughter, he could not restrain himself, but rushed upon him and ran him through the body. Then Mordred with a great effort threw himself forward on the spear, and struck the king a two-handed blow with all his dying strength. The wound was fatal, though not immediately. The king swooned, and was carried off the field by Sir Bedivere and Sir Lucon. What follows is, perhaps, the most interesting part of the story; but before narrating it some explanations may be requisite. Arthur's wondrous sword, Excalibar, is said to have come to him in the following manner, which accounts for the manner of its disappearance. One day, as Arthur and Merlin were together, Arthur was stricken down by a knight and lost his sword. But Merlin said, "Hereby is a sword that shall be yours." Presently they came to a lake, in the midst of which Arthur saw a hand and arm "clothed in white Samite," holding a sword above the water; and a damsel came to Arthur and told him the sword should be his, if he would give her a gift when she should ask him for it. He made the promise, and, rowing out to the sword, he took it, and wore it ever afterwards. But to the romance.

"Then said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, 'Take thou my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again and tell me what there thou seest.' So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld the noble sword, that the pommel and heste were all of precious stones; and then he said to himself, 'If I throw this rich sword into the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss.' And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibar under a tree and went back to the king." The king found out what he had done and sent him again, and again he hid it and came back. But the king was angry and sent him a third time, saying if he was again disobedient he would arise and slay him.

"Then Sir Bedivere departed and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side, and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might. And there came an arm and a hand above the water, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away this hand with the sword in the water.

"So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. 'Alas!' said the king, 'help me hence, for I fear I have tarried over long.' Then Sir Bedivere took the king on his back, and went with him to that water side. And when they were there, even fast by the bank hove a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen; and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur.

"Now put me into the barge,' said the king. And so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning; and so they set them down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And then that queen said, 'Ah, dear brother! why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas! this wound in your head hath caught over much cold.' And so then they rowed him from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all the ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried, 'Ah, my lord Arthur! what shall become of me now ye go from me, and leave me alone among mine enemies?' 'Comfort thyself,' said the king, 'and do as well as thou mayest; for in me is no trust for thee to trust in. For I wyl into the vale of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound; and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul.' But ever the queens and ladies wept and shrieked that it was a pity to hear.

"And as soon as Sir Bedivere lost sight of the barge, he wept and wailed; and so took to the forest, and so he went all that night; and in the morning he was ware between two holtes hore, of a chapel and an ermytage. Then was Sir Bedivere glad, and thither he went, and when he came into the chapel, he saw where lay an eremyte on the ground, there fast by a tomb was new graven.

"'Sir,' said Sir Bedivere, 'what man is there interred that ye pray so fast for?' 'Sir,' said the hermit, 'I wot not vrayly, but by demyng [not truly, but by guessing]. But this night at midnight here came a number of ladies, and brought a dead corse, and prayed me to bury him; and here they offered a hundred tapers, and they gave me a hundred besants.' 'Alas!' said Sir Bedivere, 'that was my lord, King Arthur, that here lieth buried in this chapel.'

"Thus of King Arthur find I never more written in books that be authorised ; and more of the veray certainty of his death, heard I never read ; but thus was he led away in a ship wherein were three queens ; that one was King Arthur's sister, Queen Morgan le Fay, the other was the queen of North Galys, the third was the queen of the waste landes. Also there was Viviane, the chief lady of the lake. Yet some men say in many parts of England, that King Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our lord Jesu into some pleasant place ; and men say he shall come again, and shall win the holy cross. I will not say it shall be so, but rather will I say that in this world he changed his life. But many men say there is written upon his tomb this verse :

Hic jacet Arthurus, rex quondam, rex et futurus.

'Here Arthur lies, that hath been king and shall be.'

"The vale of Avilion," mentioned in this extract, is the Elysium of the Welsh bards and the romance-writers generally. It was also called the Isle of Avalon, and is now Glastonbury in Somersetshire. It is described as the loveliest place the sun ever shone upon ; agreeing with the description of Tennyson : —

"Where falls not rain, nor hail, nor any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep meadowed, happy, fair, with orchard lawns,
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea."

An old poet, quoted in Camden's *Britannia*, thus praises it : —

"The Apple Isle and Fortunate, men of the thing do call,
For of itself it bringeth forth corn, forage, fruit, and all,
There is no need of country clowns to plough and till the fields,
Nor seen is any husbandry but that which Nature yields ;
Of the own accord there springeth up corn, grass, and herbs, good store,
Whole woods there be that apples bear, if they be pruned before."

In this place stood one of the oldest monasteries in England, said to have been founded by Joseph of Arimathea, who came to Britain after the burial of Christ, according to the Catholic legends. The prosaic version of this carrying away of Arthur by ladies is that he was borne to the abbey of Glastonbury, where his sister was a prioress of nuns, to have his wound dressed. It was at Glastonbury too, as we have said, that his body was found by King Henry.

It was for a long time believed in England, and especially in Wales, that Arthur was not dead, but had been conveyed away by fairies, and would return at some future time, and reign over Britain.

A similar belief prevailed in Germany in regard to the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa ; in Denmark, about Holgar, the Danish hero ; and in Switzerland, concerning the three Tells, as they called William Tell and his two companions. It is said that, even at the present day, many Swiss believe that these three champions lie asleep in a cave on the shore of the Forest Sea, — near where they first swore to free Switzerland from her tyrants, — asleep in their antique garb, but ready to rise and save their country when she should be in her greatest danger.

With the death of Arthur and the most of his knights, of course the story draws towards its end. But one touching incident still remains, the death of Queen Guinever and of Sir Lancelot. It will be remembered that Lancelot was not in England at the time of the battle of Camlon. But soon after, he came over with a great army to the help of Arthur, generously forgetting their former strife. When he found the king was dead he was in great sorrow, and hearing that Guinever was in a certain abbey, he rode thither alone to meet her. As he came in sight, the queen was so much moved that she swooned away. When she could speak, she told him that she repented their former love, and had resolved to devote the rest of her days to penance ; and she urged Sir Lancelot to go back to his estates, take him a wife, live happy, and forget *her*. But he replied that he could never love another, and if she “turned her unto perfection,” that is, entered a convent, he should do the same. So they parted with many tears, and the queen went to her nunnery and Sir Lancelot to the abbey of Glastonbury, where he lived a holy life, together with Sir Bedivere and many other knights, for six years, and then he became a priest. When he had been a priest for a year, word was brought him that Queen Guinever was dead, and dying had requested Sir Lancelot to bury her beside King Arthur, at Glastonbury. He set out therefore, and brought the body to the abbey, and there performed the funeral rites, and laid her beside the king with great sorrow and heaviness. After this, life had no charms for Sir Lancelot. He took no nourishment, and mourned without ceasing for the sad fate of Arthur and his knights, and more than all, for his best beloved lady, Queen Guinever. And so he languished and died ; and with his death, and the lamentations made over him by his brother, ends the romance of the Mort Arthur.

The lament of Sir Hector over Lancelot, has often been quoted as a perfect character of a perfect knight-errant. “Ah, Sir Lance-

lot," said Sir Hector, "thou wert head of all Crysten knights. And now I dare say, thou, Sir Lancelot, there thou lyeest, that wert never matched of none earthly knight's hands. And thou wert the curtiest knight that ever bore shield. And thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse. And thou wert the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman. And thou wert the kindest man that ever stroke with sword. And thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights. And thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall with ladies."

BAILEY'S FESTUS.*

THIS work cannot certainly claim our attention on the score of being a new one; but as it has been pretty generally read, and has been pronounced by able critics to be one of the great poems of the day, a few remarks on it may not prove uninteresting to the readers of this Magazine. Festus has been received, both in England and in this country, with marked favor; and it is, perhaps, as the preface to this edition says, "a great poem,—a mine of thought and imagery." It is fair to suppose that most of those whose eyes may fall on this article have had the pleasure of perusing Mr. Bailey's effusion; but as there may be some who have not enjoyed that high gratification, we subjoin a brief summary of the story, or plot which forms its foundation, which those who are already acquainted with it can skip over and pass on to what follows. The hero of the poem is Festus, to whom all the other characters are decidedly subordinate. He is a young man who (what wonder?) is strongly tempted by the Devil throughout the whole book, or rather, the Devil, at the outset, easily persuades him to become his friend and travelling companion, and that, too, without that usually indispensable formula of signing a bond with his blood. Why his Satanic Majesty should have committed such an unpardonable legal blunder we are not informed, but are left to conjecture that it must have been on account of his having neglected his law of late, or else that he supposed that in the case in question the trouble of signing and sealing such an instru-

* *Festus, a Poem*, by PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, Barrister at Law. Boston: Benjamin B. Mussey & Co. 1849.

ment would have been a useless formality. Another thing which renders Festus a highly interesting individual is, that he is supposed to be the last man, or, if not that, certainly one of the last men. Of course the time of the poem immediately precedes the end of the world. As accessories several young ladies are introduced, who talk metaphysics and morals in sonorous blank verse, with a fluency and gusto which are quite refreshing to one who has ever listened to a conversation on bonnets, dresses, beauty, beaux, and parties,—the staple small-talk of young ladies of the present day. We have sometimes thought that Festus must have been a Millerite, and these young ladies descendants of the strong-minded women of the nineteenth century, only in a higher state of mental development.

There are also several young men, companions and friends of Festus, who are chiefly distinguished by their intention, declared at a social gathering,—the only place in which they appear,—to get immitigably intoxicated almost immediately after the ladies have withdrawn. There also figure in the poem a student, the angel of earth, a farmer, the guardian genius of Festus, boys, devils, and populace.

The whole choir of heaven are also introduced, and even the Divinity himself, the propriety of which may very properly be questioned; but on this point more hereafter. Festus, in company with his travelling companion, Lucifer, visits the planet Venus and all parts of this world, not only on the surface, but also in the centre; he goes up to heaven and down to hell, and is once separated from the body, in order to perform the aerial part of his journey more easily. But, notwithstanding his communion with higher intelligences, he is essentially a man of the world, to whom the term *profligate* would perhaps apply as well as any other. He is devoted to and deserts several young ladies, from which inconstancy arise most disastrous consequences,—as, for example, the fate of Clara, who dies of a broken heart. After pursuing this course throughout his whole life, he is at last freely forgiven, together with all the rest of mankind, and even the fallen angels. Such is the substance of the poem. That it is a great work no one can doubt, and far be it from us to dissent from the judgment which has been pronounced upon it by so many abler critics; but that it contains faults and inconsistencies, and displays at times too irreverent a spirit, no one can or ought to deny. Everybody must see a close resemblance between the plot of Festus and that of Goethe's Faust; and the similarity of the

names justifies us in supposing that the writer had that great German creation in his mind when he wrote it. It seems to us that Mr. Bailey, by introducing the Divinity and the heavenly angels as speaking in the language of men, has endeavored to emulate Milton, and perhaps he even dared to hope to place his poem on an equality with *Paradise Lost*. If he did, he has signally failed, for Festus is no more to be compared with that immortal song, than the sentimental effusions of a home-sick school-girl are to be compared with the grand and stately measure of the moss-grown, yet still perennial, poetry of Scio's blind old bard. It is no more like it than a charcoal sketch is like a painting of Michael Angelo's. When Milton represents the Eternal Ruler of the universe as issuing his commands or explaining his plans and intentions to the angel hosts, he does it with a deep spirit of awe and reverence; like Moses, he feels that he is treading on holy ground, and removes his sandals before approaching the burning bush. In Festus this reverential propriety of expression is not so strictly observed, although, perhaps, he does not shock the reader with undisguised irreverence and impiety. To many minds the song of the seraphim, at the opening of the poem, may seem somewhat too light and flippant in measure and expression, and the frequent repetition of the Divine name grates harshly on the sensitive ear of the serious reader. The introduction, too, of the hero into the Divine presence by the Devil, who exhorts him to commit some act of sacrilege, is uncalled for and out of place in a poem where such a medley of character and scenes is brought in. The Devil of Festus differs materially from that of *Paradise Lost*. Milton represents him as the personification of all that is evil, embodying every quality which is base and hateful, as one who naturally excites our horror, disgust, and indignation. The Devil of Festus, on the contrary, is quite an amiable individual, comparatively speaking. He appears to be a sort of wild, heedless fellow, sinning more from want of thought than from deep and deliberate design, rather than the great father of lies, the designer and executer of the most deep-laid crimes. At the close of the poem, when the Devil finds, in answer to his inquiry, "Is he not mine?" that Festus is saved, we should expect his Satanic Majesty to indulge in some of those ebullitions of the feelings which would be naturally excited at such an announcement, and to which, it is traditionally reported, he is accustomed to give way when his designs are thwarted, — as, for instance, flying off in some monstrous shape, leaving a strong scent

of friction-matches behind, bursting off church-roofs, and raising tempests. On the present occasion he indulges in none of these playful antics, but prepares to depart quietly, after describing to Festus the happiness of his future state, reflecting gloomily on his own lost condition, and, strangely enough, asking Festus's pardon for having tempted him.

There is a good deal in Festus of that which characterizes the writings of Gerald Massey, Alexander Smith, and the pseudo-Tennysonian school of poets,—such as new-coined words, impossible constructions, and a general disregard for all the established rules of rhetoric and grammar. The taste for this style of writing, at the present day, is getting altogether too prevalent. Some time since, we saw an article in a magazine, entitled, “Have great poems become impossible?” the amount of which was, that nothing which deserves the title of a great poem had been published for a long time, and it seemed to doubt whether we ever had any such production, with the exception, perhaps, of Milton's *Paradise Lost* and Homer's *Iliad*. The writings of those poets who have flourished within the last half-century, such as Byron, Wordsworth, or some of our best American authors, it considered as mere nursery rhymes compared with that great, shadowy work which, it hopefully predicted, it would be the good fortune of some unborn genius in future ages to compose. The influence of articles like these on our literature, especially on our poetical literature, is bad. It excites an indefinite longing after unattainable excellence,—a sort of vague, visionary groping in the dark after an etherealized shadow of non-entity, which, instead of making a man a great poet, makes him appear like a great something else. The effect of this transcendental spirit on poetry is to render it vague, obscure, almost meaningless and turgid, often ungrammatical, and sometimes nonsensical, in style. We do not mean to say here, that it is an error to place our standard high in every pursuit we undertake; on the contrary, we would say to every youthful poet and writer of truth or fiction, Be emulous of success; press forward constantly and fearlessly; equal or even surpass the most illustrious of your predecessors. Nay, it may be even well to dare to hope to do this; but, at the same time, do not be unmindful of your own powers and capabilities. Attempt nothing so far beyond your talents that the effort must certainly end in disgrace, and beware lest, instead of elevating you to a higher niche in the Temple of Fame, it may not debase you

from the position you already occupy. Remember the miserable and untimely end of the frog who endeavored to expand himself to the size of his bovine companion.

One cannot help thinking, when perusing Festus, that this longing after transcendental excellence must have pervaded in some degree the mind of the writer, who probably marked out for himself, and pictured as certain, a reputation for his work which should be coeval with the world. To this is owing, probably, the rattle-brain style which pervades some portions of the poem, the tendency which his profound passages have to degenerate into obscurity, and the startling and unheard-of views in ethics which he brings forward. No doubt the admirers of this mystical style of poetry will tell us that we are too practical; that we do not understand it sufficiently to appreciate its merits; that we have not given it due attention, or read much of it; and to some of these charges we must plead guilty, for it must be confessed that the little we have seen of it has satisfied our curiosity and our judgment too thoroughly to induce us to extend our researches farther in the same direction.

But a few words on the theology of Festus. The author, in his poem, tells us that the religion of the book is

"Followed out from the book of God, writ of old";

but the construction he puts on the teachings of the Inspired Volume certainly differs very materially from any that have heretofore been elucidated by any other reader or commentator on the same subject. Read his ideas of salvation:—

"Salvation, then, is God-like, threefold; so
That under one or other all may come;
By will of God alone, by faith in Christ,
And by repentance, and good works, and grace."

And a little farther on we learn that

"The mortal in this lay is saved of will,"—

which, indeed, we might have conjectured *a priori*, without being informed; for certainly nothing short of a special act of Providence would seem to have any power to save a being so especially predestinated to damnation as his whole course of life would argue Festus to have been. Again, the author openly avows his belief in the theory of the Necessitarians, for he says that

"Necessity, like electricity,
Is in ourselves and all things, and no more
Without us than within us."

And again,

"Free will is but necessity in play, —
The clattering of the golden reins which guide
The thunder-footed coursers of the sun."

It is not our intention, by any means, to enter at present on any arguments for or against the systems of Spinoza and Fichte ; for we fear that, if we were to venture on metaphysical quicksands, we might sink ourselves and our readers irrevocably ; so we shall leave Mr. Bailey's morals and metaphysics to be approved or disapproved by each one, as he thinks best.

As a purely literary production, Festus richly merits the favor and commendation it has received. Notwithstanding the few minor faults on which we have touched, (and even these some might not consider faults,) there are so many original and beautiful thoughts to be met with on almost every page, that they make us forget the defects of the work while lost in admiration of its excellence. These lines, from a soliloquy of Festus, bring before our minds such a scene as we might easily imagine Oberon and Titania would have chosen to hold a fairy revel in : —

"All things are calm, and fair, and passive. Earth
Looks as if lulled upon an angel's lap
Into a breathless, dewy sleep ; so still
That we can only say of things, they be !
The lakelet now, no longer vexed with gusts,
Replaces on her breast the pictured moon
Pearled round with stars."

The song commencing

"O the wee green neuk, the sly green neuk,
The wee sly neuk for me !
Whare the wheat is wavin' bright and brown,
And the wind is fresh and free,"

would do no discredit to Scotland's immortal bard, Robert Burns, in whose dialect it is written. Although the sentiment in the following toast of Festus is neither new nor striking, yet the measure has such a fine and stately sweep that we do not doubt but that our readers will take pleasure in perusing it : —

"Behold, I stand forth,
And drink to the lovely all over the earth.
Come, fill to the girl by the Tagus' waves !
Wherever she lives there 's a land of slaves.
And here 's to the Scot ! with her deep blue eye,
Like the far off locks 'neath her hill-propt sky.

Two bowls in a breath ! here 's to each and to all !
Come, fill to the English ! whose eloquent brow
Says, pleasure is passing, but coming, and now.

And here 's to the Spaniard ! that warm, blooming maid,
With her step superb and her black locks' braid.
To her of dear Paris ! with soul-spending glance,
Whose feet, as she 's sleeping, look dreaming a dance.
To the maiden whose lip like a rose-leaf is curled,
And her eye like the star-flag above it unfurled !
Here 's to beauty, young beauty, all over the world !"

But we forbear. If we were to quote all the passages worthy of special notice we should be under the necessity of transcribing the whole poem ; and as, no doubt, we have already tired the patience of our readers, we will close by apologizing for passing any strictures—however just they seemed to us—on a work so great, so perfect, and so far above most of our modern poetry, as the one we have considered. H.

THE SCIENCE OF PSYCHOLOGY.

"No one, by whatever road he may travel, can ever possibly find out the boundaries of the soul, so deeply hidden are the principles which regulate it."

Heracitus, Diog. Laert. IX. 6.

As far back as we can trace the history of man, we find him everywhere, and at all times, firmly believing that he is a thinking being. This firm belief was not the result of scientific demonstration, it preceded it by centuries, and was no firmer after the demonstration had been given than before. We also find other men who, actuated by that desire of knowledge which forms the distinguishing trait of human nature, more or less successfully attempted to gain a scientific knowledge of themselves as thinking beings. Antiquity has handed down to us fragments only of their first attempts ; of

most of them we only know that they were actually made. Simias, Diogenes, Anaxagoras, were among the first in Greece to consider this interesting subject; but their works, as I have said, have not been preserved, and little or nothing has been done towards a special discussion of their psychological opinions. The earliest complete treatise we possess is that of Aristotle, written somewhere about the middle of the fourth century before Christ. From Aristotle to Des Cartes (in the beginning of the seventeenth century) the science received but few additions, one of which was its name, given by Rudolphus Goclenius. (*Ψυχολογία*: h. e. de hominis perfectione, anima, etc. Marburg, 1590-1597, 8vo.) Des Cartes* was the founder of a new school. In looking for some undeniable truth on which to base his faith, he perceived the impossibility of denying the deliverances of consciousness, a fact which no man, vulgar or scientific, has ever doubted, even in the days of his most ultra scepticism.† It remained for Reid, however, to develop this truth, so long overlooked, or at the best only dimly perceived, and to elevate psychology to the rank of a science by establishing its method and its proper subject-matter.

Two questions may now be asked. Is Psychology, as a science, possible? If so, what is its method?

Psychology has been called "the science of consciousness,"‡ and "consciousness is the feeling which the intelligent principle has of itself."§ A logical definition, of course, is not to be attempted; a description is all that can be given to explain our meaning. The intelligent principle, myself considered as a thinking being, the human "ego," is always cognizant of its own operations. To doubt this is a contradiction; for we cannot doubt without being conscious of our doubt itself. If we say we are not sure that we doubt of our being conscious, we admit again that we are conscious of our not being sure of our doubts. There is, then, no doubt of consciousness possible without a contradiction; without admitting that we are conscious, at the same time that we are denying the fact.

Every act of consciousness implies three elements: (1.) the thinking subject; (2.) thinking in a certain manner; (3.) about a certain object. More than these three elements, the doer, the act, and the

* Vid. Cousin, *Fragments Philos.* (1838), I. 334 (sur le vrai sens du "*cogito ergo sum*").

† *Wight*, *Philos. of Sir William Hamilton* (1853), p. 22.

‡ *Jouffroy*, *Trad. des Œuvres de Stewart*, *Introd. Sect. I.*

§ *Ibid.*

deed, it is evident, there cannot be in one action; nor less. The analysis is exhaustive and complete. It is also evident, that, in studying the thinking being, we need only consider the being and his own modifications, paying no attention to the particular qualities and properties of the object of the thought; for we think, whether we think of an organized or an unorganized being, of mind or of matter, &c. If we do not make this restriction, psychology would embrace the totality of man's possible knowledge, as well as of the intelligent being and his modifications.

A science is a collection of general truths, not a classified collection of particular phenomena. Now the deliverances of consciousness, it is admitted, and must be admitted, are truths, undeniable truths; but is the evanescent consciousness of a particular man a sufficient basis for a broad, general, universal principle? And, it may be asked, at which age, in which sex, in which particular temperament, are we to find consciousness in its normal state? As objections against psychology, these questions are as imbecile as they would be against any science, for every science must investigate particular phenomena, in order to arrive at general truths; there are difficulties connected with this process—difficulties greater, perhaps, in psychology than in any other science; but these prove nothing against its possibility. If these objections imply merely that the scientific study of the thinking being is not feasible, we may point to the numerous works on experimental psychology, which give a most substantial practical refutation of the objection. Psychology, indeed, is difficult; but far from proving that it should not be studied, that is the very reason why more of us should study it.

The other question is one of method.

I have already shown that consciousness gives us immediate, complete, and undeniable information, at all times and in all places, of every modification we undergo. Now it is evident that no other single faculty gives us such information, nor can any one set of faculties, or any combination of two or more sets of faculties, take the place of consciousness. The eye, for example, cannot tell us that we are judging, nor the judgment that we are seeing; nor can the senses plus the intellect inform us when we will. In consciousness we have a sleepless monitor, always advising of every change we experience.

Suppose, then, I wish to investigate any mental phenomenon, judgment, for example: by the mere effort of my will I can perform the

act; I make thus a direct experiment, which I can repeat until I am satisfied that I have completely analyzed the operation,—an experiment which demands no costly and elaborate apparatus or dangerous self-exposure, but merely careful attention, and an acquaintance with the rules of scientific observation. As in every other science, my next step is to test the particular observation, and by comparison and induction to obtain from it a general truth. This I do by appealing to the unbiased judgment of other scientific observers of mental phenomena; if my analysis has been exact, and if it is clearly described, any observer on repeating the investigation will find it to be correct.

But, as is well known, this simple and satisfactory method has been decried and derided; we are told that the brain is the organ of the mind, that the true method of psychology is to be found in phrenology; study the brain, they say, study the organ that may be directly examined by the senses, then no delusion is possible.

Admitting all this,—it is not much,—does consciousness cease to exist because the brain is “the organ of the mind”? Are its deliverances impugned by the fact that this organ of the mind may be directly examined by the senses? Does any one doubt that he is conscious, though he often doubts of the objective reality of what he sees? Certainly not; whatever becomes of the assertions of phrenologists, consciousness remains as constant and as undeniable as ever.

But let us examine this proposed method. We are to investigate particular brains, and hence deduce general truths relative to the human mind. Suppose now we have fifty brains,—

“Caput O! caput, O mihi si quis
Apportet Mænalippe tuum!”—

or even fifty thousand; suppose we had carefully compared and noted the relative proportions and positions of the “bumps,”—would the most accurate description of all these brains give us any information of the mental faculties of which they are the organs? Examine matter infinite in quantity, infinitely diversified in quality, for an infinite space of time, with an infinite number of infinite minds, and you can get nothing for your trouble but a perfect description and analysis of *matter*.* When, therefore, phrenology attempts to

* *Spurzheim* admits this (*Phrenol.*, Vol. I. p. 22, Am. ed. 1832):—

“Both Gall and I have always declared that, in using the word *organs*, we mean only the organic parts by means of which the faculties of the mind become apparent, but not that these constitute them.”

usurp the domain of psychology, it must leave the material instrument, and study the mind itself; in one word, it becomes psychology, and the question at once arises, Why not study consciousness first, since we must come to that sooner or later?

Nor will the inspection of the alimentary canal (in accordance with the advice of Cabanis), nor even the most careful examination of the physiognomy (as Lavater proposed), tell us anything of the mind; such investigations are exceedingly interesting, but they form no part of the science of the thinking principle and its modifications, *in themselves considered*.

And thus we see the true importance of physiology, viewed as an ally of psychology; phrenology, physiognomy, ethnology, etc., are only parts of anthropology, the science of the thinking principle and its modifications, *considered in their relations to the external world*. These relations are infinite in number, for every truth is related to every other, and is only perfectly known when known in all its relations. Such knowledge belongs to the Omniscient alone, but it is man's duty, as well as his highest privilege, to strive to resemble his Infinite Creator, in knowledge as in all things.* S. S. E.

DICKENS VERSUS THACKERAY.

Of English authors perhaps no one is so much read on this side the Atlantic as Dickens. His wit and humor, his vivid imagination, his tenderness and pathos, combine to render him the most attractive of writers to that large class of our reading public who, while they have sense enough to estimate rightly the "yellow-covered" novels which flood the country, have not enough of literary taste to appreciate or like, however they may profess to admire it, the more solid reading which gives English literature its character and tone. From this popularity there seems to have arisen an undefined idea that Dickens is a popular writer, *and nothing more*; and people seem ready to take this for granted, without troubling themselves to

* For the recent discussion which has arisen concerning the so-called "genetic method," not yet introduced here, vid. *Morell*, *Elements of Psychology*, Pt. 1, 1853. Most of his arguments are taken from an article by *Fichte*, in his *Zeitschrift* (v. 12, p. 66 seqq., 1844). On the other side, vid. *Erner*, *Die Psychol. d. Hegelschen Schule* (1842).

examine into the true state of the case. Thackeray is pointed out as a model, and the matter is thought to be settled at once. A little sober consideration might have a beneficial effect, in leading such persons to think more highly of one whom they are apt to put into a second rank without duly weighing his merits.

The writer with whom Dickens is most frequently compared is Thackeray, and the comparison is, I think, generally unfairly made. In point of style, it is true, the advantage is entirely on the side of Thackeray. Dickens's style seems to be a sort of revival of Fielding's, much exaggerated. He has the same profoundly serious way of speaking of absurd circumstances or scenes, the same ludicrous use of high-sounding words and cumbrous phrases in describing insignificant or ridiculous occurrences, but carried much farther than Fielding ever carried it. It reminds one somewhat of that euphuistic style of conversation which Scott embodies and ridicules in the character of Sir Piercie Shafton, as esteemed the highest kind of wit among the exquisites of Elizabeth's court. Dickens's style is apt to be clumsy, or at least ungraceful; and though amusing at first, its peculiarities are too prominent not to become often tedious. With all this it is vivid and graphic, and its quaint *grotesqueness*, so to speak, is frequently very effective. Thackeray writes in a very pure, easy, and polished style; always avoiding everything stiff or affected, all stringing together of sounding words and phrases, all marked or striking peculiarities, all straining after effect of any kind, unless that he sometimes aims at so much ease as to give the effect of studied carelessness. He keeps carefully, when possible, to his mother tongue, using always Saxon words instead of foreign ones where they will apply as well; and this gives his writings a freshness, piquancy, and vigor which we rarely meet with elsewhere. It is in this that Thackeray's superiority over Dickens chiefly consists; in many respects the former will be found inferior.

Both excel in satire, but in different ways. Thackeray's satire is light and airy; he flies about, much as the poets say Cupid does, shooting his arrows apparently at random, in a gay, careless way; but they always fly straight, and they always sting. His is a sort of guerilla warfare, — attacks on all sides, in all possible ways; you turn round, and there is nothing to seize, but something has been there, and it has been *felt*. These random shots, these desultory attacks, these careless sarcasms, all have an object to which they tend, and which they never fail to reach. The very unsteady-

ness of the attack makes it the more effective, the more irresistible ; a visible, tangible adversary may be overthrown and cut in pieces by a sally or a counter attack, but the force of the viewless wind must be met by the intrinsic firmness and stability of the fabric against which it is directed. With as much wit as Thackeray, and more humor, Dickens does not deal so much in satire ; but when he does, it is hardly less effective. If not excited, he speaks with a whimsical gravity which cannot fail to present what he refers to in the most ridiculous light, and inflicts as deep a wound as Thackeray's flighty sarcasms. When, however, his generous spirit is fairly roused, he pours forth a flood of scornful invective that nothing can withstand, a torrent of indignant sarcasm that sweeps all before it.

Thackeray has been accused, with some justice, of looking too much at the dark side of human nature. He seems to proceed in some degree on the principle which Poe advanced in his criticisms ; that "to point out too particularly the beauties of a work, is to admit, tacitly, that these beauties are not wholly admirable" ; and "in pointing out frankly the errors of a work, we do nearly all that is critically necessary in displaying its merits." But this accusation has been carried too far. No one who has read Thackeray's works with any attention can say that, when he met with anything to call forth man's generous sympathies, he found the writer wanting. If he is quick to perceive the follies and vices of men, he is ready to appreciate their virtues and sympathize with their misfortunes. A person who forms his opinion of the author of *Vanity Fair* from that book only does him injustice ; yet is there sufficient in that to vindicate him from the charge of want of feeling. Surely no man can read *Pendennis*, and call its author heartless or cynical, with all the quick perception of worldliness and other human infirmities he evinces. Still, while we dispute the accusation in the extent to which it is carried, it cannot be denied that Thackeray has given some color of truth to it by dwelling on the bad more than the good qualities of men. It has been often remarked, that we learn as much of a man's character from his writings as from his conversation, and this is not the least interesting speculation which reading the works of any writer induces. It would seem that Thackeray, though ready to sympathize with what is good, is in the habit of paying more attention to what is bad. In this respect he stands contrasted with Dickens, who is fonder of looking at the bright side

of the picture. Both paint as they find them, but the one paints more of the bad that he finds, the other more of the good. Thackeray is more of a professed satirist than Dickens. If this difference does not cause, it is at least kindred with, Dickens's superiority in *humor*. Thackeray never wrote, never could write, anything to compare with the *Pickwick Papers* in this respect. We cannot read this book without conceiving a liking for its author; but the perusal of the *Book of Snobs*, while we admire the writer's sound sense, wit, and independence, does not excite in us the same fellow-feeling with him. We are inclined to admire Thackeray, but feel a closer fellowship with Dickens. Thackeray's excellence springs more from intellectual endowments; Dickens's, from the warm impulses of an ardent heart. The one is less imaginative; the other less systematic. Thackeray seems to take more pains, his style is more polished, his works generally more elaborate; Dickens writes apparently more rapidly and carelessly, more vehemently and more irregularly. It is like the difference between manhood and youth. We respect and admire the cool, clear, sound sense of Thackeray, his noble independence, his ready wit, and, beneath all, his sound heart; but we feel more in common with the ardent impulsiveness, the vivid imagination, the generous feelings, and the equal independence of Dickens. Manhood may be more respectable, but youth will always be more amiable.

In delineation of character both are pre-eminent, though still in different ways. Thackeray's characters are more natural; Dickens's more marked. Thackeray is careful in this respect, as in all others, to avoid every appearance of extravagance. He draws his characters from life, and carries them out well. He keeps carefully within the bounds of probability, and seems more anxious to do nothing unnatural than to produce a marked effect. Dickens's characters amount frequently to caricatures, but they are so well sustained as to present an air of reality not possessed even by Thackeray's. His delineations are so clear and vivid, that we forget the want of truth of the character in the vividness and life-like picturesqueness with which it is drawn. Dickens's consistency through all his irregularity is more effective than the other's sober correctness. There is much the same kind of difference between Dickens and Thackeray as between Dryden and Pope. Dr. Johnson's criticism in the two latter will apply almost equally well to the two former. "The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uni-

form. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind ; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid ; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation ; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe and levelled by the roller." These words, *mutatis mutandis*, will apply almost as well to Dickens and Thackeray. Yet the most beautiful landscapes are not the most cultivated ones, nor the loveliest scenes the most artificial.

There is one common ground on which Dickens and Thackeray meet, a common cause in which they unite, and a noble one it is. It is their open, manly warfare against the social abuses of their country, their utter intolerance of public imposture of all kinds. With chivalric generosity they unsheathe their swords in defence of the weak and oppressed, and the blows they deal are neither few nor light. The one, full of ardor and enthusiasm, rushes impetuously into the thickest of the fight, and lays about him with all his strength ; the other, more cool and wary, strikes carefully and with terrible effect. Dickens has more genius, Thackeray more method and judgment, but their powers are turned to the same general purpose ; they have had and will have their effect. Their writings have an object beyond the mere desire to interest or amuse. Read the Book of Snobs, The Great Hoggarty Diamond, Oliver Twist, Bleak House, Hard Times, and you will recognize their object. This nobleness of purpose, this determined hostility to what is unjust and base in the social system of their nation, is their greatest, most honorable characteristic. We, who boast ourselves the freest, most enlightened, most progressive nation of the world, should be the first to acknowledge and applaud the glory of their aim. Heaven grant them strength for their undertaking and success in their noble enterprise.

PL.

GEOLOGY.

SCIENCE in every age of the world has had her enemies to defeat, her obstacles to surmount, and the bigotry and fond predilections of man to overcome; but Truth, though clouds and darkness overshadow her fair countenance for a while, will eventually assert her dominion and exercise her sway. Geology has not been free from impediments; this, too, has been assailed by superstition and perverted fancy; the key which it gives to man to unlock the stores of his planet has been spurned, and it is but recently that proper attention has been given to this all-important branch of knowledge.

The progress of Geology is measured by the progress of the other collateral sciences, and advances to perfection hand in hand with them. The great discoveries made by Galileo and Newton controlled, in a great measure, the thoughts of DeLuc and Saussure, who, by their industry and perseverance, have earned the merited title of the founders of this science. The mining schools of Sweden contributed not a little to its advancement, by giving to the world the Wernerian system which has obtained such influence. But the deeper investigation of geological truths was reserved for the genius of the nineteenth century, and the constituents of our globe, its laws and characteristics, were to be more fully explained by such men as Smith and Cuvier.

Among the first and most prejudicial enemies of this science is a class of men who are called, by way of distinction, framers of theories of the earth. These persons, who have endeavored to teach mankind by their thoughts, are content with a very moderate knowledge of the subject which they attempt to explain, nor, indeed, do they strive to remedy their defects. *Πρὸς ὀλίγα ἐπιβλεψάμενος*, were the words of Aristotle, and they hold true in every age. Assisted by a fair share of imagination, they picture to themselves the world in its most extended sense, and these visions, supported by plausible arguments, are given forth for the delusion of men. But the days of these speculators are past; their works are to be remembered only as the idle productions of bygone ages. For who would waste his time in refuting their empty reasoning, or even in considering their worthless theories, which are so numerous as to require a classification for the assistance of the memory? The mind may be much more profitably employed in collecting and thoroughly understand-

ing the few facts advanced by the true geologist, and, aided by this limited knowledge, it will ascend to wider and sublimer truths, and attain a more correct idea of God's creation. Instead of endeavoring to reach the uttermost limits of the world by one effort, the attention of men may be directed with more advantage to the phenomena which are continually presenting themselves. For how little is understood of that process by which animal and vegetable exuvise are converted into fertile soil,—of the slow and imperceptible collection of detritus at the foot of mountains by the decomposition of rocks,—and of the nature, the principal qualities, of petrification, the circumstances under which it takes place, the length of time and combined agencies which conspire to render this hardening of animal masses so intricate, so curious, as we now behold it! Many of these wonderful productions of nature have never been satisfactorily explained, yet it is beyond a doubt that they admit of elucidation. This triumph, however, awaits the exertions of future years, for research of this nature requires what few are inclined to give,—long, thorough inquiry, and patient observation.

All human knowledge is bounded by certain limits; but who has ever reached these limits? Geology has many mysteries, many hidden laws, which will, perhaps, never be ascertained, many problems which will never occur to the mind, for all direct investigation is confined to a few miles below the surface of the globe. Beyond this, we must limit our information to speculation, and to inferences drawn from the study of the other sciences. Refined mathematical and astronomical observations prove the solidity of the globe, but of what the solidity consists we know not. Yet, although this great question will, perhaps, always remain unanswered, we can determine some of its most important qualities. Thus the march of intellect and the advance of the sciences lead to the surmounting of difficulties which before were deemed impassable, and some, if not all, of these recondite perplexities must eventually yield to these powerful engines.

It has been said that the object of Geology is to inform us of all the periods of the world, and the vast changes which this planet has undergone to assume its present appearance. But many offer serious objections to this presumption, on the ground that Geology, as a science, was not known till modern times; and therefore, as the ancients were totally ignorant of it, they failed to make the proper observations for the benefit of posterity. Although monuments of

every geological period do not exist, there are some, nevertheless, which, like meteors, serve to illumine the darkness of past ages; nor, even if monuments of every period did exist, is it probable, or possible, that we could record them all. Indeed, such a task is not to be expected of Geology; for if it gives the student a clear idea of the history of the ground whereon he treads, what more ought to be required? If the historian of antiquity satisfactorily describes the manners, customs, characteristics, and government of a people, has he not completed his task? Surely it were a waste of time to descend into all the wearisome particulars. Thus it is with this science; for although every little irregularity of Nature's works is not recorded, phenomena of greater importance, such as volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, etc., have all been handed down to us, and light up the dark, intricate paths of the geologist as he endeavors to search out the wonders of creation. And, again, the observation of modern phenomena leads to the understanding of their agencies and causes. By a comparison of the result of our investigation with the geological monuments of the world, we can understand in what respect they differ, and can also learn the aspect, to a great extent, of the surface of the earth in bygone ages, together with many other particulars which, when combined, present a true and faithful history of the periods of our planet.

The study of this science is one of the most interesting and instructive occupations of the human mind. The phenomena it has to do with are within the reach of personal investigation, while the conclusions deduced from its researches are equally reliable with those drawn from the study of the heavenly bodies. Beside impressing us with a deep sense of the power and majesty of the Deity, it vividly presents the benevolence which he displays towards his creation, a circumstance less obvious in the examination of celestial dynamics. Nor are the periods of the world without beginning and end, like motions in space. We see evidences at all times of the relations in which animated creatures stood to their food; the faculties with which they have been gifted for reproductive and conservatory purposes. The regular succession of organized bodies, both animal and vegetable, increasing in the intricacy of their construction as they rise from zoöphytes to man, define the periods of time which have succeeded each other in the progress of the different changes with which this world has been visited.

Geology comprehends the study of everything in connection with

our globe, and we may consider this another cause of its importance. The action of volcanic eruptions, which accounts for so many mineral formations and other phenomena, has become one of the highest branches of this science. Mineralogy is intimately connected with the study of Geology, inasmuch as it gives us an insight into the causes of the formation of rocks, their various compounds, and other characteristics. Chemistry, also, lends an efficient aid in the approximation of the ages of igneous formations, and to this may be referred the important question, for a long time disputed, and for a long time undetermined, of the igneous or aqueous origin of crystalline beds. Attention must likewise be given to Zoölogy in the study of the world's revolutions. To this belong the petrified remains of animals, their genera and species, and the age in which they existed. Fossil Conchology forms an important branch of this science. By means of this we are led to the forming of estimates of the agreement or disagreement of ancient *Testacea*, the order in which they succeeded each other, and the resemblance which they bear to the *Testacea* of the present day. Moreover, the positions of ancient lakes, hills, vales, and even seas, are unmistakably marked out; the bowels of the earth, its former surface and its terrible revolutions, all present themselves for the consideration of the geologist. Under similar circumstances, we are informed of the giant proportions of past generations of animals. Fossil remains have been found, which, in some instances, measured thirty feet in length and ten in height! The *Pterodactylus macronyx*, a lizard of peculiar species, furnished with powerful wings, and talons with which it could suspend itself from the branches of trees, is a specimen of the creatures which roamed the earth in former days. Thus, but for Geology, would remain undiscovered, unstudied, these wonderful works of Him who

"Builds life on death, on change destruction founds,
And bids the eternal wheels to know their rounds."

But we have gone beyond our prescribed limits, and must hasten to a close. In conclusion, then, we would say, that these wonders of Geology, marvellous as they may seem, are unimportant in comparison with the other great, exalted truths which it offers for the consideration of mankind. The chaos which once encompassed creation; the deluge which rolled its terrific torrents upon the world, submerging continents, scooping out valleys, and rearing moun-

tains; the extraordinary remains of past generations, which have long, long ago bowed to the dust; the flight of years; that time when

"The sun himself shall die, and ancient night
Again involve the desolate abyss"; —

all rouse the mind to a just sense of its immortality, inspiring it with awe and astonishment at the boundless power of the Creator. "Where now are the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities, — their pillars, monuments, and trophies of glory? Show me where they stood, read the inscription, tell me the victor's name. What remains, what impressions, what difference or distinction, do you see in this mass of fire? Rome itself, Eternal Rome, the great city, the Empress of the world, whose domination and superstition make a great part of the history of this earth, — what is become of her now? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong and sumptuous. But her hour is come; she is wiped from the face of the earth, and buried in perpetual oblivion. But it is not cities only and works of man's hands, but the everlasting hills, the mountains and rocks of the earth, are melted as wax before the sun, and their place is nowhere found!"

TO TORQUATUS.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

THE snows of Winter have fled away;
The grass in the fields looks green each day,
The streams subside to their wonted flow,
The Summer breezes begin to blow,
The Sister Graces already dare
To lead their dance in the open air
The fleeting Seasons remind each one
That all is changing beneath the sun.
The zephyrs of Spring break Winter's sway,
Which short-lived Summer hurries away;
The generous Autumn pours forth its store,
Then Winter returns, inert as before.
But though the moon repairs her wane,
We ne'er can come back to earth again,

When once we 've gone from this mortal shore
To that where the many have gone before.
Who can know whether the gods on high
Will call us this year or next to die ?
All will escape your greedy heir
Which you shall lavish, without any care.
When once you have left the realms of day,
And Minos has judged, whom all obey,
Your piety, truth, nor eloquence
Can ever at all send you from thence.
Diana could not, although she longed,
Free pure Hippolytus, sadly wronged ;
And Theseus could not unloose the chain
Which bound his friend : he tried in vain.

HAWTHORNE.

A DISTINGUISHED English essayist, while reviewing Horace Walpole's life, says, with no little truth : " The faults of Horace Walpole's head and heart are, indeed, sufficiently glaring. His writings, it is true, rank as high among the delicacies of intellectual epicures as the Strasbourg pies among the dishes described in the ' Almanack des Gourmands.' But as the ' pâté-de-foie-gras ' owes its excellence to the diseases of the wretched animal which furnishes it, and would be good for nothing if it were not made of livers preternaturally swollen, so none but an unhealthy and disorganized mind could have produced such literary luxuries as the works of Walpole." For Horace Walpole, in the above extract, read Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the comparison would apply almost equally well to the subject of this article.

Among American writers of fiction, with us at least, Hawthorne stands forth pre-eminent. We do not consider it a very agreeable pre-eminence, nor do we much envy him his fame. His talents are rather remarkable than attractive, and his exaltation in our eyes partakes somewhat of the nature of gibbeting. Among our native novelists and humorists, it is true, he would find no very formidable competitors, for as yet fiction does not appear to have been a field in great favor with American genius. Unless we are mistaken, Cooper, Brown, Irving, Longfellow, Stowe, and Miss Warner would

about make up the list of our national writers of this description. Of these, we are sorry, for our own sake, to say, the beauties of Cooper have always been hidden beauties to us; and in our last and most resolute effort to discover them we failed, after a valiant, though unsuccessful, assault on the to us impregnable dreariness of "Deer-Slayer." Brown we have never read, and our little knowledge of his writings is derived wholly from the perusal, some years since, of his biography in Sparks's collection; but our impression, drawn from the extracts of his works contained in that life, is, that he was a sort of tame Monk Lewis, dwelling within the bounds of the natural, but always bordering on the supernatural. In this impression we may be mistaken; but whether we are or not, whatever may have been the temporary success of his works, they certainly have not stood the test of time. Irving, too, in spite of his pleasant warmth and geniality, seems to occupy a somewhat precarious position; and there are already many who pretend to doubt whether the author of "Wolfert's Roost" is destined to be more successful in the search for immortality than was Cooper or Brown. Longfellow, with all the beauty and good taste of his verse, has made many mistakes; but never one so great as when he left poetry for prose. Mrs. Stowe we decline to criticise, for in regard to her we are heretical, and, in the face of no one knows how many hundred thousand copies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," are afraid to express our true opinion, and therefore modestly await the all-judging voice of time. Miss Warner we have not read, but we hardly think Hawthorne need apprehend any very formidable rival in the author of "The Wide, Wide World." As a writer Hawthorne is probably equal to any of these; as a thinker and portrayer of character he is far superior. But it is in neither of these lights that he is peculiarly deserving of the thanks of Americans. It is as the discoverer of a new source of fiction, — of a national romance, — that we should admire him.

There seems to be a sort of general impression abroad in the world, that America does not as yet admit of much romance; that as a people we are not yet old enough to allow the dim mists of story to mingle with and soften the rude outlines of the past; and that our present is too practical and uninteresting. Cooper, Mrs. Stowe, and Mrs. Otis have tried to dispel this idea, but they have none of them attacked it in the right manner. Cooper hauled on to the stage a naked Indian, brandishing a tomahawk, making love strangely

like a white man, and yelling like a hyena, pointed triumphantly at him, and called upon us to admire American romance. Mrs. Stowe was more successful ; but though we profess liberal principles, we stoutly protest against the American romance being made up of negro slaves and kidnappers, with a dash of the Creole and Bible society. Mrs. Otis's talents and success are yet fresh in our memories, but we cannot yet believe that, however exhausting "The Barclays of Boston" may be, it has exhausted the entire fountain of American romance. The scalping savage, the praying black, and the money-making merchant, none of them answer our desire. A new prophet must be looked for to lead us into the promised land, if such a land exists. And such a prophet, as we believe, Hawthorne has proved. Hawthorne's views and descriptions of that land may be all false, his minutiae may be wrong from the first to the last, but the field of his story is the looked-for field. He proves to us that, far from being weak in fiction, our country is the strongest of all ; that the Puritan character, almost covered by the mists of the past, admits of more lights and shades, of deeper and stronger feeling, of fiercer and more unrelenting passions, of more mortal weakness and more godly will, than even the great Wizard of the North has succeeded in crowding into that most successful creation of his teeming brain, and that most ideal type of the romantic chivalry, the knight-templar Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert.

Hawthorne has pointed out where the strength of our nation lies, and he has done so unerringly. This no one will dispute. But when we descend to the next step, and consider his own manner of describing that strength, unanimity at once ceases, and mankind resumes its natural division of big- and little-endians. Many think that Hawthorne's pictures of Puritanic character (probably in reality the most fascinatingly admirable and ingeniously disagreeable character that ever existed) are false, presenting only the vulgar idea of their stern, cold inflexibility, but unjustly leaving out all those portions where this same strength was turned to cheerful and attractive, as well as admirable ends. Whether this objection is well founded or not, we shall not presume to decide, though in truth we consider it at least an open question whether the Puritanic bow cannot always retain its stiffness and strength, and yet sometimes exist in a state of not the most extreme tension. However this may be, it is in this very thing, it is in the harsh view he takes of his subjects, that the peculiar characteristics of the morbid mind of Haw-

thorne show themselves. It is absurd to find fault with him because his characters are diseased. By doing so you find fault with his strength, for it is only while describing deformities, and living in the story of some character as mentally diseased as himself, that he is at home. Take his three great books, "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance," and in them all, with the exception, perhaps, of Phœbe Pyncheon, you will find no natural and healthy man or woman. They are, all of them, Roger Chillingworths and Zenobias. In such alone does the writer himself live. The moment he tries to leave them, as in the case of Holgrave, the daguerreotypist, he becomes weak. He evidently has no appreciation of the natural.

There is so much that is peculiar in Hawthorne's books, that to thoroughly canvass them, even in a general way, would far exceed the limits of an essay not designed to monopolize the pages of this Magazine. Much might be said upon the peculiar nationality of his tone, of the scenery of his books, of the style of his allusion. An almost unlimited article might be written on his peculiar manner of laying together his materials; on the theatrical positions he delights in, to the full as much as, though in somewhat better taste than, Bulwer. There is a broad field for discussion in the character of this unequalled Strasbourgian mental luxury, as we know it from others, and as we ourselves see it in his works; but these would be subjects for a full-grown review rather than an article like this.

The only other subject that we shall now allude to is the charge of weakness of moral foundation, which we have sometimes heard made against Hawthorne. Most probably there is no man now alive, or ever has been, or ever will be, who is not often, like Luther, troubled with rebellious thoughts of the flesh. It is fair to presume that we, all of us, like Luther, have more or less of the animal in our composition. Some have more of it, some less, but of the whole not one is quite free. The only substantial difference between men is that one conceals his weakness better than another. With Hawthorne there is an undercurrent of sensuality at all times, not necessarily less than in other men, but yet rendered unfortunately prominent by the peculiarities of his mind. For instance, and we take the most striking case, it is often excessively repulsive to meet, as we repeatedly do in "The Blithedale Romance," his sensual allusions to Zenobia. His habit of gloating, so to speak, will not be

controlled ; and when the case arises, he gloats over a handsome woman no less than over a dead body.

That which every man must confess to in his secret soul appears only the more disagreeable when placed before our eyes in all its naked deformity, when we see that which we believed peculiar to our own thoughts boldly thrust before the world, magnified, as it is here, by the morbid intellect of the author. This, we acknowledge, is and must be very disagreeable to every refined mind. An objection of this sort, then, might be well founded ; but a more serious one, of somewhat the same nature, sometimes made against Hawthorne, is that the moral of some of his books is, to use a somewhat Irish expression, not only not moral, but positively immoral, in its tendency. For instance, all the troubles, and trials, and mortifications of seven years have no effect in chastening Hester Prynne ; no pointed moral is drawn to terrify all future deservors of the same dreadful burden of the Scarlet Letter ; but finally, just where such a moral would ordinarily be expected, — when we wait to see the curtain fall over a grand tableau, amid great applause, — suddenly the whole thing takes a new turn, and we discover in the new act, the most powerful of all, that neither Hester nor Dimmesdale is at all purer than before all their afflictions and sufferings, and they prepare to leave the stage, both parties somewhat worse than when they first came on to it. That there is any direct and very forcible moral conveyed by Hawthorne, it is not our intention to assert, nor do we think his writings injured by its absence ; but, on the other hand, we can see nothing immoral in them, or conveying a pernicious principle. It is a great mistake, one of the foulest mental trammels of civilized society, to suppose that everything is evil in the eyes of the Almighty which may be opposed to some of the conventionalities of men ; and as there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so a single step will render marriage, naturally one of the noblest ordinances of God, one of the most wickedly absurd conventionalities of men. But here let us be understood, and let no one accuse us of striving for originality by denying anything that is noble or pure. We have no such desire. We do not, in making this assertion, refer to the indissoluble union before men of any two beings bound in affection ; we do not refer to the pure marriage, — the marriage made in Heaven. Far be it from us to venture any such sacrilegious opinion. We refer to the feelingless marriage of convenience, to the civil fetter between men and women, to the

legal bond yoking them together. Which, let us directly ask, would stand purest before the judgment-seat of God, — which would best deserve to be held unpolluted, — Hester Prynne, despised by all her kind, yet loving and clinging to him who, in the eyes of the world, was her paramour, with her whole soul; or the so-called virtuous bride for establishment, with whom marriage is a question only of dollars and cents, — the kept mistress, under contract for life? It is in this view that we call marriage a wickedly absurd conventionality; nor for all that passed between Hester and the unhappy clergyman do we hold them the less pure, nor do we consider Mr. Hawthorne's book the less worthy to be placed in the hands of the youngest being who may be able to draw from it any meaning or moral at all.

During the present year we have read Mr. Hawthorne's works through with no little pleasure, yet we must say that, as we arrive at the end of the eighth volume, we experience little regret at having finished them. We admire them indeed greatly, but we cannot envy the man who could write them, for there is a cold, dreary dampness about them which reminds us of the old Pyncheon house during the east storm. It will not do to read too much of Hawthorne, for after a certain amount, more or less, every one feels that he has had enough of his cynical smile. We grow tired of the March-like chilliness of his sunshine, and dreariness of his September storms. We become ready and eager to return to the light and freshness of a brighter atmosphere, and again to feel the warmth of God's sunshine. We feel a yearning for the kindliness and geniality of Thackeray, and we read again with only greater pleasure how George came home to his cold chambers in the Temple, how he felt very blue and confoundedly in love with Miss Laura, how he found the vase of withered flowers on the table, and sat reading the Bible the widow had left him until morning dawned.

I WALKED down by the river
As the day was fading out,
And the cares of my life departed
Far from my breast.

The odorous air from the river
Was sweet as an angel's breath,
And over the trees and the hills in the distance
Gleamed the fading sunlight.

The water was waveless and glassy,
The tide was quietly flowing ;
Filled was my heart with love and peace,
Peace God-given.

O living, heavenly Father, who lovest
All beings thou hast made !
Give us strength to tread the path
Before us that lies.

May we hold to the truth, and never
Yield to the wrong ;
Live a manly, noble life,
Die without fear.

DAY after day rolls on, never ending ;
Still every day leaveth its work unfinished,
Ever on to eternity wending,
The darkness of midnight blending
With light God ever is sending,
To raise up our souls unto him.

On, on, without stopping, time floweth,
While we dally with miserable toys ;
To the grave every one of us goeth,
Thence, whither no one of us knoweth,
To be judged as on earth here he doeth,
On that dimly-known judgment-day.

Work, work, as the moments are flying ;
No longer, with mean, weak vacillation,
Give thyself up to cowardly sighing.
The voice of God to thee is crying,
All pain and all evil defying,
Do thy part well now, like a man !

THE UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACE.*

THE comparative newness of the ideas advanced in this work, the love of truth that seems to pervade it, and the cogent arguments it contains, all challenge our attention and obtain our respect, if not our allegiance.

The basis for all argument on the subject of ethnology must be either the records of mankind, the sculptures and paintings and old bones, and the walls overwritten with hieroglyphic or cuneiform inscriptions by remote races, or the authority of the Bible. Our authors have adopted the first of these, and rightly.

The Bible is a work of inspiration, and consequently perfect. Whatever it teaches must be taught perfectly. It is universally acknowledged that neither ethnology, nor geology, nor zoology, is so taught in the Scriptures, and consequently these sciences are open to human investigation.

De Quincey, in his "History of Protestantism," has gone even further than this. "The mere fact that the Bible teaches any one science would be presumptive evidence against its authority. The Bible must not teach anything that man can teach himself. Does the doctrine require a revelation? Then God alone can teach it. Does it require none? Then in whatever case God has qualified man to do a thing for himself, he has in that very qualification silently laid an injunction on man to do it." And, indeed, what else could we expect from a Deity whose great law is that man should improve himself, should "work out his own salvation with fear and trembling"? Were it otherwise, progress would be unknown, and the constant interference of the Almighty could alone save mankind from retrogradation and ruin.

But it may be asked if the Bible does not distinctly state that all mankind sprang from Adam. It does; but we have no more right to leave Adam (the red, called by Lanci the blusher) untranslated, than to transfer the Hebrew verb directly into the English version. Besides, the Scriptures as distinctly state that Christ was a vine, and also that Cain married a wife of the land of Nod. Now, therefore, either our first great criminal must have married a monkey or some low animal, or there must have been another race of men

* NOTT AND GLIDDON, *Types of Mankind*. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. 1854.

besides Adam's on the earth. It is not our business to explain the allegorical meaning of the Scriptural account of the creation. We have shown that there are but two methods for a consistent revelation,—a complete, universal, cyclopedic collection of all knowledge, past, present, and future, or a compendious body of morals. We have seen that, in fact, our revelation is not the first of these, and ought not to be. We must, then, require of theologians an explanation other than the one given in the last century of the first part of Genesis.

We do not like Mr. Gliddon's attempt to warp the tenth chapter of Genesis to the support of his theory. His paper on this subject smacks strongly of profanity and infidelity, and he has justly drawn upon himself the animadversion of some of the best Hebraists of the country, for the shameful want of critical scholarship he has shown while treating on this subject and on one kindred to it. But we all have our weaknesses, and an acquaintance with Hebrew is evidently not one of Mr. Gliddon's.

Professor Agassiz's analogical argument, contained in the introduction, is by far the most conclusive and best developed in the book. In the world certain geographical limits seem to be set to various species of animals and plants. Each system of these boundaries incloses a zoölogical and botanical realm; and at the same time that each realm contains one species of most of the widely-diffused genera, it contains, as a general thing, one of the so-called types of mankind. If, then, we believe that the Russian and the Caffir are of the same parent stock as the Malay, we must also believe that the larch is identical with the hackmatack, the reindeer with the fallow-deer, and the *Felis tigris* with the puma. Naturalists are agreed that these species are distinct, and exhibit no tendency to run into each other.

Analogy having established the probability of several coexisting types of mankind, and experience having shown us that such types exist in the very limits where we are bound to look for them, the burden of proof lies upon those who would show that man is of one parentage. They must show not only the fact that man has changed his color, but how he has changed it, and how this change becomes congenital. This has never been explained, and probably never will be. The most ardent tropical heat, though it might blister or scorch the skin of the father, and crisp the hair of the mother, could no more give them the power to transmit these acci-

dental peculiarities to their children, than the height of the father insures an equal or superior height to his son.

If it be claimed that in this matter the revelation of the Deity is needed, it may be replied, that here man is a revelation to himself. The monuments of Egypt, stretching back into an almost fabulous antiquity, — confessedly greater than that of any written records, though there is some dispute about the exact period, which Mr. Gliddon has not settled by dogmatically declaring his judgment on the subject, — prove, at least, that soon after the date assigned to Noah's flood there existed in that country Semitic, Egyptian, Negro, and Ethiop types, just as at the present day. This proves at once the permanence of type, and the ethnological truth of the remark of Jeremiah, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?"

Full justice cannot be done to the arguments drawn from comparative anatomy in the limits of a magazine article. The exact genius of Morton has stamped certainty on this part of the work, and science will long thank Nott and Gliddon for this faithful record of his labor. Dr. Nott has been the first to state in this country the view of Professor Burmeister, which is sufficiently popular to be given here. Take a profile head, and divide it by horizontal lines into four parts. Let the upper be the crown of the head, the second the forehead, the third the nose, ears, and parts on that line, and the fourth be the mouth and chin. In the perfection of antique beauty these parts are equal. Modern ugliness is a departure from these rules. This departure is most marked in the Negroid and Negro types, amounting in some cases even to as much as an inch, while in the leading European types it never exceeds a quarter of an inch.

Comparative philology, although it will not serve as a groundwork for any of the systems of ethnology, is still an important subsidiary force brought in aid of all. It is generally agreed that about thirty families of languages exist on the face of our planet, and this is about the number of types of mankind which we claim are extant.

The question of hybridity, uninteresting except to scientific men and cattle-breeders, is treated on at some length, and with much thought and care; and it shows patient research and investigation by the authors, and much skill in the arrangement of material.

From this outline of the ethnological contribution of Nott and

Gliddon, we can collect this fact: that various distinct species of man exist at the present day in the earth, and a reference to Egyptian monuments and Etruscan vases proves that they have existed since victors first recorded their conquest, and the potter's wheel made Tuscany so renowned. Yet this does not disprove the assertion of St. Paul, that "God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth." The Negro is just as much bound to us by the ties of universal humanity as the Caucasian, and an oppression to him is as great an injustice as it would be to a European. Over the whole human race are stretched the spreading arms of God's eternal and immutable justice, and the blood of Christ was shed alike for Jew and Gentile, bond and free. We confess, and willingly, that men are of different species, but do not see that it follows from this, (though Mr. Gliddon does,) that we have a right to hold a man to bondage because he is inferior in ability. And, indeed, most of those who contend for this right doubt it much themselves, and prefer to look upon slaves as the descendants of Canaan, whom the patriarchal curse of Noah bound to eternal servitude; and these believers in a God-sanctioned slavery look on all attempts at emancipation as impious and improper.

In the great game of life each type of mankind resembles a piece at chess. At the present crisis some races have done their duty and been removed, like the Assyrians; some have vanished before distinguishing themselves; and some have not come into action. There is now a pause, and the thoughts of the players are turned to these latter, and particularly to the Negro stocks, to see what use can be made of them. Let us take care that in good works the closing record may not be, "Black wins."

NEW BOOKS.

Washington; or a Vision of Liberty. Lima, N. Y. 1855.

DESTITUTE as you may be personally of the happy gift of poetical talent, you can't help discovering a wonderful development of it in this splendid exhibition of youthful genius. We remember no description, in the *Inferno* even, that can compare for tremendous power, corruption of taste, and utter loathsomeness, with these amazing lines:—

“A hideous form, like some old corpse, decayed
Till loathsome grave-worms every part invade
With *all the evils of Pandora's box*;
Disease hangs drizzling from her slimy locks,
With ghastly grin her bloody eyeballs glare,
Each skinny hand tears snakes from out her hair,
Which writhe and hiss about her burning brain,
While toothless gums, all bleeding, grind in vain!”

Faugh! The strongest sort of cheese is necessary for such a “vision.” Was it worth while to “wake the epic *wire*,”—to take down Columbia's banjo from the willow, on which we are told it has long been rusting,—to play an accompaniment to such vile horror as this? “Support thy Muses,” Columbia is asked in the “*Vision*.” Stifle thy Muses, old lady, say we, before you let them produce such stuff. Is this weakness? We do not feel ill-natured with regard to the poem, and beg pardon for not having a stronger palate; but we really cannot swallow so nauseous a mixture. But there are passages of a different character in plenty. On opening the pamphlet at random, at once these charming lines meet the eye, which are all the sweeter for a slight obscurity:—

“If the prophet bud can foretell the flower,
And the seed contain the embryo tree,
Then what are the strifes of mysterious power,
That come in their brightness to gild the dark hour,
But the future angel's prophecy?”

Everybody must be satisfied now on this point. But our space does not admit of further quotations or comment. One fault, however, may be hinted; there are too many graves, shrouds, and tears introduced into the verse. It is doubtful whether Sheridan was as great a man as Shakespeare, though the seer links them together. Some very agreeable anecdotes are related in the “Notes,” and some refreshing information is given about Athens and the Parthenon, which must prove very acceptable to the general reader. A serviceable “Argument,” a little in the style of Panorama hand-bills, is prefixed to the poem.

Westward Ho! The Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, Kt., &c., &c. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855.

MR. KINGSLEY has already made himself well known among us by his former works, and the present will certainly not tend to decrease his popularity. All the works of this author are marked by a deeply thoughtful spirit, and that now before us is no exception to this rule. The scene is laid in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the most eventful period of English history. The then recent discovery of America had excited a spirit of enterprise which displayed itself in deeds which form a fitting theme for the novelist. The power and hostility of the Spaniards, too, and the conflicts between them and the English, especially in the West, afforded other fields for the exercise of the imagination. Mr. Kingsley has, we think, succeeded remarkably well in embodying, so to speak, the spirit of the age, and in bringing before us Englishmen as they were in Elizabeth's time.

Interwoven with that part of England's history which is illustrated in this book is a story of private life, one of the very best for interest, variety, and, above all, high morality, that it has ever been our fortune to meet. The book is worthy, not merely a cursory perusal, but attentive study.

In the other works of this author, he has, perhaps, shown himself too much disposed to look chiefly on the dark side of things. This defect is not to be found in the *Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh*. If anything, it is too exclusively devoted to illustrating whatever was heroic and noble in the times of which it treats, and to keeping out of sight the evils which England then labored under. But this is surely a fault which may be easily pardoned, when we recollect how much reason every Englishman has to look back with pride on the days of good Queen Bess.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"*Caliban*. Freedom, heyday! heyday, freedom! freedom, heyday! freedom!

"*Stephano*. O brave monster! Lead the way. [Exeunt.]

THE Seniors are making their bow and going out. Our last issue announced the election of three new members of our little editorial fraternity, and now their predecessors have only to shuffle off their honorable, but somewhat burdensome coil, and lead the long, ghostly caravan of departing editors into the happy land where copy, proof-sheets, and all the pomp and pride of monthly printing, are unknown and unneeded. About nine months ago, we astonished the world with the startling and sparkling announcements and promises of our Editors' Address. We were to give a tongue to Harvard. The hundred voices which were wandering back and forth echoing and re-echoed through the old halls were to find utterance from our sibyl lips. Honestly and truly this was our intent. Our looks were bent on our kind mother, and since she looked as if she had something to say, we, like true children, timidly and respectfully raised our boyish trumpet to her reverent lips. No baser motive. Pure Banquo's ghosts, we had no *speculation* in those eyes which we did glare with. Nothing at all but honest, earnest reverence, and love for her. There were two classes of well-meaning friends who greeted that first, faint promise. But both were wrong, and both have been disappointed. One asked too much, the other looked for too little. For the latter we have aimed too high, for the others we have struck too low. We either promised too much or did too little. Both think we might have done better. No doubt we might; for seriously Harvard has better things to say than have spoken out through us, — stronger, sounder wisdom; purer, truer wit. Unused to talking, her old muscles are grown stiff; but their strength is there, grown stronger for honest truth through all her age. She broke out, perhaps, somewhat too loud at first, but we trust to nature and to her that she shall soon find her proper tone and key, and people who know her not, as well as those who know her, and love her and honor her, abroad may know, what nine months ago we humbly started with an aim to prove, that there is a spirit and a voice in her, and that she can faithfully and fruitfully put both to use. We do not think that we have failed. Even better credit and success to those who, in their turn, shall follow us. Even better success to tell plainly and simply all those who care to ask and know, what is thinking, and feeling, and doing here in College. And so our little monthly, growing monthly better and wiser, and perhaps doing some little to make others wiser and better too, shall be what she ought and what she shall, — no discredit to her friends, no dishonor to fair Harvard, and not at all a mean work for a few students to have done.

Class-Day has come and gone; Commencement is coming, and soon will go to join the Commencements of our fathers. We believe that *Class-Day* satisfied everybody who had a right to satisfaction in it. From the first slow meeting in front of Holworthy to the tumultuous snatching of the farewell garlands from the tree, the whole day seemed to be a kindly, friendly, and pleasant one. When

future ages look back to us for a record and memorial of the great occasion, let them find here our

CLASS-DAY ODE.

Let us take a long look at the faces to-day
Which never may smile on us more,
And let us keep pressing the hand while we may,
With the same friendly grasp as of yore.
Let us sing for the Mother so gentle and kind
Who has borne with our follies so long,
And cherish the love, ever hopeful and blind,
Which has led us through right and through wrong.

O, who can forget the kind Nurse of his youth,
Who sits 'mid her beautiful trees,
And teaches her innocent lessons of truth
To those whom she holds on her knees?
Upon her God's blessing for ever descends,
But vain were the wealth of her charms,
Except for the love which we bear to the friends
With whom we reclined in her arms.

It were strange, if, among all the joys we have known,
There lurked not a moment of pain,
If amid the bright days which uncounted have flown,
Not one had its clouds and its rain.
But the sorrow and pain in oblivion shall sleep,
The pleasures dwell ever in mind,
As the tempests which sweep o'er the face of the deep,
Leave sky and blue waters behind.

Dearest Mother, fourscore of thy happiest sons
Aro crossing thy threshold to-day,
To mix with the current of life as it runs,
And to glide with it quickly away.
Their forms may be bent with old age and with care,
Ere the end of their journey they see,
But the eye will glow brighter beneath the white hair,
At the thought of each other and thee.

A WORD WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

DEAR, select souls to whom this private acbooming of editorial confidence is addressed, we greet you with praise and thanks for your many past favors, with thanks and praise for your many favors prospective. Tenfold more gratitude and glory you may earn by complying with these few earnest requests :—

First, To write on but one side of your letter-sheet. This course, considered with reference to economy, could not have been justified in the Middle Ages, it is true, yet is quite laudable at the present day, when paper-merchants have it thrown in their face that the cheapness of their wares is a chief cause of the multiplication of worthless books, and of the diffusion of unsound learning.

Second, To write with great distinctness, and not to send in rough draughts.

Third, To number your pages, and not *creed* your manuscript.

Fourth, and most important, To condense, in nan just exactly the language and structure of sentences in your manuscript which you wish to have in print, so that the proof-sheets may not be subjected to undue, or, in fact, any alterations of that character. Thus our worthy Publisher, who has acted most kindly by the Magazine, will be saved an expense worse than useless.

We ask a serious, generous attention to these things.



THE

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THE
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No. 8.

THE WRITINGS OF SYLVESTER JUDD.*

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SYLVESTER JUDD, Jr. was born in 1813, at Westhampton, a small town in Massachusetts, not far from the Connecticut. His family was far from wealthy, and it was only after many delays and struggles that he entered college at Yale, in 1832. Graduating with considerable distinction, he immediately became involved in difficulties, compared with which his early pecuniary embarrassments were as nothing. He had been educated a Calvinist. While in college, he had been interested in a revival, and, with his strong religious nature, he had embraced that stern faith with fervor, consecrating himself to its service as a clergyman, when he should have finished his necessary studies. But at Templeton, whither he had gone soon after graduating, to take charge of a school, he began to throw off the faith in which he had been trained. Doubts which had tormented him before, now overcame him; he saw no way for himself but to give up his school, supported as it was by Calvinists, renounce his intended calling, and become a Unitarian. He returned to his father's at Northampton, and there passed a most wretched summer, the summer of 1837. He could not return to his former faith, — the religion of his kindred — of his mother — was no longer his. At last he declared himself a Unitarian, and took the decisive step of entering the Divinity School at Cambridge. This took place in September, 1837, and from that time forward his life was for the most part serene and tranquil. But the agony of doubt and perplexity through which he had passed — a trial known only to those who have endured it — left its ineffaceable mark on his weakened nervous system, as well as on his sensitive and sympathetic soul.

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not wanting in confidence in the success of his books. They were offerings upon God's altar, brought with reverent hands and faithful.

But not to delay longer in speaking of the man, we will proceed to criticise and analyze his works. First in order of time and of merit comes "Margaret," and we trust we shall be pardoned for speaking at considerable length about it.

"Margaret" is emphatically a New England story; you cannot conceive of its being written anywhere but in the land of the Puritans. Other books might have been; even Hawthorne's wild legends of Massachusetts might possibly have been the creation of some one not "to the manner born." But the essence of "Margaret" is of New England,—every page is steeped in her peculiar humor. Indeed, it seems hardly possible for a stranger fully to understand the book, and perceive its genuineness and adaptation. The scene is laid in New England, changing only for a brief space to New York; the manners, the ideas, the men and women, the scenery, the wit,—all are New England's own. This accounts for the theological air which, from beginning to end, the book breathes of, for the very atmosphere of New England is theological. Here the children are taught at once arithmetic and the catechism,—the young men and women join Bible classes, and have religious experiences, conflicts and discussions, before they have fairly got clear of childhood. That rigid church discipline which, two centuries ago, included all the people of New England in one religious organization, and made the civil but a branch of the ecclesiastical power, has left its mark upon all succeeding generations. Compare Sunday in Boston with Sunday in Baltimore or New Orleans, or even in New York. The terrors of the Jewish Sabbath still hang over a New England Sunday, and it will be long, we hope, before they will wholly vanish. But not in forms alone can the Puritanic impress be traced; it lies deep in the heart and soul of the people. Whenever the men of New England make any manifestation which can be called general, it invariably has this religious character. A good instance of this is the recent wholesome excitement against the Nebraska Bill. The majority of our best writers have been either clergymen or the children of clergymen. Such were Edwards, Channing, Stuart; such also are Emerson, Everett, Bancroft, the Beechers, Lowell, and Hildreth. This is no insignificant fact.

Among a people thus cradled in theology, the events of a story like "Margaret" become probable and natural, while in other cir-

cumstances they would be absurd. The heroine is a child at the beginning of the book ; she grows up to womanhood, and acts her part among the people she meets in a manner thoroughly original and full of interest. She is the daughter of a German father and a French mother, who die before she can remember ; and she is educated, if we may call it so, in a rude, drunken family, in a small New England town, entitled Livingston. Where it is situated, precisely, is a mystery, but it seems to be somewhere in Connecticut. The time of the story is about the close of the last century, when the country was subsiding from the ferment into which the war of independence had thrown it. The characters are mostly the people of the town, — the parson, his deacons, the schoolmaster, the justices of the peace, the barber, and the rest.

Margaret first appears as a baby at the house of Didymus Hart, surnamed "Pluck," and Brown Moll, his wife. The house is of logs, built amid the remains of the primeval forest, not far from the Pond,—for what New England town is without its pond ? It is surrounded by hills, and, at a distance, by the blue wall of mountains. The family is coarse,—almost unattractive. The father makes shoes in one of the four rooms of the all-containing house ; he is a good-natured, humorous, drunken man, who has a bad reputation among his townsmen, and never goes to meeting. His wife weaves and smokes, and does the housework ; is something of a shrew, and, like all the family but Chilion, drinks to excess. The oldest son, Nimrod, is a roving fellow, sailor and horse-jockey by turns, who visits the house only occasionally, on one of which occasions he brought the baby Margaret from New York. The second son, Marsh-alalhashbaz, abbreviated to Hash, is boorish and stupid. Chilion, the third son, is very different from all the family. He is shy and silent, but loves music, and finds expression for himself so. He is the town-fiddler, and goes about to balls and husking-bees to play for the dancers. He teaches Margaret to play and sing, and loves her better even than his violin. Margaret herself, as she is described at her second appearance, is a brown-haired, hazel-eyed girl of eight or nine years, "dressed in a brown linen gown or tunic, open in front, a crimson skirt, and with a green rush hat upon her head." She is barefoot and bare-armed, and thus she sits in the house-door "quilling," that is, winding spools, for her mother's weaving. An extract, describing the close of the same day, will give a good idea of the idyllic character of these opening chapters.

"Margaret seated herself on the doorstep to eat her supper, consisting of toasted brown bread and watered cider, served in a curiously wrought cherry-bowl and spoon. The family were taking their meal of bread, potatoes, and cold pork, in the kitchen. The sun had gone down. The whippoorwill came and sat on the Butternut, and sang his evening song, always plaintive, always welcome. The nighthawk dashed and hissed through the woods and the air on long, slim, quivering wings. A solitary robin chanted sweetly a long time from the hill. Myriads of insects swarmed and murmured over her head. Crickets chirped in the grass, and under the decaying sills of the house. She heard the voice of the waterfall at the outlet, and the croaking of a thousand frogs on the Pond. She saw the stars come out, Lyra, the Northern Crown, the Serpent. She looked into the heavens, she opened her ears to the dim evening melodies of the universe ; yet as a child. She was interrupted by the sharp voice of her mother, 'Go to your roost, Peggy !' 'Yes, Molly dear,' said her father, very softly, 'Dick and Robin are asleep ; see who will be up first, you or the silver rooster ; who will open your eyes first, you or the dandelion !'

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The Margaret of sixteen years knows as little of love as of religion, and when the handsome stranger, Raxman, struck by her beauty, (and, as it afterwards appears, her fortune,) declares his passion for her, she does not know what he means. But if she has thus far been ignorant of love, nor ever dreamed of it, as maidens are wont to do, she is soon to be enlightened. One day, as she is lying in the shade of the woods, reading William Ames's "Marrow of Theology," given her by the Master to satisfy her longing to know what God is, a gentleman comes riding up the path to visit the Pond and the Head. He addresses Margaret, and they talk for a long time on theology, while she tells him the story of her life. He is Mr. Evelyn, the *preux chevalier* of the book, the nephew of Judge Morgridge, of Livingston; he is pained by Margaret's ignorance of Christianity, and undertakes to explain to her what it really is. He tells her the sublime story of Christ, of which she has hitherto known nothing, except through the vague intimations of her weird dreams. It makes a deep impression upon her; she weeps at the narration, and subjects her old mythology to this newer and more beautiful religion. "Dear little gods and goddesses all," cries she, "Christ won't hurt us, — Christ shall preside over us, — I will worship him. But the names must be changed; Bacchus's Hill shall be Christ's Hill, Orpheus's Pond his Pond. He shall be supreme, — Head, Pond, and all shall be henceforth called MONS CHRISTI."

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ing-bee at her father's, where wine and liquors are plenty, and the whole feast is a wild Bacchanalian revel, Solomon Smith, a creditor of the family, and a lover of Margaret, comes to his death, by chance or design. The whole family, including Margaret, are arrested; on examination, all save Chilion are discharged, while he is indicted for murder. The house and farm are attached for debt, — the family separate, going where they can find shelter. Margaret goes to the home of good Deacon Ramsdill, who had before befriended her, and who is one of the best characters in the book. Then comes Chilion's trial, his conviction, and sentence. All hope of a pardon is cut off; Margaret visits him in prison, hears his story, in which, as in all this affair, the grotesque mingles with the terrible and the pathetic, and takes her farewell of him. On the day of the execution, a fire, kindled in the woods by an old Indian, who thus hopes to avenge his injured race, lays the village in ashes. The meeting-house, the stocks, the whipping-post, the jail, the court-house, — all that then went to make up a New England village, — burn down.

After this, Margaret goes with Nimrod and her friend Rose to "the Bay," that is, to Boston. The two girls lose their way in Boston, and finally arrive at the wrong house, where they remain for some weeks under a strange and ill-managed mistake. At last the whole mystery is cleared up. Margaret is made acquainted with the story of her birth, and meets her grandfather, who, in remorse for his cruelty to her mother, his own daughter, makes over to her the whole of his immense fortune, "estimated at two millions of dollars." She spends the winter in Boston, and in spring goes back to Livingston, where the story leaves her, to tell of her after life in the letters which close the volume.

In these a new world rises before us, such as many of us have dreamed of, but never so clearly pictured as here. This girl, grown now to womanhood amid those scenes of beautiful and vulgar and sorrowful life, which we have briefly described, rises at once into the creator of a new state of society. With the help of Mr. Evelyn (whom she marries on his return from Europe) and the friends she had found in Boston, together with those old friends at Livingston, she changes her town from a vulgar, drunken New England village of the year 1800, into a paradise, — a town fit for the Millennium. In place of the old meeting-house, a new church is built, "Christ Church," and it is filled by the townspeople of all kinds. Sots and misers, shrews and drudges and slatterns, become exemplary church-

members, deacons, and deacons' wives. Their "Bishop" is Frank Jones, one of Margaret's Boston friends; he converts and marries Rose, and preaches a Christianity like Mr. Evelyn's. The neighboring churches are scandalized, the doctrine is so heretical; but gradually nearly all the townspeople become members of the Bishop's church. On Mons Christi a marble cross is erected, visible to all the town, and for miles away. The farms grow beautiful with orchards, and cornfields, and gardens of lovely flowers. Beside the roads and in the woods, statues of Peace, Faith, Hope, Love, Truth, Beauty, and other fair personifications, are set up. Festivals are established for each month in the year, training-days are abolished, and wine at dances and parties is dispensed with. The people all work, and all worship; woman has her rights, and is contented; the children are well educated. Poverty decreases fast, and crime is almost unknown. Nearly all the base and selfish people in the book live regenerated in this wonderful town. And so, among her children and her friends, the book leaves its heroine, happy herself, and making others happy.

This is but a skeleton of the story, and gives no adequate idea of the charm which attaches to every part of it. It has not the merit of a well-constructed plot. There is great improbability in many of the incidents, — great inconsistency in many of the characters. The conclusion, with its millennial perfection, and the happiness awarded to all, is wholly impossible and imaginary. Yet, in its subordinate parts, it is managed with great skill usually, and its general effect, one would say, is almost perfect. It is a singular combination of tragedy, comedy, and idyl, the idyllic element predominating, however, and shaping the course of the story. This is seen in the poetical treatment of Margaret's childhood and youth, and in the pastoral conclusion of the tale. Indeed, the whole conception of Margaret, from her birth, and the sweet romance of love which preceded it, to the time when we lose sight of her in the quiet, joyful life of her family and village, is in the highest degree poetical, — even more so, to our mind, than Dickens's exquisite "Little Nell." This little Yankee maiden, blooming like a sweet flower amid scenes so uncongenial, — toiling bravely, with unconscious heroism, to fulfil her assigned duties, — educating herself so wisely among all the ignorance and vice around her, and at last passing into the noble, self-sustained, helpful woman, — why, she is such a gem of poetical creation as we rarely see.

Something of the same kind may be said of Chilion. Next to Margaret, it is around him that the poetry of the story clusters. With his violin, his love for Margaret, and his power over men through music, he has almost as much interest for us as that ancient Orpheus to whom Margaret likens him,—he who wrought such wonders with his lyre, and was snatched away from his saddened life by so cruel a death. To come down from classic times, he reminds us of Scott's "Wandering Willie" in Redgauntlet, and of the traditional minstrel of romance-writers generally. Only he has, besides his passionate love for music and his power of execution, a deeper feeling of its meaning and influence than any wandering minstrel or Scotch fiddler. Evidently he was not suggested by anything in the author's reading, but, like Margaret, and nearly all the characters, he is an original, not a copy. How pathetic is his love and care for Margaret, from the time when, "a sober-faced boy," he sits down in the grass, "and with a fife pipes to the child," to his last parting with her in the jail! How deeply we look into the secret of his nature through those few words which his reserve allows him to utter! A character like Chilion would redeem any book.

Many of the characters in "Margaret" are creations of pure humor, and that of the highest kind. In power of humorous description and portraiture, we have no hesitation in ranking Mr. Judd with the masters of humorous writing,—with Cervantes, Fielding, Richter, Dickens, and Scott. The genius which could create such impersonations of humor as Master Elliman and Tony, Captain Tuck, and the Widow,—which could sketch such scenes as the camp-meeting and the "People in Council,"—cannot be mistaken for other than it is,—the very loftiest of its kind. Mr. Judd, too, is one of those few writers who have been successful in copying the New England dialect, and he is most fortunate in this, preserving that peculiar "shut-eye flavor" of its humor, which Parson Wilbur speaks of in his never-to-be-forgotten annotations on the poems of Hosea Bigelow.

Next to the humor displayed in Margaret, is its vivid descriptive power. Nowhere can one find such glowing, lifelike pictures of scenery; of the green beauties of June, the gorgeous hues of October, or December's dazzling splendors. Not even Ruskin surpasses Mr. Judd in this. We seem to be looking upon the very scenes which he describes. The clouds, the flowers, the blue hills, the woods, the loveliness of the sky, the wreathed snowdrift, the ocean of mist swelling up from the valley,—all these we *see*, and not merely

read about. We hear the note of the blackbird, the brown-thresher, the bobolink, — the croaking of frogs, the chirping of uncounted crickets, and all the noises of woodland and meadow. Surely no writer ever had a more intense love of nature. He has a real affection for the floating cloud, the gold and crimson sunset, for the green fields and flashing lakes of his own New England. Where can one find a more perfect picture than this, of the coming on of a June evening at the Head, the Mons Christi of Margaret's after years ?

"She now came up to see the sun go down ; she sat on the grass with her hands folding her knees. Directly on the right of the sun-setting was an apparent jog or break in the line of woods and hills, having on one side something like a cliff or sharp promontory jutting towards the heavens, and overlooking what seemed like a calm clear sea beyond ; within this depression lay the top of Kinkidden, before spoken of ; here also, after a storm, appeared the first clear sky, and here at midday the white clouds, in long ranges of piles, were wont to repose like ships at anchor, and Margaret loved to look at that point. Nearer at hand she could see the roads leading to Dunwich and Brandon, winding, like unrolled ribbons, through the woods. There were also pastures covered with gray rocks, looking like sheep ; the green woods in some places were intersected by fields of brown rye or soft clover. On the whole, it was a verdant scene, — greenness, like a hollow ocean, spread itself out before her ; the hills were green, the trees, grass, and weeds were green ; and in the forest, on the south margin of the pond, the darkness, as the sun went down, seemed to form itself into caverns and grottos, and strange, fantastic shapes, in the solid greenness. In some instances she could see the tips of the trees glancing and frolicking in the light, while the greedy shadows were crawling up from their roots, as it were, out of the ground to devour them. Deep in the woods, the blackcap and thrush still whooted and clung unweariedly ; she heard also the cawing of crows, and the scream of the loon ; the tinkle of bells, the lowing of cows, and the bleating of sheep were distinctly audible. Her own robin, on the Butternut below, began his long, sweet, many-toned carol ; the tree-toad chimed in with its loud, thrilling chirrup, and the frogs, from the Pond and mill-brook, crooled, chubbed, and croaked. Swallows skimmed over her, and plunged into the depths below ; swarms of flies in circular squadrons skirmished in the sunbeams before her eye ; and at her side, in the grass, crickets sung their lullabies to the departing day ; a rich,

fresh smell from the water, the woods, the wild-flowers, the grass-lots, floating up over the hill, regaled her senses. The surface of the Pond, as the sun receded, broke into gold ripples, deepening gradually into carmine and vermilion ; suspended between her eye and the horizon was a table-like form of illuminated mist, a bridge of visible sunbeams, shored on pointed shining piers reaching to the ground. Margaret sat, as we say, attentive to all this ; what were her feelings we know not now, we may know hereafter ; *and clouds that had spent the Sabbath in their own way came with her, to behold the sunseting* ; some in long tapering bands, some in flocky rosettes, others in broad, many-folded collops. In that light they showed all colors, rose, pink, violet, and crimson, and the sky, in a large circumference about the sun, weltered in ruddiness, while the opposite side of the heavens threw back a purple glow. There were clouds, to her eye, like fishes ; the horned pout, with its pearly, iridine breast and iron-brown back ; floating after it was a shiner, with its bright golden armor ; she saw the blood-red fin of the yellow perch, and the long snout of the pickerel with its glancing black eye, and the gaudy tail of the trout. She saw the sun sink half below the horizon, then all his round, red face go down, and the light on the Pond withdraw, the bridge of light disappear, and the hollows grow darker and darker. A stronger and better defined glow streamed for a moment from the depths of the sun into the sky, and flashed through the atmosphere. The little rose-colored clouds melted away in their evening joy, and went to rest up in the dark, unfathomable chambers of the heavens. *The fishes swam away with the sun, and plunged down the cataract of light that falls over the other side of the earth* ; and the broad, massive clouds grew darker and grimmer, and extended themselves, like huge-breasted lions couchant, which the Master had told her about, to watch all night near the gate of the sun. She sat there alone, with no eye but God's to look upon her ; he alone saw her face, her expression, in that still, warm, golden sunseting ; she sat as if for her the sun had gone down, and the sky unloosed its glory ; she sat mute and undisturbed, as if she were the child-queen of this great pageant of Nature."

Had Mr. Judd held the brush instead of the pen, what lovely landscapes he would have given us, outdoing Claude and Turner.

(To be continued.)

PYCROFT'S COURSE OF ENGLISH READING.*

STUDY, Reading, and Writing are the three great pillars of a good education. By study we strengthen and discipline the mind, by reading we stock it with knowledge, and by writing we are enabled to turn our acquisitions to account. Each is of equal importance. The neglect of either would greatly detract from a good education; and the discharge of all three duties in a thorough manner would constitute a firm and broad basis of a literary reputation. Now our schools and colleges profess to furnish, and to a great extent they do furnish, helps and advantages for the pursuit of the first and third objects mentioned; that is, they profess to afford proper courses of studying and of composing; but it is left to the individual himself to pursue the second part of his education, the acquiring of knowledge by books; which, as it is as important a matter as either of the others, ought to be pursued with as much diligent and systematic effort as they are. But in too many instances this is not the case. Young men, in getting their education at school and college, are very apt to think that school and college are intended to do everything for them in the matter of their education, and that their only part in the matter is to devote their attention to the tasks they enjoin. This, it seems to us, is a great mistake. School and college are intended, chiefly, if not entirely, to strengthen and discipline the mind by study, and to point out the path for its future development. They are neither calculated nor intended to afford the student advantages for the acquisition of knowledge to any great extent. This, as we before remarked, can be done only by the person himself, by systematic and extensive *reading*. And this part of his education the student must, if he would be anything or do anything in life, pursue with as much ardor and diligence as he would the studies of school and college.

But here the question arises, How shall the student read to the best advantage? It is not every one who reads, that derives benefit from his reading; and it is of the utmost importance for the student to have a course marked out before him which shall conduct him, by the shortest road, to the greatest acquisitions of knowledge.

* *A Course of English Reading, adapted to every Taste and Capacity: with Literary Anecdotes.* By the Rev. JAMES PYCROFT, B. A., Trinity College, Oxford. Third Edition. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1851.

We might divide those among the young that strive to acquire book-learning into two classes,—those who read for the sake of the books and those who read for the sake of the learning. In other words, the first class comprise those who wade through the bulky quartos and octavos, the Humes, and the Gibbons, and the Alisons of our literature, because they are standard authors, and are supposed to contain all that can be known on the subjects about which they treat; while the second class, trying chiefly to acquire *facts*, read in these and other works all that can throw light upon the subjects about which they desire to become informed. Of these classes Mr. Pycroft, in the excellent little work now before us, warmly espouses the cause of the latter.

His work is founded upon the analogy between the mind and the body. Study is the *exercise* of the mind; Reading, its *food*; Writing, the *labor* which it performs. And he truly remarks, that curiosity holds the same place with regard to reading that appetite holds with regard to food; and upon this he founds some very sensible remarks. For instance, he says that, as the eating of food when there is no appetite is useless for the purpose of nutrition, is very likely to be indigestible, and even to cause a distaste for other food, so is the practice of reading heavy works on subjects about which one feels no interest or curiosity, not only productive of no real good to the reader, but is absolutely hurtful to him, and is likely to create in his mind a disgust for serious reading of any sort. And, on the other hand, the pampering, so to speak, of the natural curiosity of the mind, until it desires nothing of a solid and useful nature, is precisely analogous to the pampering of the bodily appetite, which may and often does reach a state in which all save the greatest delicacies are refused.

It is certainly a good practice to follow nature as far as reason will permit; and this holds good in the matter of reading, as well as in everything else. We are to indulge our curiosity in our daily reading; but it must be a curiosity regulated by reason. And as in a healthy body the appetite desires those things that are of real advantage, and is able to derive from them the greatest possible amount of gratification, so in a well-regulated mind the curiosity is naturally excited with regard to matters of real importance, and the mind derives from the satisfaction of such desires more real pleasure than it would if their objects were of a character the most attractive to a diseased and morbid imagination.

Mr. Pycroft, in the work before us, recommends the student in the first place to read and thoroughly to master the outlines of any subject with which he may desire to become acquainted ; and then to fill out these outlines with such books or parts of books as will throw light upon any portions about which he may feel interest enough to know more than is given in the outlines. In this way the student acquires a general knowledge of all ordinary matters, and by degrees collects or clusters around particular points a considerable amount of information. These particular points, moreover, he is to select according to his curiosity, which, as was before said, will, in a healthy mind, always be excited with regard to matters of real interest or importance.

If this plan should come into general use among our students, we should see a very different state of things with regard to reading. Most young men have a desire to become acquainted with the great departments of knowledge ; they would be very glad to be what is called well-read ; and they would, as a general thing, take great pleasure in pursuing a course of useful reading. They fully intend and expect, that is many of them do, to obtain a good acquaintance with the knowledge contained in books. But they are terrified at the thought of the huge and weighty volumes which their older and wiser friends tell them they must read in order to attain their object. They are somewhat in the position of the pendulum in the fable, which stopped in despair when it thought of the 86,400 times it would have to tick in the course of the day. Perhaps they make the attempt. They take up Hume, for instance, and read, — sometimes about matters of an interesting nature, and sometimes about matters decidedly *not* of an interesting nature. They are, it is likely, as they go on in the work, astonished at their forgetfulness of what they had previously read, and are, it is very probable, frequently annoyed by their thoughts, which they strenuously endeavored to keep down to the subject, wandering, “ like the eyes of the fool, to the ends of the earth.” At length they give it up as a bad job, — and who can blame them ? How can we wonder at the low state of book-learning among young men, and even among students, when the would-be reader is put upon such a course as this ? Truly it requires a strong arm and a clear head to fight one’s way through such a host of difficulties, and encumbered by the trammels of such an injudicious policy.

Under the other system, the one advocated by Mr. Pycroft, the

greater part of this difficulty would be obviated. Young men, with their new and vigorous desires after knowledge, would not damp their ardor by trying with their young and undisciplined minds to conquer such large and formidable *works* as Hume and Gibbon and their brethren; but leaving these till their minds become stronger and more mature, they would first get an outline of the matters of which they treat, and then, by selecting those points, an acquaintance with which offered the greatest pleasure or profit, they would, by consulting all available authorities with regard to them, fix them in their minds clearly and definitely, and thus would combine a general acquaintance with the whole ground, with an accurate and thorough knowledge of the most important points. And as the student in pursuing this plan would only follow out the impulse of his curiosity, he would find pleasure in acquiring knowledge, — which is certainly a great desideratum.

After occupying about one half of his book with the exposition and illustration of his system, Mr. Pycroft proceeds in the latter half of it to treat separately of the principal divisions of knowledge, — History, Philosophy, the Fine Arts, Theology, Poetry, Natural Philosophy, Military Science and History. In this connection, he gives lists of such works as relate to the subjects, and also makes some very excellent suggestions connected with them. Interspersed among these are many valuable remarks, bearing more or less upon the general subject, many interesting literary anecdotes, and an abundance of apt quotations from ancient and modern authors. A brief consideration of two or three of these remarks will close this article.

Mr. Pycroft strongly recommends the young reader to make choice of some one writer, to whom he may especially devote his attention, and whose works, “ever most conspicuous and most at hand, read, re-read, marked and quoted, standing on the shelf, if not ‘alone in their glory,’ at least surrounded with pamphlets, manuscripts, and authors to illustrate them,” will do much to form his mind, to give him a high standard of excellence, and to fire him with honorable emulation to imitate and to rival. In this advice we cordially concur; and would add to the illustrious names of Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Burke, Johnson, and others, whom he mentions as suitable for this purpose, the equally illustrious one of WEBSTER, as one whose fame is in no respect inferior to theirs, and whose works, next to the inspired volume, form perhaps the best possible manual of wisdom for the young American.

How to remember what we read is a question of great practical importance, and one of which Mr. Pycroft treats, in one of the last chapters of his book, in a very full and satisfactory manner. He remarks, "that memory is assisted by whatever tends to a full view and clear apprehension of the subject, and by whatever adds to our interest and entertainment; that it depends much on a thorough determination to remember, and is greatly assisted by whatever tends to connection or association of ideas." These points he expounds and illustrates in a very entertaining manner, and by his apposite quotations and sensible remarks renders the chapter one of the most interesting and useful in the book. We have not, of course, room to dwell much upon this part of the book; we will only remark, that we are glad to see that Mr. Pycroft takes strong ground against the practice, once much in vogue, of writing abstracts of what we read for the purpose of strengthening the memory. It has been truly re-remarked by some distinguished man, — we forget who, — that a second reading assists the memory more than writing an abstract, is much less laborious, and occupies much less time. Writing abstracts or complete transcripts of what we read, tends, as Mr. Pycroft says, to make the desk full, and the head empty; but the repeating aloud of the substance of our reading to ourselves, or, better, to a friend, is a very beneficial exercise of the memory. Conversation on subjects about which we have been reading, seems to us to strengthen the memory more than any other thing.

In closing, we would cordially recommend this little work to our readers. To all who desire to become acquainted with the knowledge contained in books, and especially to those among the young who have not the aid and counsel of some older friend to direct them in the pursuit of knowledge, this book is a very valuable assistance. To the student who devotes his whole energies to the studies of his class, we would recommend it as pointing out the vast field of knowledge which lies outside of his regular studies, and would advise him to make a point of daily reading, as well as of daily studying, and thus to come out of college with a well-informed, as well as a well-disciplined mind. And to those who, having already a taste for reading, are desirous of some guide to the best sources of information, we would earnestly recommend the work of Mr. Pycroft, as affording in our opinion an excellent view both of the theory and the practice of reading.

HISTORY OF THE PAST, AND NEWS OF THE DAY.*

ONE important difference between the history of the past and present is, that while the latter possesses the charm of novelty, the former must depend upon its intrinsic merits to attract our attention. Contemporary history is like some new play, which we see for the first time; if the plot be tolerable, the mere desire to see how it will end is sufficient to excite our interest. The history of the past, on the other hand, is like a play whose plot, although we have never seen it represented, we are to a certain extent familiar with, and which can only claim our attention from the beauty of its diction or the important truths it conveys. Few people undertake to read about any period of ancient history of which they have not some general idea. Naturally, there must be some time when we are entirely ignorant of the subject; but it is seldom that any one reads, for example, a history of Rome, without knowing the great cycle of events through which she passed,—regal, republican, imperial, barbarian. We are cheered through the bloody times of Marius and Sulla by the knowledge that all these horrors will be obliterated by the golden age of the Cæsars; the pleasure we feel in dwelling upon the splendor of the times of Virgil and Horace is tempered by the thought that the “marble city,” the boast of Augustus, will become the prey of Attila and his Huns. But now, on the arrival of each steamer, we eagerly scan the newspapers to find whether Sebastopol is taken, whether the Allies are defeated, or whether the war is coming to a close. When we hear of the partial successes or reverses of either side, our joy is not lessened, nor our disappointment softened, by a knowledge of the final result of the contest. Many of us here in America are following with intense interest the progress of two great struggles,—the contest between the Czar and the Allies, and the quarrel between Sir Barnes Newcome and the opposing confederated forces. In fact, we have a strong suspicion that Thackeray is merely writing a sort of parody on the events which are disturbing Europe. The Czar tells his brave soldiers that they are fighting for liberty, for religion, and for their country. He tells

* 1. *The Story of the Campaign. A Complete Narrative of the War in Southern Russia. Written in a Tent in the Crimea.* By MAJOR E. BRUCE HAWLEY. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1855.

2. *The History of the Peloponnesian War.* By THUCYDIDES.

them that he only wished to protect the Christians from Mahometan persecution, and says nothing about his desire to get a foothold in Turkey. He declares that, if Russia has ever been tyrannical and rapacious, she is so no longer. In the same strain Sir Barnes delivers a lecture to the independent voters of Newcome about Mrs. Hemans's poetry and the tenderer sensibilities of our nature, and does n't even hint at his hoped-for seat in Parliament; and before the election day comes, he solemnly promises to change his whole course of life. But the Allies say that the Czar does not care for the Christians, while F. B., Sir, when he hears of Sir Barnes's lecture, and his promises of amendment, says that the latter are all "bosh," and that any one who believes in the old Bluebeard's "tender sensibilities" is a fool, and any one who votes for him, Sir, is a rascal. F. B. is evidently an organ of the Allies. Between these two histories, however, there is this difference: in Thackeray's story we feel pretty sure that Bluebeard will at last get the worst of it, while in the real romance the issue seems by no means so certain.

There are two ways in which a man may study history. He may learn *chronicles* merely, and may find out what wars actually took place in certain countries at certain periods. Such a study, however, seems to us an entire waste of time and labor. We cannot see in what way it can benefit us, except so far as it satisfies our curiosity, to know that eighteen hundred years ago a flourishing empire existed in Italy, and that, after some centuries of gradual decline, it finally perished. Our future prospects, the progress of our country, cannot be influenced by the knowledge of this fact. But there is another way of studying history, which possesses a much deeper interest, and which may be productive of much greater good. If we consider a knowledge of the chronicles of a country merely as a means, and not as an end, — if we seek to find out, not so much what wars actually took place, as what were the secret reasons which caused them, how they were regarded by the people, and what was the popular estimation of the generals and prominent men engaged in them, — we shall find that we can reap some real benefit from our labors. We shall see that at Rome the republican citizens gradually grew more and more fond of war, that at length none but military chieftains could be elected consuls, and that finally the curule chair was, by a warrior more successful and bolder than his predecessors, exchanged for a throne. We shall see that this

same love of military glory still continued and increased, until finally all the power and influence fell into the hands of a soldiery so corrupt, that, forgetting the state, they cared only for their own gratification, and so weak, that they were unable to defend themselves against the Northern barbarians. From all this we might reasonably conclude that the same results would generally follow an inordinate love of military glory. And such we shall find to be the case. We see the same process repeated in France, with certain modifications : a republic under leaders more bloodthirsty than were even Marius and Sulla, then a first consul, an emperor, and finally a king, placed on his throne by the armies of the North. Thus warned and guided by these examples, we should be better able in our own republic to shun those errors which have proved fatal to other states. These, then, are some of the advantages to be derived from a proper study of the history of the past.

But in perusing historical records, we do not at first sight observe these perhaps obscure causes ; we find only great results. We must, then, starting from these results, by an inverse process, endeavor to find out what were the causes which brought them about, and what were the feelings and principles which modified them. Now, in studying history with this end in view, we must adopt one of two methods : either we must imagine certain causes or certain theories, and then seek evidence to support them ; or we must learn all the evidence, all the chronicled facts, first, and then from these deduce the cause and its various modifying agents. Obviously the latter is the only true method. Even by this latter method, however, we cannot be perfectly sure of success. We may be, and indeed not unfrequently are, influenced in our judgment by preconceived, and often erroneous, opinions about the characters, the principles, and the purposes of those whom we encounter in our search.* But how much greater does this difficulty become, when, instead of ancient, we take contemporaneous history ! † In the latter case, we have our party prejudices or our personal feelings excited to a considerable extent, even when we fancy ourselves perfectly free to

* In Hume's History of England, and Mitford's History of Greece, we have an example of the way in which certain ideas about government, entertained long before they began to write, diminish the value of the works of these otherwise excellent historians.

† Compare Alison's first History of Europe with the miserable continuation which he has more recently added.

exercise a just discrimination ; while, in the former, we can bring to our investigation an almost impartial judgment. We see, then, that from ancient history we can more surely find out the real causes of important events, can better become acquainted with the true characters of the actors who have figured in them, and can more easily learn what results follow the adoption of certain principles of action, thus obtaining data from which to mark out a line of conduct for our future guidance.

But while contemporaneous history has not the same, it has other, and perhaps equal, advantages. To the student of the history of the past, it affords an opportunity of applying the knowledge of human nature that he has acquired, while, at the same time, it gives him a practical and forcible illustration of the lessons he has learned. We read in a recent number of Blackwood an article which, better than anything we have yet seen, explains the causes of the mismanagement of the present war on the part of the English government. It attributes it entirely to the strong desire of the Aberdeen ministry to remain at peace with Russia, and to their endeavors to be neutral until public opinion forced them to declare war, and to take some decisive, or seemingly decisive, measures for its prosecution. Now we all know, when the Allies arrived in the Crimea, that, although victorious in their first battle, such was the want of provision for the comfort and sustenance of the troops, that but a comparatively small number could be employed in active operations against the enemy. So much says Major Hawley. But listen to Thucydides. Speaking of the Trojan war, he says : " Owing to the difficulty of subsistence, they were obliged to take a smaller army than they otherwise would have done, — such a one as they hoped would live on the country itself while carrying on the war ; and when, on their arrival, they found that they were superior in battle, they appear not even then to have employed all their force, but to have turned their attention to the cultivation of the Chersonese, and to have obtained their provisions by foraging along the sea-coast. And it was in this way that the Trojans were enabled to keep an army in the field, and to hold out against them for ten years." Now, comparing what Thucydides tells us about Troy with what we know about Sebastopol, and also bearing in mind the various subterfuges to which certain prominent Greeks had recourse in order to escape going on the expedition, as well as the great length of time occupied in preparation, does it not seem quite possible, if not indeed probable, that the Grecian chief-

tains were secretly disinclined to risk their lives and fortunes in a wild attempt to punish the lover of a faithless wife? Again, any one who has seen the mode in which elections are often carried on here and in England,—the indirect, and sometimes direct, bribery that is openly made use of,—will have no difficulty in understanding how, in the more corrupt times of the Roman empire, men of the lowest character could be elevated to the highest honors. Those who were in Paris at the time when Napoleon, returning from Elba, arrived at the capital, will easily understand the excitement which prevailed at Rome on a somewhat similar occasion, when Cæsar, crossing the Rubicon, marched in triumph to the palace from which Pompey had unresistingly fled. These examples, though not perhaps the best that could be selected, will serve to show the nature of the light which the history of the present throws on that of the past.

The conclusion we must come to, then, is this. To trace the progress and study the nature of the human mind, to find what causes in the intellectual and moral world produce certain results, we must consult the history of the past; while the history of the present is especially useful for the light it sheds on the past, and for the clear illustration it gives us of phenomena otherwise obscure.

Contemporaneous history, moreover, is in itself more pleasing, since we feel a lively personal interest in its progress; such indeed is its advantage in this respect, that we often, in historical romances, for example, endeavor to carry ourselves back to former periods, and seek to become personally acquainted with the actors in the drama. The history of past ages, on the contrary, though less vividly brought before us, possesses a far deeper interest and a much greater importance, as affording us an opportunity of studying the earliest efforts and the development of human intellect, and the nature and action of the human mind.

P.

LA MORTE.

WHEN the pale hours of early dawn are fleeting,
 And the young sun
 Rises to wake us, joyously repeating
 His daily run ;
 Then, while before him, rising from the ocean,
 The shadows flee,
 Then, while the new day bustles into motion,
 I think of thee !

While, through the long daytide, from morn to even,
 His rays shoot forth,
 Glowing and glittering over earth and heaven,
 East, West, South, North, —
 Whilst, over rich and poor, and high and lowly,
 O'er land and sea,
 He scatters light so pure, serene, and holy,
 I think of thee !

When the soft shade of quiet eve ascendeth,
 To close the day,
 And the North World her cooling breezes sendeth
 From far away ;
 Then, until morn again, my dream-ear heareth
 Thy song to me ;
 Then, to my soul thy spirit bright appeareth,
 Thinking of thee !

G.

LIES AND LYING.

"As easy as lying." — HAMLET.

"Lord ! how this world is given to lying !" — FALSTAFF.

To the facility and universality of the practice of lying, those truthful gentlemen, Hamlet and Falstaff, thus bear, somewhat inferentially, their testimony, which, we doubt not, will be corroborated by the experience and observation of all. A lie is the child's first sin, — it is the sin he finds it hardest to avoid as he grows up, and

the one he has committed oftenest when he dies. There are few so good as that they cannot recall, with even now a little coloring of the cheek, that first round falsehood about the stolen apples, (mendacity made fearfully patent by the melancholy experiences of the succeeding night,) or some hesitating and guilty denial when a misdirected paper ball lighted plump on the master's head at school. But perhaps, too, there are few that will not find it less easy to recollect their last prevarication than these early delinquencies, impressed more indelibly upon the memory by their disastrous economic consequences, so to speak, or by the shock one's unsophisticated moral nature received from the consciousness of a first iniquity. For when the ice is once broken, — and the breach is rather apt to occur early in life, — it seldom gets thoroughly mended again; and though, perhaps, we do not often plunge as recklessly into the noisome pool as we grow older and wiser, and worse (which is after all pretty much the same thing, as the world counts wisdom), yet we do, it is to be feared, learn to tread along the edges of it, ankle-deep or more, with greater comparative heedlessness of the slime that defiles our feet and the stench that seethes out of the surface about our heads; and we learn to wade in, occasionally, when we think no one sees us, with only a temporary choke and qualm.

But, what is worse, the noxious effluvium, like the bitter filth of the tobacco, becomes, insensibly, a sort of necessity to us in our dealings with our neighbors; the foul mire, the only path we can tread towards the objects of our desires. There is no vice that creeps more stealthily or surely over its victim than lying. For though falsehood is often a handy tool, and may get one great gains, yet at the same time it disables him who uses it for handling another. He that once brings it to his aid is almost certain soon to forget its deformity in viewing its convenience, and to be at a total loss thereafter how to get along without it. One's first transgression is followed by tears and repentant resolutions; but we grow hopeless and hardened as we go on, and find how current a coin lies are, and how little communication is made in this wicked world without them. And thus — as the second cigar, which blanches the cheek a shade, but vexes the inured stomach not nearly so much as the first — the second lie trembles less on the lips, and the conscience stretches more conveniently for its accommodation. And after that there is no end.

Such is, if we mistake not, the usual course of one's experience;

unless the first transgression stuns the youthful sinner into horrified repentance, or is diverted by maternal solicitude into a means of good. And is it not — let us here own the truth, for variety's sake, if nothing else — is it not the experience of almost every one of us ? Yes, surely, we must allow it, regret it though we will, seldom does one get through his life, if he travel far from the apron-string, without this first guilty experience ; then the struggle and rising twice or thrice ; then the gurgle, and then the quiet sinking into the slough. It is a proud and beneficent faith for the youngster, — “ *virtutis memor avitæ*, ” — that his grandfather “ never told a lie, ” — or only one at the farthest. Let him cherish his ideal of virtue ; but ten to one, if the boy but knew it, his white-haired paragon has long ago repented of many a one that shall no longer be scored against him in the reckoning soon to come. So let the child admire the inviolable honor of history's heroes, and believe, if he will, — with tears starting in his eyes lest the outraged parent do administer the proper castigation after all, though he “ did n't in the other book, ” — in the mythical veracity of our tree-chopping Father of his Country, for lies may teach a good lesson, so we think them truth ; but much as we may reverence the name of Washington, we cannot but suppose that even he, like the “ rest of mankind, ” had his young temptations, and yielded to them, before he became as true and upright as he may have been in later years. For he walks most circumspectly, and very solitarily, who keeps close in the narrow path of truth. Tongues that never lied you must inquire for of your butcher.

Yet while we feel bound to draw this dismal picture, we after all believe that there is more truth than falsehood in the world. For unless there were, society could never stand together as it does a moment. Stop and consider how incessantly we are trusting our neighbor and his assertions. Look at the credit system that prevails all over the world, — “ backed up by law, ” to be sure ; but who makes the law ? and what prompts the making of it, but the universal leaning of humanity to the side of truth, — the universal assent that it must be told ? Humanity indeed bears witness of itself, and yet witness which is true, that by nature it is a lover and a teller of the truth. If the meanest man direct you on your way, do you turn and go the reverse, or do you place confidence in a total stranger's word ? Nay, think you that half the imposture and knavery which is rife would ever succeed, unless men — simple ones, you may say, but if so, so much the better for the argument — submitted them-

selves to be gulled, and, expecting nothing but the truth, even thus testified to the lurking but ever-existent truthfulness of our nature? Were there no truth, we may fairly infer that by this time there would have been but little belief in it, even if some *are* slow to learn, who will not take the papers; and but for this belief, knaves must long ago have put their "dropped pocketbooks" in their pockets, and cast their "patent safes" into the fire, as useless toys.

How ugly an odium attaches even to the word *liar*; why, but because, lie though we will, ourselves, our better self instinctively teaches us to hate and despise the liar's craft? To call one by the name is the foulest insult you can put upon him, (though this, perhaps, because the imputation is so likely to be well founded, for insults seem usually to aggravate in proportion as they are true,) and "the lie" has spilled more of the witless blood of duellists than all other provocations together. From children, too, as above we have done from fools, we may learn a lesson. Who of the motley pack is the one at whom the little dirty forefinger is pointed after school, and at whom are glances of exaggeratedly virtuous horror cast askant, and who sneaks off home alone, and does n't seem wholly at ease for a day or two, hanging back from the game till his offence is needs forgiven when there are "not enough to play"? Without intending to be over poetic or pathetic, and with no so vast love or admiration for any of the urchins, we make bold to affirm, and invoke Miss Edgeworth to support us, that it is the calico-aproned little villain who has "told a lie,"—though not, probably, to the teacher, which might have justified the act.

There is one piteously engaging story over which the tears of childhood have for many generations been flowing, from which we can draw confirmation of what we have been endeavoring to prove. We allude to the tale of Little Red Riding-Hood, which we are the more glad to introduce, since it will do a double duty for us by, in addition to the use we make of it at present, exhibiting an instance, which we shall presently need, of aggravated and ingenious lying. Probably no fiction has done better service in frightening and quieting, if not bettering, those to whom it is addressed. And yet it contains a moral, in our opinion, so darkly hidden as to have been hitherto almost wholly overlooked, and one which we consider ourselves to be vastly obliging mankind by bringing into notice. It is this: we are all very prone to consider the wolf, who plays so important a part in the narrative, as an animal of the most atrociously

cruel and bloodthirsty, the most villanous and malignant disposition ; in short, a very fiend, incarnate in the body of a wolf. No one, even of mature age, can read of his consummate daring, his scientific butchery, without a shudder. But—and here is our point—the real cause of our detesting this individual beast to such an extent has not been recognized. Is it because he merely ate up a defenceless old woman and innocent child ? By no means ; heart-rending it were and horrid, to think that the poor, dear, little maid, after setting out so joyous and gayly clad, kissed and sent forth with her pot of butter by a tender mother, to an aged old crone of a granny, should be mangled and gulped down on a lonely road by a greedy wild beast ; but this is not what shocks us most, for a thousand wolves have done the same, and if children will go out into forests, even for the best of reasons, they must expect to be eaten up. No, we do not so much blame the wolf for thus indulging his natural appetite for flesh ; to do it is his native instinct, “ God hath made him so ” : that which we do detest and abhor is his dastard, treacherous lying. Had he seized forthwith on Red Riding-Hood, when first he met her, and made a meal of her in a jiffy, we could have excused him. We could have pardoned him, indeed, if hunger had impelled him to besiege and sack the cottage, and eat up its blear-eyed occupant. But, beneath the pure light of heaven, so to deceive, mislead, betray an unsuspecting child, and then, having learned the secret of admission to the grandmother’s abode, so to abuse her hospitable confidence in her visitor ; and, finally, his renewed imposition on the child, and his repeated, cold, sophistical falsehoods in reply to her very reasonable, and at length somewhat mistrustful, interrogatories with regard to the rationale of her pretended grandmother’s physiognomy ;—this reprobate lying with which he whets his appetite when his great mouth is already watering for his tender victim, this deliberate and heaven-defying disregard for all honor and truth, is that which changes the simple act of getting his dinner in a perfectly legitimate way, into a crime which we shudder to contemplate ! Such, then, is the true object of this sickening tale ; to teach—though in a manner we do not wholly approve—the heinousness of lying ; and we regard it, as we have intimated, as a precious testimony to the inherent truthfulness of human nature, that it has risen in disgust—instinctively, and not with affected virtue, for it knew not clearly itself that which aroused its abhorrence—at the atrocious lying of the hero-monster in the story.

So much in vindication of our nature: we hope we have not seemed to be palliating the mighty amount of guilt this truthfully-inclined race has incurred by lying, and that our last position has not appeared inconsistent with the former. If it has, if any one regards us as arguing on two sides of the question, and making men out to be, first, a set of universal liars, and, next, pretty generally disposed to tell the truth, we beg him to remember that men do not always, by any means, *act* as their better nature disposes them,—that assertion, certainly, cannot be disputed,—and again, that, if we have declared that there is a vast deal of lying, and a yet vaster deal of truth, in the world, there is a vast number of people in the world as well, and amply enough to practise both the vice and the virtue.

Returning, then, to our first view of the condition of the world in respect of lying, it is evident that a custom so universal could not but have the greatest influence in disposing men's affairs, and, as we might expect, we shall find on examination that lies are indeed the very spice of all history. For where would have been the deep-laid plots that fill our souls with eager horror as we read,—where the “thrilling” *dénouements*,—where the “battles, sieges, most disastrous chances, hair-breadth ‘scapes,” that fix our excited attention on the page? Whence would have arisen opportunities for the display of self-sacrificing friendship and devoted patriotism, if charitable knaves of old had not, foreseeing the otherwise certain stupidity of historical narrative, violated their pledged faith,—outraged their sacred honor,—lied? Had they all told the truth in its strictness, the narrative would have been a dull, bare record of crops, tariffs, stocks, inventions, and discoveries, and similar things, important as matters of fact, but without any of that tragic element which the reader of history demands. Peace would always have reigned,—trade flourished,—the courts have been shut up,—and each successive age, counterpart of the last, with only the “modern improvements,” would have been such a quiet Elysium as we might like to live in very well, but care not a whit to read of.

As lovers of history, then, let us thank the liars,—for they it is who, for our sakes, throw everything into confusion, get everybody into scrapes, set nations by the ears, raise storms in families, separate lovers, and topple down kings from their thrones. Here are eight volumes of Hume; grant their narrative be true, and then we may safely assume that either volume would have held all

the great defender of the Stuarts could have said about the matter, but for the lies the great British nation and their contemporaries have told. "In Adam's fall, we sinned all." So, if the New England Primer tell not a lie, it is to the lie of an ugly beast sixty centuries ago that this lying world is indebted both for its mendacious proclivities and the uncomfortable time it has had of it in consequence of them. With that great lie our history opens, and men have learned easily to keep the ball a rolling. Cain tells a lie about his brother; Abram about his wife; and she about herself. Isaac follows the example of his father, Rebekah instructs Jacob to lie successfully to Isaac, which he does, and is cheated himself by Laban, in return. What a promising beginning to the history of our race, when all these lies are recorded in the first half of Genesis, of a single, not numerous, people! Then to think of the number that must have been told, all this time, among the Ammonites, Hittites, Gideonites, Moabites, and the rest, babbling in all the thousand dialects of the Dispersion!

Passing by Jacob's sons, and Pharaoh's wife, and Pharaoh himself, and other liars of the Old Testament too numerous to mention, we find the spirit still brewing in New Testament times, and liars even among the glorious company of the Apostles.

"Peter denied
His Lord and cried,"—

is the concise language of the Primer, to describe the earnest but timid disciple's profane prevarications. For the other great falsehood we have as good authority.

"Hast thou not known or heard or read,"

asks Dr. Watts, with an ingenious but perhaps anticlimactic cumulation of predicates (to make out the line),

"How ANANIAS was struck dead,
Caught with a LIE upon his tongue?"

It makes one's blood run cold, even at this hardened age, to revive these fearful bugbears of his childhood! "How still the baby lies" at such a narrative as this! How he shudders at Ananias's well-merited fate, and at its terrible indorsement in the retribution which befell Sapphira,

"When she came in, and grew so bold
As to confirm that wicked Lie,
Which, just before, her husband told."

If we leave the range of sacred and come out into profane history, the task of following the chain of falsehood down to our own times we find utterly impracticable. So we give it up in despair, feeling most deeply how reasonable was Falstaff's ejaculation. For we venture boldly the assertion, that even superficial research will prove the greatest and most interesting events in history to have been more or less directly the results of lying. Thus we believe it would not be difficult to show that the foundation of Rome, the establishment and downfall of the Roman Empire, the conquest of England, the discovery of America, the landing of the Pilgrims, and the American Revolution, are jointly and severally events that would never have taken place but for this main ally of the historian. And we warn any against doubting what we say, unless they would have it proved conclusively and at length in the next Magazine.

To pass abruptly, then, from this branch of our subject, the question why so many lies are told is one that forces itself upon our consideration, and is by no means unimportant either for public or private speculation. Yet here again an infinitely wide field opens before us. The two great New Testament lies, of which we have already spoken, furnish us the types of the two varieties of falsehood which are perhaps most numerous. For as fear and shame prompted the reiterated prevarication of Peter, so they shall make you lie to-morrow, courteous reader; while self-interest, which carried Ananias so far out of his way to tell his worse than useless lie, will overcome your honesty a hundred times before your temple is wrinkled with a crow's-foot. Selfishness is in both these cases the prime mover, as is evident; and this consideration suggests to us that perhaps we should go yet farther back in our classification, and separate lies into two yet more general divisions, not fully described as lies of imagination and selfishness. By the former we would be understood to mean wanton lies, told for the sake of telling, without definite ulterior design. By the latter, malicious falsehoods told as a means of attaining some desired end, — to benefit the teller or injure his enemy.

But the latter will so vastly preponderate, that the former seem hardly worthy of mention in comparison, and our scheme will be as ill-balanced as one of those genealogical tables we sometimes see, where an unhonored name — "died in infancy" — occupies the one hand, and on the other is recorded the numerous issue of a long-lived, fruitful relative. Nevertheless lies of imagination are too

many to be passed by without remark. Less criminal than those of the other description, they are apt at the same time to be less admirable as works of art. They are the stock in trade of the braggart and the professional liar, and, strange though the remark may appear, the telling them does not appear to us totally inconsistent with truthfulness in matters of importance, or where their retailer has pledged his faith. For generally they are but the fruit of a game-some fancy, disporting itself for the amusement of its friends or its own glorification, — or only the record of waking dreams, and as true to him they visit and by whom they are published as any of the realities of his existence. Hence we may, not unfrequently, meet with persons whose stories we take it for granted are fabulous, and yet in whose honesty we would place the strictest confidence. Such a one, it seems probable, was the renowned Munchhausen. His astounding fictions, in which there is no reason to doubt he implicitly believed, were strictly lies of the imagination (of which we may regard them as the type), and have never been equalled for self-evident falsity. Yet Munchhausen was a man, we are told, of honorable feelings, and apt to be “deeply offended if any doubt was expressed of the truth” of his incredible narrations. Among lies of the imagination must be classed also the “big stories” of children; and since we have again alluded to that unhappy race of beings, we cannot but remark, in passing, how prominent among the ills they suffer is the stupid zeal of many well-meaning, but misguided people, in blurting out with long-winded homilies on lying when an imaginative youngster tells gravely of impossibilities he has achieved or miracles he has witnessed. For there is no surer way of making a man a knave than to call him so; and to the susceptible mind of childhood especially, nothing is more dangerous than distrust or false accusing. If one has unwittingly tasted fruit from the tree of knowledge, let him not know his transgression if you would save him from seeking the enticing boughs again; for mere acquaintance with evil may often prove a provocative to it, and suspected innocence easily lapse into wilful sinfulness.

Thus much for lies of imagination; and we return to lies of selfishness, which we divide, as we have said, into two general classes, the Ananian and the Petrine; or, making the distinction very nice and philosophical, lies of attainment and of avoidance; and we must yet further explain these terms as designating, respectively, lies told as a direct means of attaining an end, and those told to ward off

some threatening mischance. The former class includes, though not the greatest number, the wickedest lies of all ; the genuine, cold-blooded, artistic falsehoods that are told on purpose with one's eyes open. To this class belong lies of trade, and lies of diplomacy ; the false statements of your second-hand furniture-dealer, and the lies which Lord John Russell told at Vienna, — " All 's fair in love and war," — the little lies of the one, and the big lies of the other are alike lies of attainment ; with which must be classed, also, impostures ; calumnies, mostly ; the lies of the newspapers, often, and of that worse than Munchhausen, the Magnetic Telegraph.

But of the petty, extempore, contemptible, indispensable equivocations, evasions, and misrepresentations with which social life teems, fewer can be classed here than under our second head, — like the others pretty vaguely designated, from a dearth of comprehensive terms. Herein are huddled together lies so various, that it is sometimes difficult to trace between them the least affinity. In their general character we may regard them as accidental, off-hand, told to " get out of a scrape " often, and arising rather from innocent motives than from evil. Their name is legion ; lies of pride, complaisance, and wit ; lies of modesty, generosity, mortification ; lies of perplexity, haste, and sportiveness ; — all these promiscuous bantlings nestle under this one plume of a wide-spread wing. Here too belodg, with others innumerable, those " second lies," which proverbially have to be told to screen the " first " from detection, — filthy offspring begotten to defend a measly sire.

But even this imperfect attempt at classification is carrying us far beyond our path ; it may have served its purpose if it has pointed out, even indefinitely, how wide a range of motives and objects liars have to keep them busy at work. Let it not be supposed that a tithe of the whole have been even hinted at ; alas ! not so. We cannot overlook the fact, that numerous classes of lies yet exist beside, and numberless individual ones, of such character that, with all our ingenuity, we cannot range them, unhesitatingly, under any of our well-devised heads. So many lies are told with no motive at all, or with motive so complex that they appear different to us each time we regard them, and — like the Dutchman's little pig that would not stand still to be counted — render it quite impossible for us to fasten them long enough for enumeration.

But by one or two of the classes of lies of which we have made mention, some interesting topics are suggested which we must not

now discuss. So we take this timely opportunity to hop off our philosophic Pegasus, who has been for some time worrying us sadly, and whose hobbling gait, we make no doubt, has proved a fearful trial likewise to the reader.

OF SOME POETS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

OF the English poets who lived and wrote in the first part of the seventeenth century, with the exception of Milton, the greatest not only of that age but of any other, little is now either read or known. It is my purpose to give some slight account of some of them, and in particular of those who, in the civil wars of the times, espoused the cause of the royalist party. Highest in the list, both in genius and in merit as a man, stands Abraham Cowley. Cowley, the posthumous son of a London grocer, was born in 1618, and was educated with the greatest care by his mother, the chief object of whose life was to see her son distinguish himself, and make for himself a name in the world. Her desire was gratified, for she lived to the age of eighty, to see her son loved, honored, and great. At a very early age, Cowley's mind was inclined towards poetry by reading Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, which used to lie in the window of his mother's apartment. Dr. Johnson says, that, "of the English poets, Cowley, Milton, and Pope might be said to lisp in numbers"; and in speaking of this poet, gives his remarkable definition of genius: "A mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction." Such a mind was Cowley's. Even while at Westminster school he wrote several small poems, and also several plays, one of which was represented before Prince Charles, as he passed through Cambridge on his way to York. Throughout his whole life, Cowley adhered most firmly to the party of the king, and after the execution of Charles followed Queen Henrietta to Paris, as secretary to the Earl of St. Albans, where he was engaged in "ciphering and deciphering" confidential letters which passed between the queen and her friends in England. Being sent to England on some private mission, he was taken by the Puritans, and only released on the payment of one thousand pounds as security by one of his friends. At the Restoration, he met with no reward for his ser-

vices, as indeed was the case with a great many other servants of the king. He was accused by "certain persons, enemies to the Muses," of infidelity to the king, and of disclosing the plans of his party to the Roundheads, when he was captured by them. There are no grounds for this charge; and as to his subsequent disaffection, it is very improbable that one who had followed the royal party through all their adversities should choose the time of their restoration to begin to quarrel with them. Finding that he met with no return for his faithful services, and even that he was satirized and abused by the courtiers, and, besides, being disappointed at the reception of one of his plays, he retired in disgust to Chertsey, where he soon after died, in the forty-ninth year of his age. King Charles is said to have declared, "that Mr. Cowley had not left behind him a better man in England," which saying was, I think, rather a late return for the constant fidelity of the poet.

The poetical works of Cowley consist principally of short pieces. The only long poem that he ever wrote was the "Davideis, or the Troubles of David," which was conceived after the *Æneid*, but left unfinished. He belonged to what are styled the metaphysical poets, men of learning, who endeavored to make too great a show of their researches, who ransacked nature to bring up the most quaint conceits and curious metaphors, and who wrote as if they were raised high above human passions and feelings:

"Whose labored lines in chilling numbers flow,
To paint a pang the author ne'er can know."

A good instance of his style of writing is a collection of poems by Cowley, entitled his "Mistress." We certainly expect that one who writes sonnets to his adored one should be in love; while as for Cowley, we are told that he was never in love but once, and then had not the boldness to tell his passion. The best of his poems are his Anacreontics, for there is more spirit and heart in them than in any other of his productions. In translating Latin and Greek poetry into English rhyme, he excels Dryden and Pope, in that he keeps nearer to the original idiom and construction. Cowley was, besides, a good Latin poet, better, Dr. Johnson thinks, than Milton. He was not only a man of great genius and learning, but also entirely free from vice and dissipation. He was always original, and borrowed from no other writer, which is more than can be said of a great many of his brother poets. Denham says that

"To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own."

At the very same period with Cowley, Sir John Denham wrote, for he was born three years before Cowley, and survived him but a few months, to write his *Elegy*. Denham was also an unflinching partisan of the king, and at the Restoration had better luck than his contemporary poet, for his services were rewarded by the office of Surveyor of the King's Buildings, and the Order of the Bath. He was born in Dublin in 1615. He left Ireland while very young, and after a time went to Oxford. He was looked upon there as a dreaming young man, given more to dice and cards than to study. Gaming was his besetting sin, and while at Oxford and at Lincoln's Inn he squandered the greater part of his patrimony. Unlike Cowley, he did not discover his poetical tastes until in 1641, when he broke out, as Waller expressed it, "like the Irish rebellion, threescore thousand strong, when no person suspected it." His first attempt was "*The Sophy*," a tragedy which showed decided marks of genius. In 1648 he wrote "*Cooper's Hill*," by far the best of his poems. This poem obtained great popularity, as it was the earliest of the attempts to associate local description with historical matter, and to clothe familiar places in some garb of romance. He followed the exiled king into France, and there used occasionally to write small poems to amuse his master, by one of which he collected ten thousand pounds from the Scotch pedlars that wandered over Europe. The latter days of his life were clouded by an unhappy marriage. His mind became disordered, and Butler lampooned him for his lunacy. His madness did not last long. He died on the 19th of March, 1668, and was buried by the side of Cowley in Westminster Abbey. Denham is considered to be one of the fathers of English poetry. He improved very much English versification and metres, and "*Cooper's Hill*" is remarkable for its many happy expressions, and for the easy flow of the measure; as for instance, the well-known couplet:

"Though deep yet clear; though gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

Next on my list is the author of the celebrated *Hudibras*, Samuel Butler, a man the greater part of whose life was enveloped in obscurity. His father was a poor farmer in Worcestershire. He was born in 1612, and received his education in Cambridge, although it is not certain that he ever became a member of any college. He was for

some time clerk to a Mr. Jeffrey, an eminent justice of the peace in Worcestershire, and was afterward admitted into the household of the Countess of Kent, where he had access to a very fine library. In both these situations he had leisure, not only for study, but for recreation, and passed much of his time in music and painting. These were the happiest days of his life, and at this time he collected his materials for his *Hudibras*. Dr. Johnson says that he was told by the editor of the author's relics, that he could show him a commonplace-book which belonged to Butler, containing something like *Hudibras* in prose, which shows that the poem was not written off in a short time, but was the fruit of much study and observation. After several years, which cannot well be accounted for, we next find him domiciled in the family of Sir Samuel Luke, a Puritan officer,—a position which must have been little to his taste as a royalist. Here he had plenty of opportunity for observing the habits and pursuits of the Roundheads, and for gathering abundant materials for his satire. At the Restoration, Butler merely received a petty clerkship, and about a year afterwards married a widow of considerable fortune, which unhappily was soon lost. In 1663 he published the first part of *Hudibras*, which was applauded and quoted by the whole court, but brought its author no substantial proof of its success. The next year he published the second part, which met also with great popularity; but, like the first part, gained for him no money. And so it was with the third part. He lived in great poverty all this time, and the only gift that he ever received from the king (and it is not very certain whether he got even as much as this) was two hundred guineas, which he nobly spent in paying his debts. Once, indeed, it was represented to the Duke of Buckingham how well Mr. Butler had deserved of the royal family, and a time was appointed for the introduction of the modest but unfortunate poet; but just as the interview commenced, a creature of the Duke's happened to "trip by with a brace of ladies," when the Duke, whom we all know was notorious for his gallantries, ran off after them, and thus ended all the poet's hopes of success and patronage in that quarter. Weighed down at length with poverty and neglect, Butler ended his days in 1680, without leaving a penny to pay for his burial. One of his friends, Mr. Longueville, after having endeavored to raise a subscription, finally buried him at his own expense; and, sixty years after, Mr. Barber, a mayor of London, bestowed on him a monument in Westminster Abbey, part of the inscription on

which declares his extreme poverty : "Ne cui vivo deerant fere omnia, deesset etiam mortuo tumulus."

His chief poem was the inimitable Hudibras, a satire on the Puritans and sectaries. It is an imitation of Cervantes's Don Quixote. Hudibras, a bigoted Presbyterian justice, and Ralpho, his squire, a furious Independent, roam over the kingdom to correct abuses, superstitions, and "paganish inventions." Yet the character of Hudibras is far different from that of Don Quixote. Hudibras was an arrant coward, — the Don as brave a man as ever lived. Don Quixote, in spite of his fanaticism, is full of kindness and tenderness, and we cannot help loving him and taking a kindly interest in all his wanderings and ridiculous misfortunes. Hudibras, on the other hand, is without a single redeeming quality. He is selfish, bigoted, wrong-headed, and a perfect bully, braggadocio, and pedant. The squires are more alike, except that Ralpho wants Sancho's simplicity, — and so are the gallant steeds. There would not be space here to describe the poem, which is left unfinished, and we have no clew to the termination to which the author would have brought the adventures of the redoubtable knight-errant. It is no wonder that Butler never finished it, and it is even rather remarkable that he wrote so much, for he never gained anything by it, and mere praise was worth little to one in want of bread. Notwithstanding that the poem refers to times and customs long since forgotten, and satirizes follies and superstitions which we can only understand by report and history, and do not have before our eyes, as the readers of the time did, and in spite of its doggerel measure and its extreme indecency in many passages, it is full of wit, originality, and searching satire, and can never be read without pleasure.

Cowley, Denham, and Butler were all of them loyalists, yet we cannot exactly call them Cavalier poets. Neither do their lives and manners, or their writings, exactly correspond to our ideas of those of the Cavaliers. We now come to two poets who show that they are, in their compositions as well as in their actions, Cavaliers *par excellence*, namely, Colonel Richard Lovelace and Sir John Suckling. Lovelace was born in Woolwich in 1618, and in 1634 went to Oxford. At this time he was, according to Wood, "accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld ; a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but especially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex." He afterwards

served in the army, and was chosen by the county of Kent to present a petition to the House of Commons for the restoration of Charles I. to his hereditary rights. For this "offence" he was imprisoned, and, after a confinement of several months, was liberated on bail of an enormous amount. On the ruin of the king's cause, he joined the French, and was wounded at Dunkirk. He returned to England in 1648, and was again imprisoned, but after the execution of Charles, as he was no longer formidable, was set at liberty. He was then penniless. His lady-love, Lucy Sacheverel, to whom, under the name of Lucasta, he had inscribed many of his verses, hearing that he had died of his wounds at Dunkirk, had married another man. Oppressed by want and misery, he fell into a consumption. "He became very poor both in body and purse, and was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes, and most lodged in obscure and dirty places." What a contrast this presents to that gay Richard Lovelace, once the idol of the whole court, and the very impersonation of a Cavalier full of loyalty to his king and mistress!

Sir John Suckling was born in the year 1609, at Waltham, in Middlesex. Marvellous stories are told of his precocity when a child. It is said that he could read Latin and Greek at the age of five. It is certain that before he was fifteen he was already known to the world as a wit and scholar. Before twenty, he had served under Adolphus of Sweden, and had been present at three battles, five sieges, and several skirmishes. On his return to England he was one of the gayest of the gay court of Charles I., and lived much beyond his means, which were always small. When the king was equipping a troop of horse to fight against the Scots, Sir John spent twelve thousand pounds in arraying one hundred horsemen, in such fine style that the king said that "the Scots would fight stoutly, were it only for the Englishmen's fine clothes." Suckling's men behaved in a very cowardly manner when they came to fight, and the poet himself got many hard hits in lampoons from his brother rhymers at court.

"When Sir John did play at trip and away,
And ne'er saw the enemy more-a."

Notwithstanding this charge of cowardice, we afterwards find him laboring very hard in the king's cause. At length, however, he was obliged to flee to France. As he slept in an inn on the way to Paris, his servant robbed him of a casket of gold and jewels, and, to prevent pursuit, stuck the blade of a penknife in one of his master's

boots. Sir John awoke, discovered his loss, hastily pulled on his boots, and, in so doing, lost his life. He died on the 17th of May, 1641.

Suckling and Lovelace are instances of that kind of poets to whom the least action or misfortune of their mistresses furnished a subject for a "copy of verses." If the ladies of their love happened to have a pimple or other excrescence, or a toothache, it was immediately made the subject of a sonnet. Lovelace once wrote some verses "on a black patch that covered a bee's sting on a lady's face." The poems, both of Lovelace and Suckling, are all short pieces, generally sonnets of this kind, and some of them are exceedingly beautiful, as Lovelace's "To Lucasta, on going to the Wars." Suckling's verses are some of them full of wit, and his "Ballad on a Wedding" is a masterpiece of gayety and sprightliness. But for all these little court fooleries, they were neither of them carpet-knights, writing in the security of a court, for they both of them underwent many dangers for the sake of the king; and many of Colonel Lovelace's most loyal effusions were written during the time of his imprisonment.

THE SHEEP THIEVES.

By A. LAMB.

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft a-gley."

IN merry England, in the good old times when sheep-stealing was one of the fine arts, and highwaymen were regarded as heroes and demigods, there lived a man whose cognomen was Josh Fungus. Now the term fungus is generally supposed to refer to that kind of vegetable which includes mushrooms, but it should not be supposed from that that Josh belonged to the mushroom aristocracy; no, he was not one of your stuck-up people, but, as he himself, with his thumbs in his waistcoat arm-holes and his heart swelling with manliness under the same waistcoat, would say, "I am too good for nothing, and nothing is too good for me."

Nor was Josh Fungus an excrescence, or a preternatural protu-

berance, as Webster says, on society; on the contrary, he had been of undoubted use to his village in particular, and the world in general; indeed, he commenced life by doing a service to his native town, for in his birth he was the death of his mother, a woman who for various reasons unnecessary to be mentioned here was abhorred by the community, and at the early age of six years he ran away from the poor-house, which had sheltered him under its hospitable roof from his birth till he cruelly deserted it, by which cruel desertion, however, he relieved the town of his support.

In the course of revolving ages Mr. Fungus made a triumphal entrance into his native town with a Mrs. Fungus under his arm, a female who, if she was not an excrescence herself, nevertheless possessed articles of that nature upon the extremity of her proboscis. Josh gradually settled down on a small farm, after spreading himself a little about town, and he and Mrs. F. commenced the business of farming. Now where Josh had picked up his money and his wife (we put the money first, for that was considered of more value than the wife) was not generally known, — in fact, nobody knew. As a natural consequence, therefore, Mrs. Grundy had a good deal to say about it; but as the result of Mrs. G.'s remarks amounted to nothing more than conjecture, we do not place much confidence in them. Neither do we propose to set Mrs. Grundy straight, and relate how Mr. Fungus got his money; his wife is of no consequence; but we will tell something about him which will perhaps afford a little light on the subject. If anybody wishes to know any more about it, they may call at our study.

The sun had set, flashing its red light through dark and broken masses of cloud. It sank in awful glory behind the western hills. The sky seemed heavy with black clouds, so that it hung nearer to earth, and as the air grew darker, it fell lower and lower and lower, till its blackness seemed to rest on the trees, and a low wind arose, growing stronger and stronger as the night came on. Then it howled and roared through the trees, it rushed by the houses, round the corners, and in at the doors, raising clouds of dust and frightening everybody. Roofs were blown off and chimneys fell, while the wind roared on, never heeding the devastation it caused. It would seem as if all nature knew that some dreadful thing was to be done, and, unable to prevent it, was moaning and lamenting over the depravity of human nature. And herein we see a resemblance between Nature and some modern philanthropists, who go about

howling over the sins of other people, and frightening and disturbing everybody else by their boisterous lamentations.

But after a while, Nature, as if she was getting out of wind, rather calmed down, and allowed the moon to make her appearance between the lowering clouds; but fair Luna only looked out for an instant and smiled at the world, and then withdrew herself, as if she had become disgusted and taken the veil. The night rolled on; the tall kitchen clock struck twelve, and Josh Fungus heard it, as he lay beside his old woman. " 'T is time," said he, and he raised his head and looked at her. A dull, red light indicated the position of her countenance. Josh leaned over and looked at her closer, and as he looked his nose became slightly elevated as he said, "Gin,— I guess she won't wake"; then he turned his head away, and more complacently remarked, "Gin,— I guess I'll take some before I go."

There is a peculiar excitement in rising at twelve to go on clandestine expeditions, — a pleasurable one too; the lateness of the hour, the novelty of the thing, the awful silence, all conspire to excite the imagination and rouse the spirit of the courageous, — for the timid do not enjoy such things. So thought Josh as he dressed himself in the entry and in the dark, for fear that Mrs. Fungus would wake. "No," said he to himself, " 't is n't the blasted sheep I care about, it 's the fun of the thing; and then I want to pay off that old fellow, Etemutten." And so he took his boots in his hand for fear they would creak, and went into the kitchen. Setting his boots down easy by the door, he went to a small cupboard, and, taking out a jug, he took a very long pull; so, if anybody had n't known, they would have supposed he thought it was good. He then removed the nozzle of the jug, and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand in a reflective manner, and at length said, "Bad gin, — I guess I'll take some brandy to get the taste out of my mouth." So he took up a black bottle and gave it an affectionate hug, and at last reluctantly laid it down, and, smacking his lips, exclaimed (in a very subdued voice), "Good brandy!" After this operation Josh considered himself primed and ready to go off; so as quietly as possible he unlocked the door and put on his boots outside. The wind was still high, and dark piles of clouds filled the sky; the moon was nigh her setting, and the heavy clouds would every now and then sweep across it and leave the earth in darkness. It was a night for deeds of horror. All this and more received the attention of the acute Fungus while he put his boots on. This operation lasted some time,

for Josh could not get them to come right side up ; they would keep toes down ; but he did get them on, and then started. The next thing that troubled him was the wood-pile ; there was no getting round it ; every way he went he run into it, and every time he did so he consigned it to a merchant who is supposed to deal largely in fuel, and who would have soon reduced it to ashes, and left Fungus to freeze during the winter. After running into this pile more times than he could count, he at last stopped, and, looking up in perfect despair, heaved a deep sigh, when suddenly the whole pile began to sway to and fro, and, while Josh looked on overwhelmed with terror, it commenced to dance a hornpipe. He could stand it no longer, but ran with all his might, and did not stop until compelled by the force of circumstances in the shape of a stone-wall. But Josh was of an elastic nature, and as he was particularly mellow then, he picked himself up and went on his way.

At last he arrived at his destination, Timothy Etemutten's (a name of Anglo-Saxon origin) sheepfold. The moon was almost down, and a black cloud covered it, so that it was very dark indeed when Josh plunged in among the sheep. "Confound it," said he, (by the way, however, *confound* was not the word Josh used, but one of similar signification,) "how dark it is !" Josh was right ; and what was more to the purpose, though he did not know it, was, that if it had been lighter he could not have told the difference between a black and a white sheep. So, being entirely in the dark as regards the appearance of the sheep, he seized upon a large one which happened to be next him, and, taking it in his arms, rushed, panting, away, making the more speed at the thought that he heard a noise in Etemutten's house. When he had got far enough off, he stopped to rest, and just at that moment the moon shone out and Josh saw his sheep. "Bah !" said he. Now there is a considerable dispute among the historians of this period as to the meaning of this word bah, used by Fungus on this occasion. Some say it was simply an exclamation of disgust, and others that Josh was attempting to be facetious, and had commenced to quote the classic passage, "Bah, bah, black sheep, have you any wool ?" but, from a hiccough or some other unknown cause, he was unable to proceed farther than the first word. We incline to the view of the first historians, for several reasons ; first, we do not think he was so very tight, and, if he was, he would have been sobered by the horrors of his situation ; secondly, it was natural for him to be overwhelmed

with disgust, for what should he do with a black sheep? Mrs. Grundy and all her friends knew who had black sheep and who had not, and what would they say to find Etemutten's gone and that Fungus had got one.

Josh was puzzled. He was afraid to go back, for he was confident he had heard somebody in the house, and he did not care about being caught in the act. At last an idea occurred to him. He would take the animal home, kill him and bury his skin, and make mutton out of him. So he carried him home and tied him in a little shed, and then went into the house to get a lantern. Once more he gave the black bottle an affectionate hug, and had returned to the shed, when suddenly his eye rested on a pot of white paint. Another idea struck him, and overcame him so that he sat down to consider it. Gradually its beauties dawned upon his maudlin brain; he seized the paint-brush and soon transformed the black into a white sheep; and then, tying the animal up so that he could not lie down, Josh returned to his couch, or rather to the couch of Mrs. Fungus, rejoicing in the success of his expedition and in his own ingenuity.

Now it happened that Timothy Etemutten was possessed of the like passions and frailties with Josh Fungus, so that he enjoyed stealing a sheep occasionally with considerable gusto; not that he cared anything about the sheep, but it was the excitement of the thing. And Timothy had arisen and gone forth for the express purpose of stealing one of Josh's sheep; but just as he came in sight of his house, he saw a light in the kitchen, that rather frightened him, but thinking that it was probably only Josh or his wife after a drink, he thought he would hide in the shed a little while till all was quiet. So he went into the same shed that his black sheep inhabited, and what was his surprise when he ran against an animal. He stooped down, and found it, to his intense satisfaction, a sheep. "The gods befriend me!" he exclaimed, and forthwith he cut the rope and bore off what really was his own black sheep, — but it was dark, and, besides, the sheep was no longer black, so how could he tell?

He put the animal among the rest of his sheep, and then went to bed. The morning sun rose bright and clear, and Timothy Etemutten rose too. Timothy lifted his clothes to put them on, with his eyes about half open, when Mrs. E. exclaimed, "Why, Tim, where did you get that paint?" Timothy opened his eyes wider, and looked; the front of his coat and breeches was all white paint. He was non-

plussed; he knew nothing about it. "T was not there when you went to bed," said Mrs. E. "No," said Timothy ruefully, "it was n't." "Ah!" said he, as an idea occurred, "I must have got up in my sleep." This was, to be sure, a very meagre kind of explanation, but it served to put off Mrs. E., with whom Timothy carried on a long conversation on the subject, which it is unnecessary to repeat. At length he walked out to look at his sheep. The first he saw was one of most remarkable color, — a kind of mottle. Tim examined it minutely, and at last came to the conclusion that it was his own black sheep painted, and that he had been confoundedly sold, and had better say nothing about it. Josh Fungus came to a similar conclusion when he found his sheep had disappeared and afterwards reappeared in his neighbor's fold.

There are two morals which we would deduce from this tale. The first is, never to take mixed liquors when you are going to steal sheep; and the second, never steal a black sheep when you can get a white one.

NEW BOOKS.

Star Papers; or Experiences of Art and Nature. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. New York: G. C. Derby. 1855.

THE present generation has been described as composed of saints, sinners, and the Beechers; the volume bearing the above title seems a propitiatory offering to humanity, proving that the author, in spite of any idiosyncrasies, sees and interprets Nature in common with his fellow-men. The "Letters from Europe" are filled with all the enthusiasm and unconcealed delight of one "for the first time standing in the historic places of the Old World," which give them a brilliancy and life seldom possessed by travellers' notes. We forget the book, and as it were read the letters of *our* correspondent, who thus freely and faithfully describes his emotions on beholding the realities of places already familiar, through association, in history or romance.

Indeed, throughout the volume, our author is not confined to that which is before his eyes, but with a natural freedom of thought rambles far from the suggesting idea. In this, we think, lies the charm of the work; for often in these little episodes we come upon the most eloquent and touching passages, — sentiments evincing deep reverence and warmth of feeling.

The criticisms on works of art differ widely in several instances from the received judgment of dictators of taste; but these only profess to be the im-

pressions which the author received. Not that we consider the existing standard of art-criticism infallible; we are heretical enough to believe there will be a complete revolution in these matters, when, instead of servile imitation and obedience to antiquated theories, the reign of true principles shall advance painting and sculpture to an eminence corresponding with the position now occupied by the mechanic arts.

The remaining papers, "Experiences of Nature," are especially happy in the comprehensive and clear view with which the author looks about him, and in the truth and vividness of his descriptions. Who, that has ever had the sad lot to travel by a night-train, will fail to recognize the scenes depicted in the "Wanderings of a Star"? The "pre-emption right" which each passenger claims to a whole seat; the awkward appearance of the sleeping; the jolts and jerks, the aches and delays, all are true to life.

Then, counting with him the slow strokes of the village bell, as they impressively announce a "Death in the Country," you moralize and reflect till you suddenly realize that you were reading, not thinking. A lively series of articles on "Trouting" follow, in which you become almost as excited as though you had one end of the pole in your hand and a speckled beauty dangling at the other.

The account of the matrimonial engineering necessary to indulge in the luxury of buying books cannot fail to amuse, while the articles on "Building" and the "Use of the Beautiful" contain much sound sense and practical truth, to which it would be well for all to turn their attention.

Our limits prevent a more special review of separate articles. If we are disposed to blame the frequent recurrence of similar ideas, we should consider that these papers were written to appear in the columns of a periodical, and not originally intended for their present connected form.

S. D.

English Past and Present. By R. C. TRENCH, B.D. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1855.

UNLESS we except the new volume of De Quincey, with which Mr. Fields has tantalized us for some time past, the announcement of no book this spring promised us more pleasure than this last work of the many-sided Mr. Trench. Not content with his honors as a theologian and as a poet, — for he has contrived to write some sweet poems among his musty lexicons and gigantic Latin commentaries, which "twice five men of these degenerate days" could scarcely lift from their groaning shelves, — he has come forward to receive new laurels as a popular, yet sound and thorough philologist. Mr. Trench is an enigma. How he manages to perform the vast amount of careful reading of which all his productions give evidence, is mysterious; for not only does he show a wide acquaintance with our Old English literature in all its branches, but he has read also the last new

book, and has pencilled whatever is likely to be useful in this week's "Notes and Queries." And all this is the *πάρεργον*, — the recreation, after the Archdeacon has written his sermons for the next Sabbath, and the Professor of Divinity made the preparation to meet his classes, and the Theologian despatched the manuscript of his Notes on the Parables or the Miracles to the publisher. And time still hanging somewhat heavily upon his hands, Mr. Trench has accepted a "brief invitation" to deliver to the students of King's College another course of Lectures, which it would have cost almost any other man a year to prepare. Fortunate is it for the Professor of Divinity that he was born in an age too late "to be burned for a wizard."

We cannot of course enter into the merits of the work in this brief notice. We can only commend it warmly to our readers, as even more interesting, and, as the title implies, of more direct utility, than the "Study of Words"; and the English reader will rise from its perusal with new ideas of the power and richness of his mother tongue.

Give us a new philological work from Mr. Trench, — a smattering of French and German and Latin sufficient to guess at the meaning of an occasional reference to Spanish or Italian, — and we can hardly imagine a more delightful and profitable afternoon.

Among our exchanges we have received the Yale and Amherst Magazines for July. We see that the Yale Magazine is just completing its twentieth year, quite a long time for a college publication to flourish. We wish, by the by, that its editors would inform us where we can procure one of Mr. A. B. Kittle's new machines. We have also received the following: Marietta Collegiate and Georgia University Magazines, the Erskine Collegiate Recorder, and Graham's Monthly.

EDITORS' TABLE.

BOYLSTON PRIZE DECLAMATION.

THE speaking for the Boylston Prizes was quite up to the usual mark. The Chapel was well filled with the fair friends of the different speakers. The prizes were awarded as follows: —

The two first-prizes

- TO ANTOINE RUPPANKER, of the Graduating Class,
 " DANIEL W. WILDER, of the Senior Class.

The three second-prizes

- TO ROBERT M. MORSE, of the Junior Class,
 " EDWARD T. FISHER, of the Senior Class,
 " JOSEPH W. MERRIAM, of the Senior Class.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE BOAT-RACE AT SPRINGFIELD, BETWEEN HARVARD AND YALE.

Springfield, July 21, 1855. — The judges appointed to decide upon the result of the race between the clubs of Harvard and Yale Colleges, report that the following boats were entered : —

From Harvard, — *Iris*, 8 oars, J. M. Brown, coxswain ; Y. Y., 4 oars.

From Yale, — *Nereid*, 6 oars, N. Willis Bumstead, coxswain ; *Nautilus*, 6 oars, George Tucker, coxswain.

The distance pulled was three miles ; one mile and a half to flag-boat, and repeat.

	Started.	Returned.	Actual time.
	4h. 34m. 33 sec.	4h. 56m. 33 sec.	22m.
<i>Iris</i> ,			
Y. Y.,	4 34 33	4 57 20	22 47 sec.
<i>Nereid</i> ,	4 34 33	4 58 33	24
<i>Nautilus</i> ,	4 34 33	4 59 33	25

And they accordingly adjudge the race to the *Iris*, winning of the Y. Y. (2d) by three seconds, of the *Nereid* (3d) by one minute thirty-eight seconds, and of the *Nautilus* (4th) by two minutes thirty-eight seconds.

James M. Thompson, George W. Smalley, N. D. W. Allan, H. C. Ahlborn, George W. James, Judges.

The crews of the Harvard boats were : —

The *Iris*. — J. M. Brown, coxswain ; Samuel B. Parkman (stroke), John Homans, William H. Elliott, Benjamin W. Crowninshield, Charles F. Walcott, Channing Clapp, Wm. G. Goldsmith, Josiah N. Willard.

The Y. Y. — Langdon Erving (stroke), Stephen G. Perkins, John Erving, Alexander E. R. Agassiz. Later in the evening of the same day, three of the Y. Y. crew, and three members of the Union Club of Boston, pulled the *Nereid* over the course in twenty-one minutes and three quarters.

Two months have elapsed since our last Magazine was published: And yet, although the world has been a month longer than common without our regular instalment of wit and learning, it seems to have got along pretty well. But those who would otherwise have gladdened the hearts of editors with brilliant articles have been *viva voce* disbursing the fruits of their genius to circles of admiring friends, and spreading wide through the land the fame of Old Harvard's sons. But the world needed a month's rest, to recover from the effects of Commencement-week. Commencement-day passed off in the usual happy manner, as did the society anniversaries which followed it. Decidedly the event of the week, however, was the race at Springfield. We won't begin to describe it, or say anything about it, for if we did, we could never stop. But this we will say : we never, not even when we first went to hear Grisi, saw a set of people together who were quite as happy as the Harvard men were at Springfield at about five minutes before five o'clock on the afternoon of the memorable 21st of July. We take this opportunity, in the name of the students of Harvard, to express our gratitude to the citizens of Springfield for the generous hospitality which they extended to us upon that occasion, and also to thank the gentleman who so kindly relieved us of all the trouble of making the necessary arrangements at Springfield. We give above the official report of the race.

But the coxswain of the victorious boat occasionally had to speak a word of encouragement to his crew. In like manner we, that our Magazine may be ahead of all others, must speak a word of friendly "admonition" to our fellow-students. Since our little monthly was first started, it has been customary for the editors to solicit contributions for its pages. This should not be. It is work enough for an editor to read over and prepare the mass of manuscript necessary to fill even our small issue. And when to that you add the labor of writing one's own expected "article," and the Editor's Table, and put the whole in vacation when few feel fit for hard work, there is enough to break the back of the most patient donkey, and still more that of a high-spirited animal like an editor. But if, besides all this, it is necessary to write one or two letters to extort as it were by main force, or to hasten the appearance, of each article, no wonder that the animal grows restive, and refuses to bear the same load again. The remedy for all this is very simple. Let every one write without being asked. Let the editors never be at a loss for copy; let them have enough to choose from. It has so happened that the articles generally have been good, but still there is room for improvement. Let those who think that the Magazine is not what it should be, send in their brilliant and original articles, and if they want to have their number at the proper time, let them send in their manuscript two weeks before the day of publication. When we have more than we can print in our present form, we are ready to increase the number of our pages. But, O respected friend! send in your contribution unasked, and at the proper time, and you will save to the editors the fatigue and agony of spirit which are visibly shortening their lives, and which threaten to bring them to an untimely end.

The Senior editors of last year have, with their class, gone from our midst. The former editors from the Junior Class were at the end of the year unanimously re-elected. Two of their number, Messrs. J. J. Jacobsen and E. T. Fisher, much to the regret of all who had watched their editorial career, resigned the position they had so ably filled during the past nine months. But while we cannot but feel the loss of these two gentlemen, we welcome with great pleasure our coadjutors for the ensuing year, Messrs. A. SEARLE and R. A. WIGHT.

SINCE writing the above, we have received news of the death of one who, loved and respected by all his fellow-citizens, seems particularly dear to us of Cambridge. His generosity to the University, his liberal donation to the Scientific School, are too well known to need further mention. It is not perhaps so generally known that he took a deep interest also in the Undergraduate Department. He was for many years one of the Overseers of the University, and as such was constant in his attendance upon Commencement, Exhibitions, and other public days; and wherever he appeared among us, his kind and genial face inspired a confidence in his noble nature, which his deeds never failed to confirm. Abler pens than ours will write his eulogy, but we cannot refrain from adding our feeble tribute to the praise of one who, amidst all the distractions of his busy life, has never forgotten the claims of learning and of science.

A WORD WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

DEAR, select, souls to whom this private unbecoming of editorial confidence is addressed, we greet you with praise and thanks for your many past favors, with thanks and praise for your many favors prospective. Tenfold more gratitude and glory you may earn by complying with these few earnest requests :—

First, To write on but one side of your letter-sheet. This course, considered with reference to economy, could not have been justified in the Middle Ages, it is true, yet is quite laudable at the present day, when paper-merchants have it thrown in their faces that the cheapness of their wares is a chief cause of the multiplication of worthless books, and of the diffusion of unsound learning.

Second, To write with great distinctness, and not to send in rough draughts.

Third, To number your pages, and not crowd your manuscript.

Fourth, and most important, To condense, to use just exactly the language and structure of sentences in your manuscript which you wish to have in print, so that the proof-sheets may not be subjected to undue, or, in fact, any alterations of that character. Thus our worthy Publisher, who has acted most kindly by the Magazine, will be saved an expense worse than needless.

We ask a serious, generous attention to these things.



THE

HARVARD MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1855.

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THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1855.

No. 9.

THE WRITINGS OF SYLVESTER JUDD.

Continued from page 356.

IN the conversation between Margaret and Mr. Evelyn as they come up to the Pond from the hospital, we have the true image of a Massachusetts October.

“ ‘ I have known the beauties of the forest only in the aggregate,’ said Mr. Evelyn. ‘ It is a fair whole of form, color, and effect that interests me. What is that orange-crowned tree glowing so in the sun over among those pines ? ’

• “ ‘ That is a rock maple.’

“ ‘ Those straw-colored trees, and that dark purple clump ? ’

“ ‘ These are oaks, and that is a grove of wild cherries. I know them in the Spring, I seem to half lose them in the Summer ; in the Fall they announce themselves again. The red maple is deep crimson, that tawny-colored grove is beeches, there is the purple woodbine trailing over the rocks. What a pretty picture is that flock of sheep and lambs feeding among the blueberries ! ’

“ ‘ Here is a solitary maple, so soft, limpid, silken, as if the Spirit of Color dwelt in its leaves. See those dark trees above, the yellow hobble bush and brakes below, and on the ground the green arbutus, mosses, and wintergreen. The lowest down, the greenest. Let me lie low, where no frost can touch me.’

“ ‘ Here we open into a tropical grove of lemons and oranges ; the golden fruit glows on the trees and crackles under the hoofs of our

horses ; beyond, I see a warm, sunny vale of tulips and carnations ; truly this cannot be surpassed.'

" 'What say you to the pool of water under that arbor of trees ? I can count you crimson gooseberry, flaming maples, claret sumach, yellow birch, and what not.' "

But we will quote no more of these descriptions, for we mar them by taking them out of their connection. We refer all readers to the book itself, as among the freshest, warmest word-painting we have ever seen.

There is a rare and rich beauty in the dreams which visit Margaret's childish sleep, — reminding one of that wonderful faculty of dreaming which Jean Paul possessed, and which also Mr. Kingsley has displayed in *Alton Locke*. In proof of this, let the reader turn to the dream of Jesus, and that of the Creation of Beauty. The very improbability that a child should have such dreams, adds a charm to them. They suggest the supernatural, and somehow impress us with the belief that this little hazel-eyed maiden is only half human. Something of the same art with which Hawthorne makes the realms of fact and fancy unite, appears in this dreaming of Margaret.

The purely theological parts of the book are by no means the best, — for the novel is hardly the vehicle for theological discussion. Mr. Evelyn may be supposed to represent the views of the author, and though his system converted Margaret, we must say it is somewhat inconsistent and shadowy. We mean in its details, for its main features are clearly marked and nobly beautiful. Everywhere God is pictured as a tender Father, who will direct all things for the good of his children, — while Christ is the embodiment of the Father's love, the truly Divine Man and friend of mankind. There is also a comprehensive knowledge of the two extremes of Calvinism and Atheism, — reconciled, as he thinks, in his system, — which indicates an unusual experience on the author's part. We find its explanation in those deeply interesting passages in his life, where we read of the struggle through which he came forth from the faith of his father. For the soundness of his theology we will not vouch ; but we never can deny him the Christian grace of the largest charity and toleration. His idea of a Universal Church, while it does not raise him in our estimation as a thinker, does infinite honor to the goodness of his heart. Never was a writer of so much independence so free from bitterness of every kind. He satirizes, but

never reproaches ; and with much of the reformer's spirit, he has none of the reformer's violence, — whether this be a merit or a fault. He *loved* mankind too well to put himself in hostility to them, — perhaps too he was constitutionally timid.

A great difference between “Margaret” and most novels is, that the passion of love, which in them is prominent and directs the whole plot, here has a quite subordinate part. The Christianizing of the heroine has a far greater influence on the story than her love for Mr. Evelyn. It is on this religious element that the interest of the book mainly depends. This is a peculiarity of all Mr. Judd's books, though how it is modified in “Richard Edney” we shall soon have occasion to see. In “Philo” it is even stronger than in “Margaret.”

Some of the subordinate characters in “Margaret” have already been noticed. They are usually natural, forcible, and original. They are very numerous, and yet so nicely are they drawn, that they are wholly distinct and unlike each other. Each of the children in Margaret's school, and the women who sit in Deacon Penrose's kitchen on Sunday noons, has an unmistakable personality. Mistress Orff is in no danger of being confounded with Mistress Whiston, nor Judah Weeks with Seth Penrose. This is itself a mark of high talent, and does not exist in Dickens, even, in a greater degree than in Mr. Judd. He has also this rare power, — that although the language which he puts in the mouth of his characters is often inappropriate, he still makes you feel the character as it is in his own mind. Margaret sometimes talks as no such person would, and yet we never lose sight of her personality, — and so of the others. They are as sharply defined as the characters of Shakespeare. Look at Parson Welles, Master Elliman, Deacon Hadlock, — do they not seem as real as Rosalind and Touchstone, — as Falstaff and Prince Hal? This power of originating characters is the rarest in the world. It stamps its possessor at once as a man of *genius*, as distinguished from the mere ready writer. In this power Mr. Judd excels all American writers with whom we are acquainted. Irving, Cooper, Miss Sedgewick, Mrs. Stowe, even Hawthorne, must yield to him. His wealth of imagination continually reminds us of such lavish givers as Aristophanes, Shakespeare, and Dickens, — men who *overflow* with invention. Had the other powers of his mind been in due proportion to this, he would have been the wonder of the world.

But we linger too long over Margaret. Let us pass by "Philo," which, though veined here and there with poetry, and inspired throughout by that noble love of man which glows through all Mr. Judd's books, has no more right to be called a poem than Pollok has to be called a poet.

We come next to Richard Edney ; and the first thing we notice is the susceptibility of the author's mind, and the consequent change which change of scene has produced in him. "Margaret" was written in Maine, but the scenery is that of Western Massachusetts and Connecticut, — the landscape with which the author had been familiar from childhood. In Richard Edney we have Maine woods, Maine rivers, Maine cities, and Maine manners. A few years' residence on the lovely Kennebec, among the hardy farmers, traders, and lumbermen of Maine, has completely changed the picture in Mr. Judd's mental kaleidoscope. The two books are as different in their scene-coloring, as the wild and rough woodlands of Maine are from the placid, half-civilized forests of the Connecticut valley. In their plan they resemble each other. As "Margaret" is intended to show how a maiden of true heart may grow to lofty womanhood, in spite of the circumstances about her, so "Richard Edney" gives a similar picture of a young man, rising by force of character from poverty and obscurity to wealth and social honors. It is the most truly democratic book that was ever written, — the Declaration of Independence in the form of a novel. Richard is the son of a farmer in a small town ; the story introduces him on his way to the neighboring city of Woodylin, to seek employment as a mechanic. He works in a saw-mill, — becomes known to the citizens, especially to the "Governor's Family," the principal one in the city, — rises gradually, from an "under hand" in the mill, to be the "lessee of two saws" and the employer of workmen, — and at last, after showing himself in various ways a noble man and a worthy citizen, he marries Melicent Dennington, the Governor's daughter.

This is the outline of the story ; the reader will easily see how much practical democracy is involved in it. Notwithstanding our national profession of equality, there are still such marked divisions of American society into an upper and a lower class, — founded mostly, too, on the distinction between labor and leisure, — that to make the hero of a novel, *as a mechanic*, win the hand of a wealthy maiden with the consent of her family, is a rare instance of bold-

ness. In this respect, the book simply carries out the American idea, and fulfils the spirit of Christianity ; and it is done in a manly way. Richard everywhere appears as the dignified workingman, who respects himself and his occupation, yet appreciates and is mindful of the position of others. And as there is no false shame on his part, so there is no mistaken, offensive condescension on that of the Governor's family. They meet him on the broad level of a common humanity and common aspirations for the good of the race ; and when Melicent loves him, it seems no stooping for her, and no presumption in him. Not that the love affair is well managed in itself, — it is not so ; it is one of the frigidest, most incomprehensible things of the kind we ever heard of. We speak of it only in relation to the position of the lovers in society.

Notwithstanding the beauty and probability of the main features of "Richard Edney," it is in many particulars as fantastic and incongruous as one can well imagine. All the author's idiosyncrasies which showed themselves in "Margaret," appear in this book greatly magnified. Some of the characters are quite impossible, — as Clover, for instance, — and almost all, at times, do impossible things. The language which they use is often unnatural enough. The factory girl, the tavern-keeper, the fine lady, the clergyman, all talk in the same tone, — a tone equally unbefitting all. It is in fact the author's own words, fashioned by the lips of this or that person. Moreover, the language which is professedly his own is full of unheard-of, and often uncouth words. Not even Carlyle — that splendid sinner against the king's English — has invented and introduced so many strange words in so small a space, as our author has done in "Richard Edney." Oftentimes they convey the meaning with peculiar force ; often, too, they are strong provincial words which the language would gain by adopting ; but quite as often, they are the creation of the author's fertile brain, — superfluous, or even offensive. There is also a very free use of phrases, which, though common enough in conversation, do not often appear in books. "Our Richard has got *waked up*," — "I shall *go off the handle*," — "Fanny *felt bad*," and similar expressions, are quite common.

It has been objected to the book, that the familiar intercourse between the hero and the Governor's family, — between Alicia, the factory girl, Clover, the mill hand, Miss Freeling, the dressmaker, and Mrs. Broadwell, Lady Caroline, and others of the Woodylin

"best society," is unnatural and improbable,—that such things never take place, even in New England. If this is true, it is a satire upon our institutions more severe than any of Kurz Pacha's; but we do not believe it to be universally true. No doubt there are towns where exclusiveness is as sacredly cherished and practised as in London or Little Pedlington,—where the rich merchant, the lawyer, the man of letters, the clergyman, even, would sooner think of associating on equal terms with handsome burglars and genteel pirates, than with honest mechanics, farmers, or any man who has the stain of labor upon his hands. Some such places we have seen,—nurseries of empty pride, and an aristocracy, as belittling to the favored few as it is galling to the insulted many. But oftener, we think, it is found that real merit, in whatever capacity, will assert and maintain its right to the privileges of society; and there are said to be places where it is actually helped to obtain those privileges,—where the equality which our institutions proclaim appears in the life of the people. Such is said to be the case in those small cities of Maine from which Mr. Judd may be supposed to have drawn the materials for his fabulous Woodylin. If this be true, the objection spoken of is at once answered.

But there are more severe criticisms to be made upon the plot of the book. The character of Clover, a workman in the same mill with Richard, is wholly extravagant and inconsistent. He seems to waver between a real and an allegorical person, now appearing as an individual, now as the type of a class or the embodiment of a principle,—and thus the whole character is incoherent and perplexing. An inconsistency of some kind, indeed, shows itself in nearly all the personages of the story. By his power of infusing his own idea into our minds, in some magnetic way, we get usually a clear conception of each character as it lay in his thought; but in speech and action they are continually wandering from this type. What strange by-play there is throughout! Nothing like it ever occurred in real life, though Truth *is* stranger than Fiction.

Then, as we have said, the love of Richard and Melicent is of the strangest sort. The course of true love never ran in so queer a channel before. They are reported to be engaged, and all seems going on smoothly, when, presto! all is changed. Miss Eyre, a fascinating factory girl, connected in some indefinable way with Clover, tells a mysterious story to a relative of the Governor's; the result is a separation,—a forbidding Richard the house,—great

loss of reputation on his part, and consequent suffering, which he alleviates — how, think you? — by raising Shanghaes! He makes little effort to clear himself from the misty charges against him; nor does Melicent behave as a woman in such circumstances would have done; but they are kept apart by the merest cobwebs. If this absurd state of things is meant to typify the serious quarrels and general discomfort which may spring from the most trivial causes, it may be all very well; but as a picture of a true lover's quarrel it is ridiculously stupid. But love is not our author's forte.

A less serious fault is the Sunday-school air (so to speak) which pervades some parts of the book, and which, in a work intended to be read by men and women, is almost laughable. But in spite of these blemishes, and more, "Richard Edney" is truly a remarkable book; nay, it is remarkable for these very blemishes. As the scene is laid in the city, there is less opportunity for those charming descriptions of nature which delight us in Margaret; but they are numerous, and show no lack of that love and power which we have spoken of above. The snow-storm in the first chapter, — Richard's first night at the mill, — the going out of the ice, — the June freshet, — are all instances of this inimitable power.

There is a delicate beauty in some of the subordinate action of the story; in the episode of Junia and Violet, for instance. They are orphans, — children of a poor artist, — and have come to Woodylin to work in the factory, where Violet falls sick of consumption. Richard goes to see them at the boarding-house, along with their grandfather, who has been caught stealing wood for them.

"Turning to Richard with a playful but sad infatuation, he pointed to the sleepers and whispered, 'That one — the sick one — the one with the morning hair — is Violet. The other with the evening hair — she was born in the evening, and there are stars in her soul — is Junia. Who called her Violet? I remember her mother did, because she was born in the Spring when violets blow. And she will die in the Spring; it was then her mother died, when the birds come and the weather is soft.'"

In the Spring she did die, — surrounded by kind friends, strangers though they were.

"When the last agony was over, the features of Violet resumed their wonted composure; — beautifully on the pale cheek lay the long, silken eyelashes; on thin lips flickered a smile, as it were a

shadow reflected from the ascending, beatified spirit. The Lady Caroline crossed over the silent breast the lily hands, and smoothed on the forehead the flaxen hair; *and the well-defined eyebrows were still that western cloud, floating between eyes that had set for ever, and the azure expanse of the forehead above.*"

Junia, after her sister's death, goes into the country for a year or two, until her health also fails. Then, that she may clear Richard — whom she has always loved with a tender, concealed love — from the charges against him, she comes back to Woodylin. She is present at the wedding of Richard and Melicent, having told them both the secret of her pure love. Then she dies, blessing them with her dying breath.

All that relates to Junia is exquisitely beautiful. So are those passages in which the children, Memmy and Bebbie, appear. Nobody could have sketched these little figures, who play such a part in the story, except a lover of children of his own. They are flowers of pure natural pathos and humor.

The humor of "Richard Edney" — less exuberant than that of "Margaret" — is still everywhere manifest. It shapes the characters of Munk and Roxy, — that type of sorely tried wives; of Mrs. Tunny, "a sleek, round, *fubby* piece of mortality"; of her husband, "a little man, diffident, white-faced, *as if he had grown up in the shadow of his wife*"; of Mrs. Whichcomb, the boarding-house keeper, — as good in her way as Dame Quickly; and finally, for we cannot particularize further, of Winkle, the unequalled stage-driver. But, after all, the book is inferior to "Margaret," — inferior in conception and in execution, — and even marred by some traces of imitation. Nor does "Philo" sustain the author's fame so well as "Richard Edney." It has the form of a dramatic poem, but little else either dramatic or poetical. In the "Life" there are extracts from another poem, called "The White Hills," which seems to have the beauties and the faults of "Philo." Its plot is highly poetical, but its treatment shows clearly enough that prose was Mr. Judd's best instrument. It was left unfinished, and we hope will be published. The volume of Sermons, and others published during his lifetime, are fair specimens of his pulpit oratory, we presume, and of the devoted spirit in which he labored. They are by no means unnoticeable for their intellectual ability, generally speaking; but they show what a noble and loving soul was in the man. "Margaret" is his best work, and we doubt if he

would have written better, had he lived longer. There were too many "kinks" in his mind to allow him to improve on his first vigorous attempt.

Summing up the whole matter, then, what judgment shall we pass upon him? He cannot be denied the possession of genius, and that of no mean order. This is rare praise for an American author, but his books are our witness. Among humorists his position is a high one, as we have already said. His *poetical* merits are great. His verse is hopeless, but his prose poetry is exquisite; and of late, — to use a sort of Hibernicism, — the best poetry has been written in prose. What living man has written such fine poems as many of the *Essays of Emerson*? In the vehement orations of Webster and Everett, of Henry Ward Beecher and Theodore Parker, there is poetry grander than any Ode or Sonnet of modern days. What poetry there is in Carlyle's rugged periods! In the picturesque descriptions which Dickens delights in, and the warm, lyric touches of Charles Kingsley's prose! We repeat it, — our best poets write in prose; and not least among them is Mr. Judd.

His highest merit, however, is, that he had somehow got possession of the foremost ideas of his time, and had made them his own. In politics, in religion, and in social philosophy he was far in advance of the majority of his countrymen. Expressing these ideas crudely enough at times, and never, perhaps, with a thorough intellectual comprehension of what he was saying, he still held them by virtue of his great heart, and the love he bore mankind. It was this power of the heart, this wealth of affection and sympathy, which made him the man he was. Through this he reached upwards to hold communion with the Father; through this he knew the hearts of his brother men. This prompted at once his virtues and his foibles; it created that respect for man which is so apparent in his books, and it led him to those dreams of hasty reform which so injure their artistic effect, and do such violence to nature. But this is a noble fault, — would that American scholars were oftener guilty of it!

Mr. Judd's defects are many and grievous. He makes us think of that fourth king in Goethe's tale, who was made of no one metal, but a mixture of all, — brass and iron and lead, with veins of gold and silver; only in Mr. Judd the precious metals make a good part of the mass. His chief sin is a total want of taste in selection and arrangement. His beauties of thought and sentiment are diamonds

in the rough, and gleam sometimes, as we may fancy the pearls did, *after* they were cast before swine. They shine in a setting of paste or brass, occasionally ; and now and then, of genuine mud. Some of the finest scenes in *Margaret* are deformed with such repulsive and disgusting accessories, that we hardly know whether to admire or detest them. We do not see the skilful handling of an artist who makes the rude and coarse serve as a foil to the more beautiful ; he jumbles clumsy and graceful, charming and odious, together in a bewildered mess. His perception of the fitness of things is ludicrously obscure. No wonder that "*Margaret*," disgusted sensitive people, and young ladies with weak nerves, for it needlessly offends against almost every canon of good taste. "*Richard Edney*" is not so bad, yet the same fault glares huge in it. "*Philo*" steers midway between them.

Nearly akin to this want of taste is Mr. Judd's lack of method. His gun does not want powder, but it scatters shot dreadfully. The unities of the story, and of separate sentences, are everywhere wantonly violated. The members of his periods hang and crowd like ill-mated oxen, each going his own way. Were it not for a certain unity of purpose, which serves to connect the parts of the story, by cohesive attraction as it were, they would fall into dissolution and confusion. Then, although Mr. Judd loves nature so well, — and to love is to know, — he is sometimes inaccurate in his descriptions ;

" And through this distemperature we see
The seasons alter."

In "*Margaret*," flowers bloom in June which elsewhere bloom only in August and October ; unwonted birds fly at strange times about the Livingston woods. Yet so little is generally known about these things, that we doubt if this fault has been much noticed.

These three defects — want of taste, of method, and of accuracy — are the most striking in these books, and from them spring most of those faults which have been commented on by us and by others. They affect the style more than the matter, — *that* still challenges our admiration and love.

For these books are to be *loved*, — to be taken to the heart, carried in the bosom, and read and re-read, in spite of all we dislike in them. Whether we look at them by themselves, or in connection with the sweet and beautiful life out of which they grew, — fantastic but lovely, — we wonder more and more at their obscurity, which has provoked us to write this inadequate notice of them.

AMERICAN DEMONOLGY.

THE "spiritual manifestations" of the present day, although in many respects differing from all previously recorded evidences, real or fictitious, of the existence of supernatural influences directed by finite personal agency, have more points in common with former occurrences of this nature, than most people are inclined to believe. The number of converts to the new belief, the attempts which have been made to give an air of scientific accuracy to the matter, and, above all, the absence of anything alarming or frightful in these present demonstrations, prevent us at first from seeing what there is in them similar to what has previously occurred.

Belief in spiritual agency has always existed among men, in one form or another; but it has always, till now, been accompanied by a dread of that agency. In former times, a spirit who wished to communicate with his earthly friends was obliged to appear to them in person, and probably frightened them almost to death in delivering his message; and such means could only be resorted to in extreme cases. Now the message is sent and received with as little trouble or fear as a telegraphic communication; and, in fact, in very much the same way, — a medium corresponding pretty nearly to a telegraph operator.

I do not mean to imply by this that I consider the change alluded to an evil. It is certainly a step taken forwards, which enables men to cast off an irrational and slavish terror, even if they have at the same time lost some useful feelings of reverence. Nor would I assert that the intercourse between men and spirits has been absolutely proved to be real; but on this last point it is at least safe to say, that the supposition that it is real, is as probable an hypothesis as any other which has yet been advanced to explain certain phenomena both of ancient and modern times. "Imposture" may be a name easy to apply, but it is sometimes as hard to accept this explanation as any other. As to the other theories which have been invented to explain the facts of the case, they are so obviously mere fictions of the imagination, that it is quite unnecessary for any of their opponents to waste time in refuting them.

But the object of this paper is not to enter upon the discussion of the truth of one or another theory. The facts which have been recorded are perhaps as yet too few, and not sufficiently settled, to en-

able us to do this with the least prospect of success. My object is rather to examine some of the records of other times, when disembodied spirits were at the moment supposed to be interfering in the affairs of mankind, and to trace, if possible, the points in which those records seem to correspond to those of our own period. To do this completely, to examine all, or even the principal, cases of supposed spiritual interference, would, of course, be impossible here. Let us therefore content ourselves with an outline of those cases of the kind which have occurred in our own country, and indeed in our neighborhood.

Of these, the celebrated Salem witchcraft cases are the best known. It is said that a message has been received by one of our modern "mediums," to the effect that those disastrous events in our history were caused by an attempt made by some indiscreet spirits to communicate with the world before people were sufficiently enlightened to render such communication safe; a statement certainly highly flattering to the spiritualists of the present day. There may be some fear, however, that we are not quite enlightened enough yet; for we read occasionally in the newspapers of cases of insanity arising from a too ardent devotion to spiritual knowledge.

The principal events of the Salem witchcraft delusion, as it is commonly called, are well known to all. It may be well, however, to give here a short recapitulation of them, before examining their character more particularly.

These troubles began in February, 1691, in the family of Mr. Parris, a minister in Salem Village. Some of the younger members of the family began to be afflicted with a singular disorder, which a physician, who was unable to explain or cure it, pronounced to be caused by witchcraft. According to one of the earliest published accounts of the affair, the deceased persons "began to act after a strange and unusual manner, as by getting into holes, and creeping under chairs and stools, and to use sundry odd postures and antic gestures, uttering foolish, ridiculous speeches, which neither they themselves, nor any others, could make sense of."

The cause of this disorder having once been assumed to be witchcraft, it was not long before several persons were accused by the afflicted, as those subject to the disease were called, of tormenting them in various ways, and of being in league with the Devil. These persons were accordingly arrested and examined. The process of conviction was very simple. The witnesses would fall into fits, real

or pretended, when the prisoner looked at them ; but they were restored on being touched by the same prisoner. They also complained of pain whenever the prisoner made any motion, asserted that they saw the *black man* standing by the accused, and whispering to them ; and gave other evidence of the same kind. The process and the result were nearly the same in all cases. All who refused to confess themselves witches were sentenced to execution, and the sentence was executed upon twenty persons in all during this persecution. Eight more were under sentence of death, and above a hundred and fifty in prison, when the persecution ceased. The exercise of the executive power, probably in conformity with the public feeling, seems to have been the immediate cause of its cessation. Seven of the condemned were first reprieved, and afterwards all were pardoned, by the governor, Sir William Phips. A conviction of the injustice and folly of the recent proceedings had been, in the mean time, gradually gaining ground, and had at this time become so strong that the matter was dropped, and the excitement subsided of itself ; and although prosecutions for witchcraft did not entirely cease for a considerable number of years, they were of no great importance, and never afterwards became alarming or frequent.

It is generally admitted at the present day, that the crimes of which the unfortunate persons executed during this memorable panic were accused, had never any real existence. The charges, when closely examined, are too absurd, and in some parts too self-contradictory, to be believed by any one not prevented from forming a clear judgment by the strongest prejudices or fears. But the ordinary way in which these occurrences have been accounted for, is, if possible, still more difficult to accept, than the belief in the strict justice of the convictions. The common theory on this subject has been, that all these panics and murders were caused by deliberate imposture. One of the writers on the subject uses the following language : —

“ One of the inquiries that must have engaged the meditations of all reflecting persons who have followed me thus far, is this : What are we to think of those persons who commenced and continued the accusations, the afflicted children and their confederates ? Shocking as is the view it presents of the extent to which human nature can be carried in depravity, I am constrained to declare, as the result of as thorough a scrutiny as I could institute, my belief that this dread-

ful transaction was introduced and driven on by wicked perjury and wilful malice. The young girls in Mr. Parris's family, and their associates, on several occasions, indicated by their conduct and expressions that they were acting a part.

"It may be that, in some instances, the steps they took and the testimony they bore may be explained by referring to the mysterious energies of the imagination, the power of enthusiasm, the influence of sympathy, and the general prevalence of credulity, ignorance, superstition, and fanaticism at the time; and it is not probable that, when they began, they had any idea of the tremendous length to which they were finally led on.

"It was perhaps their original design to gratify a love of notoriety or of mischief, by creating a sensation and excitement in their neighborhood, or at the worst to wreak their vengeance upon one or two individuals who had offended them. . . . It would be much more congenial with our feelings to believe that these misguided and wretched young persons, early in the proceedings, became themselves victims of the delusion into which they plunged every one else. But we are forbidden to form this charitable judgment by the manifestations of art and contrivance, of deliberate cunning and cool malice, they exhibited to the end. . . . It is dreadful to reflect upon the enormity of their wickedness, if they were conscious of imposture throughout. It seems to transcend the capabilities of human crime."

It does indeed, and we can hardly rest satisfied with an explanation which requires us to believe in such wanton and fiendish cruelty. That several children, from eleven to fifteen years of age, well educated, and of respectable families, should deliberately cause the death of a large number of innocent men and women in order to obtain notoriety, or even to revenge themselves on a few individuals, is so incredible, that we can hardly blame any, especially of the people in whose midst such things happened, for preferring the hypothesis of witchcraft; for certainly it is as credible that men should agree to serve the Devil for wages, as that others should themselves become such utter devils. In the passage quoted, the startling nature of the doctrine advanced is somewhat obscured by qualifying words and phrases. But still the result is much the same as if they were omitted.

We may, perhaps, remove some of this difficulty by considering the accusers rather as urged on by others, than as themselves the leaders of the persecution. It appears, as has been seen, that the

first suggestion of witchcraft did not come from the afflicted persons themselves, but from a physician who found himself unable to explain the nature of their malady. We find, also, that this suggestion was immediately taken up by the friends of the patients, that prayer-meetings were held for the removal of the disorder and the discovery of those who caused it, and that other means were adopted for the end of discovering the witches, who were presumed to be at the bottom of the business. Is it then, surprising, or, at least, is it so incredible as the supposition which has been considered, that all this should have produced upon the minds of the afflicted persons such an effect as to make them imagine that they saw persons of their acquaintance, towards whom they may very probably have entertained some previous dislike, tormenting and harassing them while they were subject to their fits? This seems not a very unnatural supposition, especially if we consider their disorder, of whatever nature it was, not feigned, but real. Its origin is of little consequence at present; let the fact only be admitted. Now it is at least equally probable that the children were really attacked by some disorder or external influence of some kind, as that they were all the time feigning disease; and in my opinion the former supposition is the more probable. It is true that children are sometimes fond of "shamming sick," but the attack, in such cases, is rarely very protracted, however violent it may be; and how a love of notoriety should induce depravity so persistent as that of the Salem children was, supposing that passion to have goaded them on, I am at a loss to conjecture. The youth of the principal sufferers, which constitutes one of the most formidable objections to the theory of imposture, renders the theory at present under consideration more probable. The readiness of the accusers to bear witness against any who fell under suspicion, also makes against the common theory.* If we suppose even that their object was to take vengeance on some of the persons whom they accused, it is incredible that they should have persisted in their prosecutions after their enemies had been condemned. But we find that the same witnesses were brought forward in almost every case that occurred; and they testified against people with whom, in all probability, they had never had any previous intercourse, as readily as against those in their immediate neighborhood, whom they first accused. The instances of deliberate deception which are brought forward against them, are no more than might be expected from the nature of the case. When they had become persuaded that they

were bewitched, it was not very strange that they desired to obtain the conviction of all those whom they imagined to be tormenting them, or that they were ready to employ all the means in their power to attain that end. Their falling into fits when the supposed witches looked at them, is easily explained by referring to the well-known power of imagination, especially in the minds of the young. It was the common belief of the time, that such was always the result of the witch's glance. Consequently the witnesses were expecting it when they gave their testimony, and were prepared at any moment to drop. That under these circumstances the expected event should have occurred, can hardly be surprising.

Although this hypothesis is, no doubt, not entirely free from objections, it appears more rational than either the supposition prevalent at the time, which assumed witchcraft to be really employed, or the belief that the whole tragedy was occasioned by pure imposture, which we have examined. We must, however, leave this part of our subject, which has been examined chiefly to show that it is almost as difficult to account for these old prodigies by the simple suggestion of imposture, as it is to explain all our modern wonders in the same way. After the remembrance of the facts of any period like that we have considered has died out, and the facts are only to be found in the records of the times, people are too ready, in many cases, to acquiesce in the belief that the marvels of which they read were all caused by impostors, because they see nothing of the kind around themselves. It is possible that the present excitement attending Spiritualism may disappear in time, (even now, perhaps, it has passed its maximum,) and that, in time to come, the old explanation, which is at present abandoned by the majority of those who know even but a little about the subject, may be again revived.

There are some other points worthy of attention in the Salem phenomena, which seem to indicate further similarity between them and those of the present day. The "afflicted" of the Salem witchcraft, and some of the "mediums" of our own time, bear much resemblance to each other. On the supposition that spirits were trying to communicate intelligence, the phenomena of the singular malady which commenced the disturbances might be explained, I suppose, according to the doctrines of the spiritualists, by saying that the mediums were refractory, perhaps not understanding what was wanted, and suffered accordingly, as unwilling mediums are said to do now. It is much to be regretted that the "foolish, ridic-

ulous speeches " which they uttered were not accurately recorded, that we might now compare them with sundry speeches of a similar nature, which " speaking mediums " occasionally deliver themselves of at the present time. But as those speeches have been lost, we are unable to accomplish this, and have to content ourselves with the simple fact that they were ridiculous, and such as no one could make any sense of, which certainly appears to indicate not a little similarity of origin, whatever that origin may be, between the spiritual phenomena of the seventeenth and those of the nineteenth centuries.

In reality, upon a close examination, the resemblances which have been alluded to appear more and more striking. We are, however, obliged to pass hastily over the ground, and must omit many interesting facts. As a sort of supplement to the Salem witchcraft, we may allude to a case of supposed diabolical agency, which occurred in Boston, in 1693. An account of this case was published by Cotton Mather, in some points very probably exaggerated, but containing some singular and strongly attested particulars. According to this account, a young woman, named Margaret Rule, was seized with fits nearly resembling those of the witnesses in the then recent Salem witchcraft cases. In her fits, she imagined herself to be tormented by various spectres, headed by the usual black man, some of whom she thought she recognized. But no prosecutions grew out of Margaret's case, public feeling being probably too strong against such proceedings. From the tone of the above-mentioned publication, it seems not improbable that the author would have approved of such prosecutions, although he denies that he wished them to be commenced. He is, however, right enough, in all probability, when he says: "It were a most unchristian and uncivil, yea, a most unreasonable thing, to imagine that the fits of the young woman were but mere impostures; and I believe scarce any but people of a particular dirtiness, will harbor such an uncharitable censure."

This case is interesting, as we find in the account of it some circumstances which very forcibly remind us of the phenomena of the present day. One of these is the mention of invisible animals which could be felt, but not seen. According to the account, several persons felt these creatures, which resembled rats, and "nimbly escaped from them." This reminds us of the invisible hands of the present time, which are accustomed to grasp those who are present at the exhibitions of spiritual phenomena. Perhaps, in all these cases,

these sensations may be the effect of pure imagination ; but the resemblance is sufficient to indicate some common origin. But the most singular part of this case is, that we have the affidavits of several persons to the effect that Margaret Rule was held by some invisible power suspended in the air, and retained there with considerable force with no support whatever. This is as good evidence as we have of most of the spiritual marvels of our day ; and the interruption of the force of gravity is among the most common of those marvels.

Perhaps, after all, it is erroneous to suppose that there was a less proportion of the ludicrous in the old phenomena which were imputed to supernatural influence, than in those of to-day, although there was certainly a greater dread of such influence than exists at present. A good instance of the ludicrous side of the subject exists in the account of the disturbances in 1679 and the following year at Newbury. The same results were very near taking place, as afterwards actually occurred at Salem ; but fortunately they were avoided, and the comic part of the incidents can be seen in this instance very easily. In this case, we may more readily suppose the wonders recorded to have been purely natural, as will be seen, than in the others which have been mentioned.

William Morse, a shoemaker about sixty-five years old, was the chief sufferer by this series of incidents. His house was thrown into confusion by the continual throwing about of various tools and pieces of furniture, which deprived him for a considerable time of all peace and quiet. He had a grandson living with him, who is supposed by many to have been the author of the whole disturbance. It is certain that the disturbances ceased when the boy was removed for a day. If the accounts we have of the matter are true, however, the boy could not have been the sole cause of the phenomena. Morse's wife was convicted of witchcraft, mainly on the testimony of a number of people who attributed to her agency all the mishaps they had encountered for some time before, and was sentenced to death ; but was reprieved and finally discharged. It is to the nature of the disturbances in William Morse's house that I wish to call attention particularly. They resemble so strongly our table-tippings, that it is interesting, and at the same time highly amusing, to read the statements of Morse himself on the subject.

The chief annoyance which he experienced was the perpetual descent of articles of all descriptions down his chimney. Bricks, stones,

sticks, a small basket, various tools, pieces of leather, etc., were incessantly pouring down the chimney, and shortly afterwards would vanish and come down again.

Morse's own account of these annoyances is very amusing, partly from his curious way of expressing himself : —

"The next day being Saturday," says he, "stones, sticks, and pieces of bricks came down, so that we could not quietly eat our breakfast, and sticks of fire came down at the same time. That same day, in the afternoon, my thread four times taken away and came down the chimney again ; my awl and a gimlet wanting, came down the chimney. Again my leather taken away came down the chimney. Again my nails being in the cover of a firkin taken away came down the chimney. The next day being Sunday many stones, sticks, and pieces of bricks came down the chimney."

Beside this singular phenomenon, there were other more inexplicable occurrences. For instance : —

"In the afternoon the pots hanging over the fire did dash so vehemently against each other, we set down one that they might not dash to pieces. I saw the andiron leap into the pot and dance, and leap out again, and leap on a table and there abide. Also I saw the pot turn itself over and throw down all the water. Again we saw a tray with wool leap up and down, and throw the wool out, and saw nobody meddle with it. Again a tub his hoop fly off, itself and the tub turn over, and nobody near it. Again the woollen wheel upside down and stood upon its end and a spade set upon it."

This seems to have been written in some discomposure of mind, and no wonder, when frantic andirons were performing such extraordinary gymnastics, and pots and tubs seemed to be seized with the spirit of mutiny, and to be resolved not to hold what was put into them. But besides, the poor shoemaker was not allowed to write his account in quiet : —

"Being minded to write, my ink-horn was hid from me, which I found covered with a rag and my pen quite gone. I made a new pen, and while I was writing, one ear of corn hit me in the face, and my pen brought to me. While I was writing with my new pen, my ink-horn taken away. Presently, before I could dry my writing, a monmouth hat rubbed along it, but I held it so fast that it did not blot but some of it."

The cow-house, also, although put up strongly, fell down suddenly, and a variety of other prodigies took place, of the same nature

as those which have been described. Some of these occurrences, if real, can certainly not have been caused by the boy. At all events, if we adopt the latter supposition, the rising generation of the latter part of the seventeenth century must have been wonderfully ingenious, and the old people singularly unsuspicious.

In reviewing the instances which have been given of apparently supernatural agency, we cannot fail to perceive that the same reasoning which may be used in inquiring into their origin, is equally applicable to most of our modern phenomena. We shall find, also, that most of the theories at present in vogue, to account for the apparent miracles which are taking place around us, will apply equally well to these old occurrences. We may be, indeed, at a loss which of these theories to choose. It is almost certain that none of them can be entirely true, for they are, without exception, almost wholly founded upon conjecture. The wisest course, for all those who are capable of following it, is, doubtless, to suspend judgment until enough has been satisfactorily ascertained to permit the foundations of belief to be laid on sure ground. We have seen what disastrous consequences ensued at Salem from too hasty an adoption of an unwarrantable hypothesis, and we ought to take a useful warning from them. With all our boasted improvements and advance in civilization since 1700, we are yet liable to error; and a hasty decision upon questions of this nature is always fraught with danger, especially to those who think that they know all about the subject, while they really know next to nothing. There are plenty of people of this class now-a-days, who will explain you all the phenomena in two minutes, by a few magic words.

But while we admit, to its full extent, the danger of the hasty adoption of any theory, we must not, on the other hand, allow ourselves to fancy that, because we cannot be satisfied at present, there is no hope that any discoveries in these matters are possible. Obviously, however, before any satisfactory knowledge can be gained, the facts of the case must be more diligently investigated than they have been hitherto. In such researches, it may perhaps be advantageous for those interested in the subject to compare the accounts we have of apparently supernatural influences in former times with those of the present day. In the limits of an article like this, we are of course unable to do more than hastily to glance over a few of the many examples which lie before us, for the purpose chiefly of amusement, rather than instruction. But some sound knowledge may

be gained by a thorough and extensive examination of the subject. While it continues, however, to be an easier and more satisfactory matter to propound hypotheses than to collect and classify facts, we can hardly expect this branch of inquiry to receive that solid study which will soon insure any adequate solution of its problems.

VARIETIES IN COLLEGE LIFE.

"I warrant you think, because one is at the University, one must be a book-worm."

"Why, what else do you go there to study?"

"Everything in the world, my dear!"

MADAME D'ARBLAY, *Camilla*.

CERTAIN gentlemen, Alumni of Harvard University and readers of Harvard Magazine, have hinted to the writer of this article that our Magazine is too learned; that it has contained allusions to various works of antiquity, the names of which they then heard for the first time; and that its philosophical and scientific criticisms were beyond the reach of their limited comprehension. We appreciate the weakness of these gentlemen, and without acknowledging any sympathy with their covert sneers at our bantling, we shall endeavor in the few words we have to say to be quite clear, and not to go into any speculations too abstruse for an Undergraduate to write or an Alumnus to understand.

The infinite variety and many-sidedness of college life struck us with peculiar force in the Freshman year, (with how great joy do we speak of that period as past, if only by one remove!) We believe a brickbat struck us at the same time; for it was in a room on the lower floor of Hollis, at midnight, and with windows strangely shattered, that the above-named impression was so vividly forced upon us. And what a hard year was that, to be sure! made bearable only by weekly letters from home and daily calls by the glazier.*

* We are glad to be able to record, that the absurd and barbarous custom of *hazing*, which has long prevailed in College, is, to a great degree, discontinued. Though this desirable consummation has been brought about chiefly through the renewed vigilance of the Faculty, we cannot but take pride in believing that the

Our regular duties in College are obvious enough. The routine consists chiefly in having to make continual expeditions to recitation-rooms, to be present at innumerable prayers, and at church (unless fortunate enough to have friends residing in the vicinity, in which case one's church attendance, though equally "regular," is sometimes less frequent). In short, whatever the College Bible tells us to do, — if we except nine tenths of it which is a dead letter, — that we usually do with all our might. There are some other and not regular pursuits attended to here, about which the public has at best a vague conception, — the general opinion being, that those irregularities consist entirely in the purloining of plump chickens and roasting the same, and in visiting orchards and gardens with an intent to appropriate. Venerable old gentlemen, sons of our cherishing Mother, tell you of enormous turkeys, once the pride of Watertown barn-yards, which were beautifully roasted in the upper rooms of old Massachusetts, and eaten with a relish the memory of which remaineth to this day. Alas that big dogs, high fences, and the march of improvement, render such episodes no longer possible in Cambridge College life! These, with a few absurd stories in which students are alleged to have committed deeds which we suppose no pure-minded person could listen to without feelings of abhorrence, constitute the prevailing notions respecting the non-literary part of life in College.

Unlike many other Universities, the students who here have the highest reputation among their classmates are rather good fellows than good scholars, though these qualities are often united. If poor recitations do not win admiration *per se*, it is not less true that the severe and mechanical study which goes by the name of digging is apt to be despised, no matter how high rank it gives one. These ideas lead to peculiar results, and shirking and flunking are sometimes not only looked upon as very clever things and indications of respectable talents, but have high honors conferred upon them. The more difficult the study, the more admirable is the conduct of the deadening party. Who has not boasted, or at least heard many

salutary and healthful tone of our Magazine ("started with no intention of using its pages to squib the College government" or to impose upon Freshmen) has done much to eradicate the narrow prejudices and class distinctions which have hitherto prevailed here. May our eyes never again see the shameful and disgusting sights of a window without glass, and a Freshman without hair! We believe these things have no counterparts in nature.

others, of having made a flunk in mathematics? — and has the University recently had more splendid abilities united than in those brave fellows who whilom marched in the Jackson Guards?

These sentiments and feelings sometimes turn the heads of weak-minded Freshmen, who are at first amazed to learn that idle habits meet with favor, and then, of course, look upon it as a very wise condition of affairs, and straightway fall into a course of deading which "does n't stop till they find themselves conditioned on the studies of the term, and not very generally respected.

For a variety of good and bad reasons, there is a great deal of bolting from the prescribed College course. One student, having a taste for scientific studies, after groaning awhile under the infliction of the languages and literature, concludes to cut them, and thus makes his mind still more one-sided by giving himself up to chemical mixtures and trigonometrical formulæ. Another, having often heard it said that the atmosphere of Cambridge is literary, and that the undergraduate resident unconsciously acquires fine tastes and intellectual discrimination, eschews positive industry altogether, and in boating, sparring, bowling, and billiard-playing becomes an easy victim to lung-expansion.

We had intended to devote a part of this article to a pleasant and happy account of boating as it exists in Harvard College at the present day; but *periculum prehendi cancrum** deters us, and we leave the theme, hoping that some one more skilful in rowing and writing than ourselves, will do it ample justice in a future number.

Among College games Football continues a universal favorite, in spite of blackened eyes, "bruised arms," tailless coats, and an occasional broken limb. We suppose our famous football field, the Delta; has echoed to the cry of more "warnings," "fair licks," and "lurks," than any other spot of ground on the Western continent. It is quite popular to speak of Harvard men as small of stature and physically weak;—it may be so; nevertheless we should be willing to bet very high (pardon the boast and the slang) that these same Liliputians can send a football "home" through the allied ranks of any three colleges in North America. Fellow-students of the United States, should you conclude to challenge us on the above terms, we shall be proud and happy to meet you, on any fine morning you may name, beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument.

* Vide Suet., *Vit. C. Jul. Cæs.*, 97. 3.

By the way, since we have become quite confidential, we would invite all those gentlemen (we suppose everybody reads this Magazine) who are fond of fine fun, and are not so far gone in milk-and-water ethics as to look upon bodily strength and skill as inhuman qualities, to come down to the Delta any afternoon between five and six o'clock, and see as stoutly contested and altogether as brutal a game of football as was ever kicked. The view from Cambridge Street is thought to be the best ; its opportunities for leaning on the fence are certainly not surpassed by either of the other two sides.

Our expedients for consuming time are as various as the tastes of the human mind. There are clubs, literary, scientific, convivial ; clubs for reading the Greek Tragedians and Latin Satirists, — for singing glees, playing chess, and irritating Freshmen, — for studying Thucydides, reading Dante, and rowing boats. Historical, debating, chemical, and secret societies, — and societies, too, for eating Pudding and Porkers. Last term, favored members of Cambridge society listened, with great pleasure, we believe, to the performance of an English opera by a Troupe of Undergraduates, — a cast which it will be curious enough to read over in future years, when those who composed it hold the exalted positions in Church and State towards which we are all hastening.

The history of the manner of passing any single vacation, could it be fitly given, would not fail to be entertaining. We go up Mount Washington, and down the St. Lawrence, — shoot deer at Adirondack, and break our hearts at Phillips's Beach. We polk at Newport, drink at Saratoga, and flirt on the brink of Niagara Falls. We take long walks through the country, selling books, making sketches, and reciting poetry "for our own amusement." In short, at all times and in all places we are very great swells.

COLLEGE WORDS AND CUSTOMS.*

We suppose it is generally conceded by this time that the Harvard Magazine is, we speak it modestly, a fraction in advance of anything just now in the field. In the prophetic words of Dr. Johnson, —

* *College Words and Customs.* Second Edition. Cambridge : John Bartlett. 1855.

which, by the way, always perversely suggest to us a picture of the pury old Doctor himself in puffing pursuit of a stage, —

“Panting Time toils after it in vain.”

To review a book after it has come out may do well enough for Putnam and Blackwood and the North American, and other periodicals belonging to the “lamentably slow-coach” order, but is utterly unworthy of the mettlesome Maga that we have the honor to rein in. Accordingly we have sent for the manuscript of the new edition of College Words and Customs, and are prepared to advise our readers of the treat that awaits them when they shall have caught up with us. The subject, which is a very fruitful one, was by no means exhausted by the volume published two or three years ago, but the additions in the forthcoming issue are so large that it may almost be considered a new work, and so complete that there can hardly be anything left for a future edition. The author, a recent graduate of Harvard, is pretty generally known to most of those in College.

This feast of nectared sweets, then, where no crude surfeit reigns, is all before us whence to choose; but everything, almost, is so tempting to a collegian, that the choice is not so easy. We ourselves, however, at this present writing, are suffering from dyspepsia, and as we are, doubtless, only one of at least two hundred victims, perhaps we shall find most sympathy by turning to some of the articles upon the diet of our forefathers.

Large information will be found in the volume relative to the Commons of ancient times, drawn in part from reminiscences of graduates upon whose then youthful memories that *rudis indigestaque moles*, — slum, — and other villainous compounds, seem to have made ineffaceable impressions. We most earnestly invite the attention of the B. H. K. to the extracts we shall make, and solemnly exhort them to consider their ancestors' crimes and their own. Comparing our painful dyspeptic experiences with those of the survivors of the primeval Commons, in the time that tried men's stomachs, we do not think them entitled to much greater commiseration than a large number of their posterity. If they had *slum*, some of us have “minute puddings,” — a fowler dish. The recollection of our introduction to it abides with us, and our neighbor's heartily echoed prayer that if that was a minute pudding he might never have a second one. We helped ourselves to a copious spoonful, — reck-

lessness has always been our characteristic, — and for seven hours did our persevering digestive organs assault this inexpugnable Sevastopol. But in vain; every attack resulted in a still further diminution of their forces, until finally the siege had to be raised, and the unconquerable mass was despairingly rolled away into some private side-pocket, where it remains undigested to this day. What new theories may be based upon it, when the doctors make their *post mortem* examination, it is impossible to conjecture. The composition of Cambridge mince-pies is a secret which, we suspect, the cooks are sworn not to divulge. A piece of one was smuggled one day from our table, and intrusted, for chemical analysis, to a Rumford committee; but they never reported, and there has always been a suspicion that they were bought over by the enemy. If, however, we are quite unable to say what is in them, we can speak more confidently of what is not, and herewith tender our congratulations to Governor Gardner that, if in no other part of Massachusetts, at least in its kitchens the Maine Law is religiously observed. Fortunate were we if we could complain only of our dessert; but, alas! the very staff of life will not support it. In its form of biscuit, erroneous etymological ideas have been entertained by all the B. H. K. at whose tea-tables we have sat hitherto. We agree with them that *coctus* (or as the French have it, *cuit*) does mean *cooked*; but after affectionately saluting our French and Latin Dictionaries, we do solemnly affirm that *bis* means *twice*, and not *one half*, as has been so generally, and with such woful stomachic consequences, supposed. We dare not put in print all that we have suffered from bread in general, — “distressful bread,” as the dyspeptic poet sang. Whether a Cambridge baker ever slept, has long been a question which we have never had sufficient opportunities for determining. The one who supplied our last hostess wore a wild, pale, haggard countenance, and we have always supposed that his sleep was nightly murdered by an unusually tender conscience. He used to excuse his appearance on the score of the business not agreeing with him, and said of his brother, a young baker cut off in the flour of his youth, that his occupation had been the death of him. Alas! not of his brother only, we fear! Others, however, whom we have met, look more florid, and as if they slept sonorously. Whether it is that *their* consciences are seared we are not sure, but we are certain that those who do sleep soundly have scrupulously abstained from their own bread. O the dreams that we have had when

hunger has compelled us to partake! Once, when we had succeeded in capturing the crust, we only thought that the Colossus of Rhodes had started into life, and planted his brazen foot upon our chest; but another night, when we had no alternative but to take the soft, spongy interior of the loaf, we dreamed that his Satanic Majesty himself had taken up a position upon our diaphragm, and was playfully dandling the Bunker Hill Monument in his august lap. And as for a boiled potatoe, — a *boiled* potatoe, really *BOILED*, — if one could possibly have been obtained from our first three boarding-houses it would have been a greater curiosity than any now in our famous Mineralogical Cabinet, and more capable of being distinguished by a blind man from the surrounding specimens.

But all this is a digression into which we have been hurried by indigestion, — *facit dyspepsia versum*. Return we to our muttons. *Slum*, to which we have already alluded, is a word once in use at Yale College, of which a graduate of the year 1821 has given the annexed explanation. "That noted dish, to which our predecessors, of I know not what date, gave the name of *slum*, was our ordinary breakfast. It consisted of the remains of yesterday's boiled salt beef and potatoes, hashed up, and indurated in a frying-pan, and was of itself enough to have produced any amount of dyspepsia. There are stomachs, it may be, which can put up with any sort of food, and any mode of cookery, but they are not those of students. I remember an anecdote which President Day gave us (as an instance of hasty generalization), which would not be inappropriate here. A young physician commencing practice determined to keep an account of each case he had to do with, stating the mode of treatment and the result. His first patient was a blacksmith, sick of a fever. After the crisis of the disease had passed, the man expressed a hankering for pork and cabbage. The doctor humored him in this, and it seemed to do him good; which was duly noted in the record. Next a tailor sent for him, whom he found suffering from the same malady. To him he *prescribed* pork and cabbage, and the patient died. Whereupon he wrote it down as a general law in such cases, that 'pork and cabbage will cure a blacksmith, but will kill a tailor.' Now, though the son of Vulcan survived the pork and cabbage, I am sure that *slum* would have been a match for him."

Next we turn to a sketch of the former Commons at Yale, and to a description of scenes to which, it is said, Harvard furnished too exact a counterpart some years ago, in the basement of University Hall.

"The Tutors, who were seated at raised tables, could not, with all their vigilance, see all that passed, and they winked at much they did see. Boiled potatoes, pieces of bread, whole loaves, balls of butter, even dishes, would be flung back and forth, especially between Sophomores and Freshmen; and you were never sure, when raising a cup to your lips, that it would not be dashed out of your hands, and the contents spilt upon your clothes, by one of these flying articles slyly sent at random. Whatever damage was done was averaged on our term-bills; and I remember a charge of six hundred tumblers, thirty coffee-pots, and I know not how many other articles of table furniture, destroyed or carried off in a single term. Speaking of tumblers, it may be mentioned as an instance of the progress of luxury, even there, that down to about 1815 such a thing as a tumbler was not known, the drinking-vessels at dinner being capacious pewter mugs, of which each table was furnished with two. We were one time a good deal incommoded by the diminutive size of the milk-pitchers, which were all the time empty and gone for more. A waiter mentioned for our patience, that when these were used up a larger size would be provided. 'O, if that 's the case, the remedy is easy!' Accordingly, the hint was passed through the room, the offending pitchers were slyly placed upon the floor, and as we rose from the tables were crushed under foot. The next morning the new set appeared. One of the classes being tired of *lamb, lamb, lamb*, wretchedly cooked, during the season of it, expressed their dissatisfaction by entering the hall bleating; no notice of which being taken, a day or two after they entered in advance of the tutors, and cleared the tables of it, throwing it out of the windows, platters and all, and then immediately retired.

"In truth, not much could be said in commendation of our Alma Mater's table. A worse diet for sedentary men than that we had during the last days of the *old* hall, now the laboratory, cannot be imagined. I will not go into particulars, for I hate to talk about food. It was absolutely destruction of health. I know it to have ruined permanently the health of some, and I have not the least doubt of its having occasioned, in certain instances which I could specify, incurable debility and premature death."

Turning over a few pages, we come to an account of "a singular phase of gastronomy which was developed among the students during the presidency of Increase Mather, and which was noticed by the Corporation in their records under date of June 22, 1693, in

these words : 'The Corporation, having been informed that the custom taken up in the College, not used in any other Universities, for the Commencers [graduating class] to have plumb-cake, is dishonorable to the College, not grateful to wise men, and chargeable to the parents of the Commencers, do therefore put an end to that custom, and do hereby order that no Commencer or other scholar shall have any such cakes in their studies or chambers; and that if any scholar shall offend therein, the cakes shall be taken from him, and he shall moreover pay to the College twenty shillings for each such offence.' This stringent regulation was, no doubt, all-sufficient for many years; but in the lapse of time the taste for the forbidden delicacy, which was probably concocted with a skill unknown to the moderns, was again revived, accompanied with confessions to a fondness for several kinds of expensive preparations, the manufacture of which — like that of good gingerbread, according to Wendell Phillips — is among the lost arts."

The following passage is from Professor Felton's "Memorial of John S. Popkin, D. D.," which we copy for the benefit of those who are accustomed to BOEN down to their Greek. "He was a mortal enemy to 'interlinears,' translations, and all such subsidiary helps in learning lessons; he classes them all under the opprobrious name of 'facilities,' and never scrupled to seize them as contraband goods. When he withdrew from College, he had a large and valuable collection of this species of literature. In one of his notes to his Three Lectures, he says: 'I have on hand a goodly number of these confiscated wares, full of manuscript innotations, which I seized in the way of duty, and would now restore to the owners on demand, without their proving property or paying charges.'"

We congratulate the members of the Greek divisions upon the easier disposition of Professor Popkin's successor, and privately thank our stars that our lot was not cast in that age of cast-iron rigidity.

In the "Memorial" quoted from above, Professor Felton refers to a story of which Dr. Popkin has usually been made the hero, for the purpose of appending the worthy Doctor's emphatic contradiction. "Amusing anecdotes," says his biographer, "some true and some apocryphal, were handed down in College from class to class, and are so far from being forgotten that they are rather on the increase. One of these mythical stories was, that on a certain occasion one of the classes applied to the Doctor for what used to be

called, in college jargon, a *miss*, i. e. a *cut*. The Doctor replied, as the legend ran, 'Ye ask and ye receive not, because ye ask a *miss*.' Many years later this was told to him. 'It is not true!' he exclaimed energetically. 'In the first place, I have not wit enough; in the next place, I have too much wit, for I mortally hate a pun. Besides, *I never allude irreverently to the Scriptures.*'"

Finally, for our space is exhausted, we give below the Hon. Edward Everett's reminiscences of the old "Den," concerning which our readers may find further information in the forthcoming volume. "A little farther to the north, and just at the corner of Church Street (not then opened), stood what was dignified in the annual College Catalogue (which was printed on one side of a sheet of paper, and was a novelty) as 'the College House.' The cellar is still visible. By the students this edifice was disrespectfully called 'Wiswall's Den,' or more briefly, 'the Den.' I roomed in it in my Freshman year. Whence the name of Wiswall's Den I hardly dare say; there was something worse than 'old fogy' about it. There was a dismal tradition that at some period it had been the scene of a murder. A brutal husband had dragged his wife by the hair up and down the stairs, and then killed her. On the anniversary of the murder, — and what day that was no one knew, — there were sights and sounds, flitting garments dagged in blood, plaintive screams, — *stridor ferri tractaque catena*, — enough to appall the stoutest Sophomore. But, for myself, I can truly say that I got through my Freshman year without having seen the ghost of Mr. Wiswall or his lamented lady. I was not, however, sorry when the twelvemonth was up, and I was transferred to that light, airy, well-ventilated room, No. 20 Hollis; being the inner room, ground floor, north entry, of that ancient and respectable edifice."

EMERSON AS A POET.

THE venerable and historic town of Concord (not Concord, New Hampshire, famous for its small-beer school of politicians) is likely, in addition to its Revolutionary renown as the spot where

"once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world,"

to be famous hereafter as the residence of the essayist, poet, popular lecturer, and transcendental philosopher, Emerson, who, whatever may be thought of him by his contemporaries hereabouts, is certainly destined to a permanent and world-wide reputation, — to become a fixed star in that luminous cluster of original thinkers who from their high places exercise a steady and never-waning influence on the intellectual growth of mankind. Concord, Massachusetts, therefore, as the scene of one of the events which inaugurated the American Revolution, and as the home of one of the first intellectual men of the age, is in no particular danger, in the long run, of being eclipsed by its namesake in New Hampshire, though that be the capital of a small State and the home of a small President. However this may be, one thing is certain, that there are few places better adapted to study and the cultivation of letters. Through its meadows and shady intervales lands winds a slow stream, synonymous with the town itself, a stream like the English Ouse or Avon, or the smooth gliding Mincius of classic song, not rapid or turbulent, but with just such a clear and languid current as poets have loved to prose upon from time immemorial. On the banks of this river, "bosomed high in tufted trees," stands the gray old manse, whose "Mosses" proved so inspiring to Hawthorne before a Liverpool consulship transformed him from a genial, racy, and successful man of letters into a mere office-holding politician. Alas for the pen which, after writing such works as "Twice-Told Tales," "The Scarlet Letter," and "The House with the Seven Gables," could stoop to indite a petty electioneering pamphlet, in the shape of a biography of one whose sole claims to notice consisted in pettifogging, political wire-pulling, and exceedingly bad horsemanship! It was as much an act of desecration, as it would be to use the sword of a Wellington or Bonaparte as a spit whereon to roast "borrowed" chickens. This *en passant*. As was remarked above, there are few places better suited to the pursuits of the scholar and literary man than Concord. It is one of the oldest towns in the Commonwealth, and there is an almost English air of repose and quiet about its landscape. In its picturesque old burying-ground sleep the ashes of some of the first colonizers of this country, amongst whom were many worthy of the age in which they lived, the age of Cromwell and Hampden, and who had been eminent even in their fatherland before they crossed the water to take part in the settlement of New England.

Besides Emerson and Hawthorne, whose abode in Concord may be supposed to have impregnated its Puritanical soil with sufficient Attic salt to render it classic ground, there have been a cluster of lesser literary stars long resident there, who, as they are all satellites, pupils, and imitators of the great master of Transcendentalism, may be called Emersonists. Foremost amongst this subordinate group is Thoreau, the philosophical hermit of Walden pond, decidedly Emerson's most promising pupil, who has caught the tone of his master to a charm. This eccentric poet,¹ philosopher, bean-grower, and Yankee Robinson Crusoe, is, like the renowned Ben Disraeli, and many other eminent intellectual men of the day, of Hebrew descent. His "Life in the Woods" is one of the raciest books that has been published for many a year. Over and above its quaintnesses and eccentricities, it has such a genuine smack and flavor of the green-wood about it, its passages betray in its author such an intense and almost *savage* sympathy with animal and vegetable life in all its forms and varieties, that it is impossible for anybody possessed of the least woodcraft or endowed with the instincts of the fowler and angler, (and these instincts are latent at least in every man who traces his origin to the old sylvan tribes of the North,) to read it without finding himself gradually spell-bound and in a glow of interest. Indeed, it is a book deserving a place on the same shelf with Virgil's Georgics and Walton's Complete Angler. Thoreau came into the world by many ages too late. He ought to have been born in those primitive times fabled by the poets, when man, "the noble savage, ran wild in woods," dining on mast and other ready-cooked refectations served up directly by Nature, and sleeping in caves and holes, never dreaming of gas-burners or oil or fluid lamps, but using the moon and stars for candles. Or perhaps it would have suited him better to have been a contemporary of Robin Hood and his tough-belted foresters.

Next after Thoreau, perhaps the most notable Concord literary worthy was the seraphic Alcott, — not Dr. Alcott, author of divers "books of advice," — but Bronson Alcott, the Orphic philosopher, who ranks himself with such worthies as Pythagoras, Confucius, and Pestalozzi, the great unwashed Swiss schoolmaster. He is a Brahmin in his abstinence from animal food, and is (or rather was) subject to long Socratic reveries. His theories and philosophical views are more monstrous and ridiculous than were those of Midshipman Easy's father, and he announces them with such a solemn and im-

perturbable countenance as to upset the gravity of the most civil listener.

Besides Thoreau and Alcott, a poet of the Grub-Street species, wearing the illustrious name of William Ellery Channing, used to reside in Concord, gyrating round Emerson like an asteroid round the sun. In an evil hour this duplicate Channing gave to the world a small volume of poesy, which, unfortunately for its author, attracted the especial notice of the remorseless Edgar A. Poe, at that time wielding the flail of Aristarchus in the pages of the *Columbian Magazine*. Poe was probably induced to scrutinize the contents of this volume under the delusion that it was from the pen of *the* Channing, and his ire was roused by being cheated. Even in his ordinary mood Poe was terribly bilious and merciless; but when exasperated, his sarcasm and consuming ridicule knew no limits, as the poor, insignificant poetaster, Channing number two, learnt to his cost, — he and his volume being utterly demolished by one fell swoop of the indignant critic. So much for some of Emerson's followers, and so much for the town of Emerson. Having despatched these, let us turn to a consideration of Emerson's poetry.

As a lecturer and prose essayist, Mr. Emerson is even *popularly* known, that is, to the mass of his countrymen; but as a poet he has found a smaller audience, though a fit one. His verses can never become popular. He cannot therefore cry out with Horace, "*profanum vulgus et arceo*," for the mob of people that read with ease (to alter slightly Pope's lines for the sake of adapting it to the times) will never defile his poetry with their vulgar admiration. It will never fly through the mouths of men like Pope's pithy couplets, or Gray's Elegy, or Longfellow's Psalm of Life, but it has already secured for itself a select circle of admirers among the highly cultivated and intellectual, and such a circle it will always retain. It is even now frequently quoted by the ablest writers in the leading reviews and periodicals of England and this country. Indeed, we venture to assert that there are few writers of eminence, either in America or Great Britain, who are not perfectly familiar with the products of the Emersonian Muse, with the strange, weird, abstruse notes of the Emersonian lyre. Like the Theban poet Pindar, Emerson, when he wraps his singing robes about him, addresses himself only to the wise. He has many musical shafts in his quiver, but their music is only audible and intelligible "*τοῖς σοφοῖς*." His poems are as utterly devoid of anything like sentiment or passion as the versi-

fied apothegms of the old Greek philosophers and didactic bards. In fact, sentiment and passion, which are ordinarily supposed to be the very soul and essential principle of poetry, he utterly ignores. His best passages have "the sparkle of the spar," but none of the warmth of flesh and blood. They appeal not to the heart, but to pure intellect. He is not of the romantic school of poets. He is entirely free from "dark imaginings" of the Byronic stamp, and from maudlin, lovesick, moon-nursed fantasies. His Muse traffics not in these woes. She haunts "an intellectual bower." Some of his poetical pieces are pearl-like strings of glittering *sententia*, of brilliant and grand thoughts set in a most transparent and crystalline diction. Emerson's poetry, like his prose, is all permeated with emanations from one great central idea. His peculiar philosophical system, call it by what name you choose, Spinozism, Pantheism, or Transcendentalism, is the master chord of his lyre, as it is the keynote of all his writings, whether in verse or prose. Around this central idea his poetry winds in luxuriant wreaths and festoons, like the leaves and flowers of some gorgeous parasite about a massy trunk. What Emerson's system of philosophy is exactly, it is no easy task to determine. Professor Peirce's new book would probably be found to be quite comprehensible in comparison with it. Whatever it is, Mr. Emerson seems to entertain the most sublime confidence in its entire correctness. He evidently looks upon it as the master-key which unlocks the secrets of the universe and the most hidden recesses and profoundest Domdaniel caverns of Nature. Beyond a doubt, Mr. Emerson has the highest qualifications for a poet. Even his prose itself has in passages the golden *rythmus* of the most exquisitely modulated versification. He is profoundly learned, not only in printed books, but also in the book of Nature. All the lore of the East and the West is his. He is as familiar with Hafiz and Firdusi, as he is with Homer and Shakespeare; with the sages and philosophers of India, China, Persia, and Arabia, as he is with those of Greece, Rome, Germany, England, and France. He is deeply versed in the lore of plants, stones, and stars. He has looked on Nature with a lover's eye, and pursued her through all her most intricate windings, and learned to interpret her most mysterious symbols. Mr. Emerson is happy in his choice of language, which in his hands is perfectly plastic and flexible. His words are culled and marshalled with the most exquisite taste. Many of his periods are rounded and enamelled to absolute perfection. It used to be fash-

ionable to speak of Emerson as an imitator of the rough, craggy Carlyle. This idea was without doubt engendered by the fact that several of Carlyle's works were published in this country under the supervision of Emerson, and the editor was naturally confounded with his author. Emerson, in fact, is the very opposite of Carlyle both in style of thought and composition. They no more resemble each other as writers than would an Ithuriel and a Caliban in form and feature if matched together.

But there are great inequalities in Emerson's poetry. While he has passages, indeed whole pieces, which are as faultless, flawless, and beautiful as some costly gem, he has others which, to the understanding of the uninitiated reader at least, appear to be mere unmeaning strings of words, vague, hyper-metaphysical formulas, and pure balderdash. They are hard sayings, too hard indeed for the comprehension of any human being except a Dialist. In nearly all Mr. Emerson's poems, it is evident that more is meant than meets the ear and eye. He has an Oriental love of the allegoric and mystical. But above all its other merits his poetry is *sui generis*, original and his own. It is not the product of any second-hand inspiration, awakened by the works of this or that great poet beyond the water, as is the case with the bulk of American poetry. It is not this or that English or German bard diluted and sophisticated, but genuine, unadulterated Emerson, with an unmistakable smack of the soil of his fatherland about it; for if he has occasion to apostrophize a mountain or river in his verse, he gives a decided preference to Monadnock or the Alleghanies over Olympus and the Alps, — to the beautiful rivers of his native New England, with their wild Indian names, hitherto "unmarried to immortal verse," over the most vaunted streams of the Old World. This is as it should be. But for the most part it is with our poetry as with the wines which we use; both are mere imitations and not natural products, the latter generally consisting of ingenious chemical mixtures, whose rich vinous *hue* and *bouquet* and flavor were not imparted by the glowing sun and genial soil of Burgundy, Champagne, and the African Islands, but by artificial perfumes and dye-stuffs. But we have one American vintage, at least, which does not smell of the apothecary-shop, but of the American soil, of the banks of the Ohio. In like manner we have a few poets who do not derive their inspiration from Tennyson or Wordsworth or Browning, or any other European bard, living or dead, but directly from Nature herself.

Mr. Emerson's published poems are all included within the limits of a single small volume ; but that volume is infinitely suggestive, and contains matter enough, if wire-drawn and reduced, to fill many tomes. In it all the Emersonian prose essays are presented in brief, fused, intensified, and hardened, as it were, into crystals. Virgil himself could not originate a system of philosophy in more honeyed verse. With three or four exceptions, each poem is a chip from a different side of the same block, a variation of the same key-note, a new illustration of one master idea, for there is but one string to Emerson's lyre ; but he draws from that solitary chord as many variations as ever did a Paganini. Four, at least, of his poems have become popular, and have been reprinted a thousand times in newspapers, reviews, and specimens of American verse. We allude to the pieces entitled Good-Bye, Rhodora, The Humble-Bee, and The Problem. These are pure ambrosia. The Good-Bye to the world is worthy of the age of Elizabeth, and might have been penned by a Wotton or Raleigh after they had "sounded all the depths and shoals of honor"; indeed, it reminds one of verses which those great statesmen and scholars actually did write after they had become satiated with the world. The lines to the Humble-Bee have been compared to the Allegro and Penseroso of Milton. It seems to breathe the very spirit of the delicious months of May and June. It might have been written upon a bank of violets, fanned by the sweet South, such as the impassioned Duke Orsino speaks of. It is enough in itself to give its author a permanent place in English literature. Anacreon has an ode, and Mr. Leigh Hunt has a sonnet, addressed to the grasshopper, both exquisite in their way, but neither comparable to Emerson's lines on the "yellow-breeched" American insect, the tiny and erratic

"Sailor of the atmosphere ;
Swimmer through the waves of air ;
Voyager of light and noon ;
Epicurean of June.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And, infusing subtle heats,

Turns the sod to violets,
 Thou in sunny solitudes,
 Rover of the underwoods,
 The green silence dost displace,
 With thy mellow, breezy bass.

"Hot midsummer's petted crone,
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
 Tells of countless sunny hours,
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
 Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
 In Indian wildernesses found;
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
 Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure."

The very genius of dreamy May and voluptuous June seems to brood over the above lines. A few such passages would be enough to redeem the character of the American Muse from the charge of barrenness and want of originality. Mr. Emerson looks on nature and the visible universe with the eye of a poet and a man of science both. He is a Wordsworth and Linnæus combined. New-England scenery is almost as much indebted to him as the lakes and mountain regions of Northern England are to Wordsworth, Coleridge, and De Quincey. Mount Monadnock, since it has been embalmed in Emerson's verse, need not fear to lift its head beside the most vaunted hill visible from Rydal Mount, where not long since lived the great English high-priest of nature. Emerson's "Monadnock" is one of the richest, most suggestive, and picturesque pieces in the language. What Wordsworth called "the power of hills" must have been on him when he wrote it. The tall form of Monadnock towers in his verse with as much majesty as it does in its native heavens, and henceforth is entitled to be ranked with those immortal mountains of the Old World, renowned in song.

"Cheshire's haughty hill"

has its poet, too, as well as the giant Swiss mountain, whose shadow glides over the valley of Chamouni. A voice, perhaps of the Genius of Monadnock, summons the poet:—

"Up!—If thou know'st who calls
 To twilight parks of beech and pine,
 High over the river intervals,
 Above the ploughman's highest line,
 Over the owner's farthest walls!

Up ! where the airy citadel
 O'erlooks the surging landscape's swell !
 Let not unto the stones the Day
 Her lily and rose, her sea and land, display.

Mark how the climbing Oreads
 Beckon thee to their arcades !

Ere yet the summoning voice was still,
 I turned to Cheshire's haughty hill.

To far eyes, an aerial isle
 Unploughed, which finer spirits pile,
 Which morn and crimson evening paint,
 For bard, for lover, and for saint."

The poet, remembering the "Roys and Scanderbegs and Tells" who were reared in "Wales, Scotland, Uri, Hungary's dells," was somewhat disappointed with the mountaineers of Monadnock : —

" 'Happy,' I said, 'whose home is here !
 Fair fortunes to the mountaineer !
 Boon Nature to his poorest shed
 Has royal pleasure-grounds outspread.'
 Intent, I searched the region round,
 And in low hut my monarch found.
 He was no eagle, and no earl ; —
 Alas ! my foundling was a churl,
 With heart of cat and eyes of bug,
 Dull victim of his pipe and mug."

In other words, the inhabitants of the highlands of Mount Monadnock, instead of being heroes, patriots, and astronomers, turned out to be nothing but quite ordinary Yankees, with a sharp eye to the main chance ; and the mass of the countrymen of Tell, for the matter of that, are no better, being, according to all accounts, more intent on sponging picturesque tourists and travellers, than in studying the courses of the stars. Mr. Emerson's ideal mountaineer, however, is beautifully described : —

" Here Nature shall condense her powers,
 Her music and her meteors,
 And, lifting man to the blue deep
 Where stars their perfect courses keep,
 Like wise preceptor allure his eye
 To sound the science of the sky.

Man in these crags a fastness find
To fight pollution of the mind ;
In the wide thaw and ooze of wrong
Adhere, like this foundation strong.

But if the brave old mould is broke,
And end in churls the mountain folk,

Sink, O Mountain, in the swamp !
Hide in thy skies, O sovereign lamp !”

But the poet concludes, after all, that these exceedingly unpoetical, unideal mountain folk are not without their good points, even if they do fall immensely short of the heroic standard : —

“ Soft ! let not the offended Muse
Toil’s hard hap with scorn accuse.
Many hamlets sought I then,
Many farms of mountain men ;
Found I not a minstrel seed,
But men of bone, and good at need.”

A longer series of beautiful extracts can be strung together out of Emerson’s tiny volume of poesy, than can be formed out of the works of many of our best poets a hundred times more voluminous. In his “Threnody,” a funeral song on the death of his infant boy, —

“ The hyacinthine boy, for whom
Morn well might break, and April bloom,” —

there is the following passage, full of the profoundest tenderness : —

“ On that shaded day
Dark with more clouds than tempests are,
When thou didst yield thy innocent breath,
In bird-like heavings, unto death,
Night came, and Nature had not thee ;
I said, ‘ We are mates in misery.’
The morrow dawned in needless glow,
Each snow-bird chirped, each fowl must crow,
Each tramper started ; but the feet
Of the most beautiful and sweet
Of human youth had left the hill
And garden, — they were bound and still.”

The following brilliant and pearl-like passage, descriptive of heaven, is taken from the same poem : —

“ Not of adamant and gold
Built be heaven stark and cold.
No ! but a nest of bending reeds,

Flowering grass, and scented weeds,
 Or like a traveller's fleeing tent,
 Or bow above the tempest bent,
 Built of tears and sacred flames,
 And virtue reaching to its aims, —
 Built of furtherance and pursuing,
 Not of spent deeds, but of doing."

But Mr. Emerson's poetry concerns itself but little with human joys or sorrows. His Muse oftenest affects the "heights of abstract contemplation." His religion (for it is on this subject that his Muse chiefly delights to dwell) appears to be borrowed from Plato and the dreamy mystics of the Ganges. The visible universe, with its myriad forms of animal, vegetable, mineral, and impalpable aerial existences, is in his view simply a masquerade of the World-Soul or Godhead, an infinite variation of the eternal unit, a *monad* which underlies and constitutes everything. God is a vast impersonal, unimpassioned energy merely, a "*vivida vis*," or creative potency. Man himself, though the highest manifestation of Deity, is, so far as his identity and individual being are concerned, a mere foam-bell, which arises for a moment on the rushing tides of existence, and is quickly reabsorbed into the oceanic essence of Deity.

"Onward and on, the eternal Pan,
 Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
 Halteth never in one shape,
 But for e'er doth escape,
 Like wave or flame, into new forms
 Of gems, and air, of plants, and worms."

This creed may do for a worshipper of the Beautiful simply, and may answer all the purposes of a poet and philosopher like Mr. Emerson; but there is a creed far nobler than this, a Deity unspeakably sublimer than his masquerading, Proteus-like World-Soul, and a heaven far higher even than his

"Pure realm
 Over sun and star,
 Over the flickering Dæmon film,
 Where all form
 Into one only form dissolves;
 where the wheel
 On which all beings ride
 Visibly revolves;
 Where the starred, eternal worm
 Girds the world with bound and term;

Where unlike things are like ;
 Where good and ill,
 And joy and moan,
 Melt into one."

It seems to us, in our ignorance, not a little singular that Emerson, with his keen intellect, piercing as a Damascus blade, and his upright moral character, could deliberately turn away from what he himself calls

"The riches of sweet Mary's son,
 Boy-Rabbi, Israel's paragon,"

to the altars of a vague, deified abstraction, like the Platonic *Zeus* or the Oriental *Brahma*, for such, as near as we can gather, is the God of his idolatry.

But to attempt anything like a careful examination of Emerson's poems within the compass of a short essay would be impossible, for each would furnish matter sufficient for an article. Suffice it to say, that these poems are among the most remarkable contributions to the literature of the present age, and as such they will undoubtedly be regarded by posterity.

N.

ORIGIN OF THE ITALIAN OPERA.

THOUGH almost every one is acquainted with the present state of the Italian Opera, there are few of our readers, probably, who have taken pains to inform themselves as to its origin and its early progress. All, however, who have listened with pleasure to the performances of Mario, Grisi, and other singers, during the last season, ought certainly to know the history of that form of the Drama which has in our day so nearly attained to perfection.

Some persons are inclined to claim for the Opera an antiquity equal to that of the oldest form of the Greek Drama. Indeed, some passages in ancient authors, almost inexplicable on any other supposition, as well as the general form of the Drama of the ancients as it has come down to us, seem to indicate that the declamation of the Grecian stage was like the recitative of the present day, modulated according to musical notes, and was also interrupted by occasional choruses precisely as in the modern Lyric Drama. Whether

this was actually the case has long been an unsettled question among antiquarians, and we fear it will be some time before the doubt is cleared up. We may, however, be assured the Opera had its origin in an attempt to revive the ancient style of delivery which was supposed to have been employed upon the Athenian stage. Thus it is derived, if not from the real, at least from an imaginary, style of ancient theatrical representation.

It is about the end of the sixteenth century that recitative, the distinguishing feature of operatic music, first appears. Music in some form or other had indeed long before this time held a prominent place in scenic representations, and even whole plays had been set to music and sung instead of being spoken. But it seems proper to date the origin of the Opera from the invention of recitative, for reasons which will appear as we proceed. Before this time (i. e. about the end of the sixteenth century) theatrical music had been written in parts, in the style of the Church; a style admirably adapted, no doubt, to express profound religious emotion, but for other purposes perhaps a little dry and stupid. The heavy choral, of which Old Hundred is a good specimen, is the mildest form of this kind of music which has been preserved to our time. Moreover, each of the *dramatis personæ* had consisted of a number of individuals, only one of whom, however, appeared upon the stage to represent the character, the others singing the harmony behind the scenes. Imagine the handsome tenor of the modern opera making love to the prima donna, which it will be remembered he invariably does with astonishing success, in a composition resembling Old Hundred or an organ fugue, and you will have a tolerably correct notion of the musical drama as it was before the invention of recitative. Indeed, music in general at that time had, both as a science and an art, declined very considerably even from what it had been at an earlier period, and gave as yet no promise of the dignity it was destined to attain in the compositions of the great Italian and German masters. No airs for single voices had yet been composed, and in part-music melody was entirely ignored. Harmony had become a science of permutations, and the problem was: Given a certain number of musical notes, to find how many hideous combinations they are capable of. It cannot be denied that composers were highly successful in solving this problem.

A new era was, however, about to commence in the history of music. The honor of introducing recitative, the element which in a

short time effected a complete revolution in the art, is disputed by two claimants, Jacopo Peri of Florence, and Emilio del Cavaliere of Rome, both of whom are said to have produced plays set to music throughout in the *stilo recitativo* about the year 1600. It is hardly possible that two persons should in the same year have hit upon so original an idea as that of musical declamation, but as it is impossible to decide between them now, they must share the glory together. And that glory is by no means small, if we consider the effect which has in course of time been produced by their invention. Yet we are not to suppose that recitative became at once what we now see it in the modern Italian Opera. "*Omnium rerum principia sunt parva sed suis progressionibus usu augentur*," says Cicero, and the Opera is certainly one of the *omnium rerum*. The best that can be said of the music of Peri and Cavaliere is that it is not disagreeable to modern ears. It is endurable, but, judging from some specimens we have seen, we should not recommend any one to practise it for his own amusement. It is to be noticed that in these first Operas, as well as in all that were composed for several years after, the recitative is only interrupted by occasional choruses, airs for single voices being as yet unknown. This must have rendered them somewhat monotonous, but not so much so as one might at first imagine, for the recitative was not so entirely dependent for its interest upon its connection with the action of the drama as at the present day. It had much of the melody which is now reserved for the airs, and had not that unsatisfactory way of ending anywhere in the scale which belongs to modern recitative, but closed regularly, like proper musical phrases.

It is difficult for us now-a-days fully to understand the change in the art of music which was effected by the invention of recitative, or to conceive how the beauty and grace of the Italian composers, and of such of the German as have imbibed their spirit, should have had their origin in those rude attempts at recitative which are found in the earliest Operas. But the explanation is found in the fact that now music became an imitative art. Instead of indicating only the ingenuity of the composer, it began to attempt to express emotions, as well as to gratify the sense of melody, objects which had both been completely lost sight of before. To effect these objects, composers began to imitate nature; and as nature abhors awkwardness, music began to acquire ease and grace, as well as expression. It would be well if art would oftener thus draw inspiration from nature.

No great change in the style of operatic music occurred during the first half of the seventeenth century, though the recitative was gradually improving, as new composers turned their attention to it, and expressed in that form the melody which their genius enabled them to invent or to perceive in the world around them. But about the middle of that century airs for single voices were introduced upon the stage. These had indeed been common elsewhere for two or three years, though they had not found their way into the Opera ; and it is worth noticing that Vincenzio Galilei, father of Galileo the astronomer, was the first to perform compositions of this kind. But Cesti, a Venetian composer, first perceived their fitness for the stage, and introduced them into his Operas to vary the monotony of the recitative. His works, though still rude, contain passages which possess much of modern grace, so that they show a great improvement over the efforts of his predecessors. A difference was now made between recitative and air, which was much to the advantage of both ; the former losing some of the stiffness and formality which belonged to the old style, and which gave it an effect like that produced by a sing-song tone in reading, was made to imitate more closely the modulations of the natural voice.

The melody, too, could now be more carefully elaborated without injury to the dramatic effect of the dialogue in the drama, than when what little there was of it was scattered along through the recitative. For it is to be remembered that music is not designed, as many would-be musicians seem to suppose, simply to add emphasis to the words, but to express in a manner peculiar to itself the prevailing passion or emotion, without descending to particulars. This is more apparent in an instrumental composition, where it is the only effect, but it is no less real in those composed for the voice. Recitative, however, though it is to a certain extent musical, is nevertheless declamatory, and regards much more the particular words of the dialogue than the general idea. The two effects are of course often united together, but it is necessary carefully to distinguish them in order to understand operatic music, or, what is more to the purpose at present, to appreciate the influence upon it of the introduction of airs upon the stage. It is to ignorance or disregard of this distinction that are to be traced those absurd attempts at what is called expression, which make the music of many of our churches ridiculous rather than impressive. Cesti was also the first composer who introduced the *Da Capo* or return to the first movement of a

piece after a passage of somewhat different character, which is used with such fine effect in the modern Opera.

Between the time of Peri and that of Cesti great improvements had been made in accompaniments. The orchestra at first consisted of only two or three instruments, but various composers had added to the number, so that by Cesti's time it contained from fifteen to twenty, and equalled in everything but wind instruments that of our own time. Monteverde in particular exercised such taste in his accompaniments that even now many composers might study his works with advantage.

After the airs were, as we have said, separated from the recitative, the attention of musicians was called to these beautiful airs, which are handed down from generation to generation among the common people of Europe. Though these had been treated with contempt by the learned, they nevertheless contained the only melody which had not been destroyed by the pedantry and affectation of shallow contrapuntists. Salvator Rosa, the great painter, was one of the first who introduced them into their compositions. This versatile genius treated music with the same boldness that marked him as a painter, and in the little pieces of his which have been preserved, there are passages which are extremely pleasing even to modern ears. Yet there seems to be something ephemeral in the very nature of operatic music, so quickly does the old give way to the new. Even that of Handel is now entirely forgotten, while his sacred compositions are still studied as models by the greatest masters. This must be attributed to the ornaments which the vanity of the singer has always caused the composer to append to the music. These naturally go out of fashion, and the good music must go with them, unless it is rescued by some diligent musician and produced in a new form. But as quotation marks do not appear in music, the original composer is forgotten. A large part of modern music is made up of passages taken from ancient operas, or at least the themes have been drawn from that source.

The latter half of the seventeenth century did not produce many composers of Operas who are worthy of note. In fact, the love of music seems to have given way to a taste for machinery and decoration, such as in our own times has given rise to those interesting and very instructive performances at the Boston Museum, which were called Spectacles. Accordingly in many instances the name of the composer does not appear in the printed copies of the drama,

while the names of the machinists and painters are carefully preserved. In the Opera of *Berenice*, produced in 1680, there appeared choruses of one hundred virgins, one hundred soldiers, and in a triumphal procession were led two elephants and two lions, followed by a triumphal car drawn by four horses, and six smaller cars containing prisoners and spoils. Everything else was made to correspond to this magnificence, and it may be supposed that there was little attention paid to music amid all this splendor of scenic effect.

But though the Opera thus seemed to be on the decline, it was in fact becoming greatly improved. It was at this time the Cantata, or little chamber Opera for two or three voices, began to appear. This style of composition, together with the Oratorio, which was then much more free in its choice of subjects than at present, drew off the greater number of respectable musicians from the composition of Operas. Yet so closely connected are these two styles of music with the musical drama, that any improvement in the former was quickly adopted into the latter. Among the masters who composed Cantatas, Carissimi holds the first place. His recitative is much in advance of that of any of his predecessors, dramatic in its effect, and divested of all the stiffness which up to his time had always marked this style of music, notwithstanding the improvements which had been made in it since its invention. In fact, it would be impossible to distinguish many passages from modern recitative. His airs are exceedingly graceful and pleasing, not, to be sure, adorned with the excessive ornament of the later Italian school, but unmarred by such odd intervals and abrupt modulations as are found in the works of his predecessors. Besides Carissimi may be mentioned Luigi Rossi, Alessandro Scarlatti, and Stradella, all of whom aided much in improving recitative, and freeing melody from the trammels of artificial rules. All of these masters have been freely copied by modern composers, and many of the compositions we admire now-a-days are only music from their Cantatas somewhat differently arranged. Of Stradella a curious anecdote is told. Having incurred the hatred of a Venetian nobleman in a romantic love affair, he was to be assassinated by two villains on his return from the performance of one of his oratorios. But they were so much affected by his music that they forbore to kill him, and he escaped from the city with the lady who was the original cause of the nobleman's hatred. He was, however, finally killed by other less sensitive assassins. Scarlatti composed also a number of Operas, of which only fragments remain.

He excelled chiefly in harmony, and his modulations are bold, yet by no means harsh, like those of many of his contemporaries.

We have now come to the eighteenth century, a new era in the history of the musical drama, the age of Handel, Porpora, Pergolesi, and a host of inferior composers. It would be exceedingly interesting to note the progress of the Opera during this age, as well as to consider the perfection it has reached in the hands of Glück and Mozart, and the modern Italian school, but so extended an account would be foreign to our present purpose, which is simply to show from what small beginnings has arisen the present Italian Opera.

EDITORS' TABLE.

PINDAR very justly remarks that the divine power of song, while it charms the souls of the pure in heart and does them every imaginable sort of good, adds pang upon pang to the sufferings of the wicked; so that no sooner does Apollo twang his golden lyre, or the purple-tressed Muses thrill their symphonious preludes, than all the bad are again hauled over the coals of Hades, and thrice-confounded Typhon bellows anew under ponderous *Ætna*. Run away with by his windy, lyric magnificence, the aged bard furthermore sayeth not. Let us stop the gap in his moralizing. The profane are not simply disturbed by music; that, you will please observe, is only the first effect. They are afterwards, and that too after no very long interval, soothed and healed by it; are themselves won to noble raptures, brought over, as it were, to the camps of the converted; they leave their sins behind them, and even aspire to membership in the vocal choir. Evidence enough of the soundness of this logic and the excellence of this figurativeness may be found in the chapters of our recent College history which have been transacted in the Chapel and in the basement of University.

Speaking more seriously, it is not a part of our editorial plan to furnish an accurate and regular account of passing College events. For this reason we shall not dwell at length upon the late addition of instruction in music to the other advantages we are blessed with. Its benefits are daily becoming more and more obvious. Not only does music do all for the mind that dancing does for the body, — and thus as far excelling that, as an accomplishment merely, as spirit transcends matter, — but it does positive good of great value by lightening the burden of thought and study, by resting the tired, cheering up the moody, and giving a graceful employment to the silly. Health is perhaps more benefited by mental recreation than by bodily exercise; and in this way musical are by all odds preferable to gymnastic performances. Music has grander and more powerful claims upon us than the striking merits we have mentioned. These need not be urged, for everybody is persuaded of them.

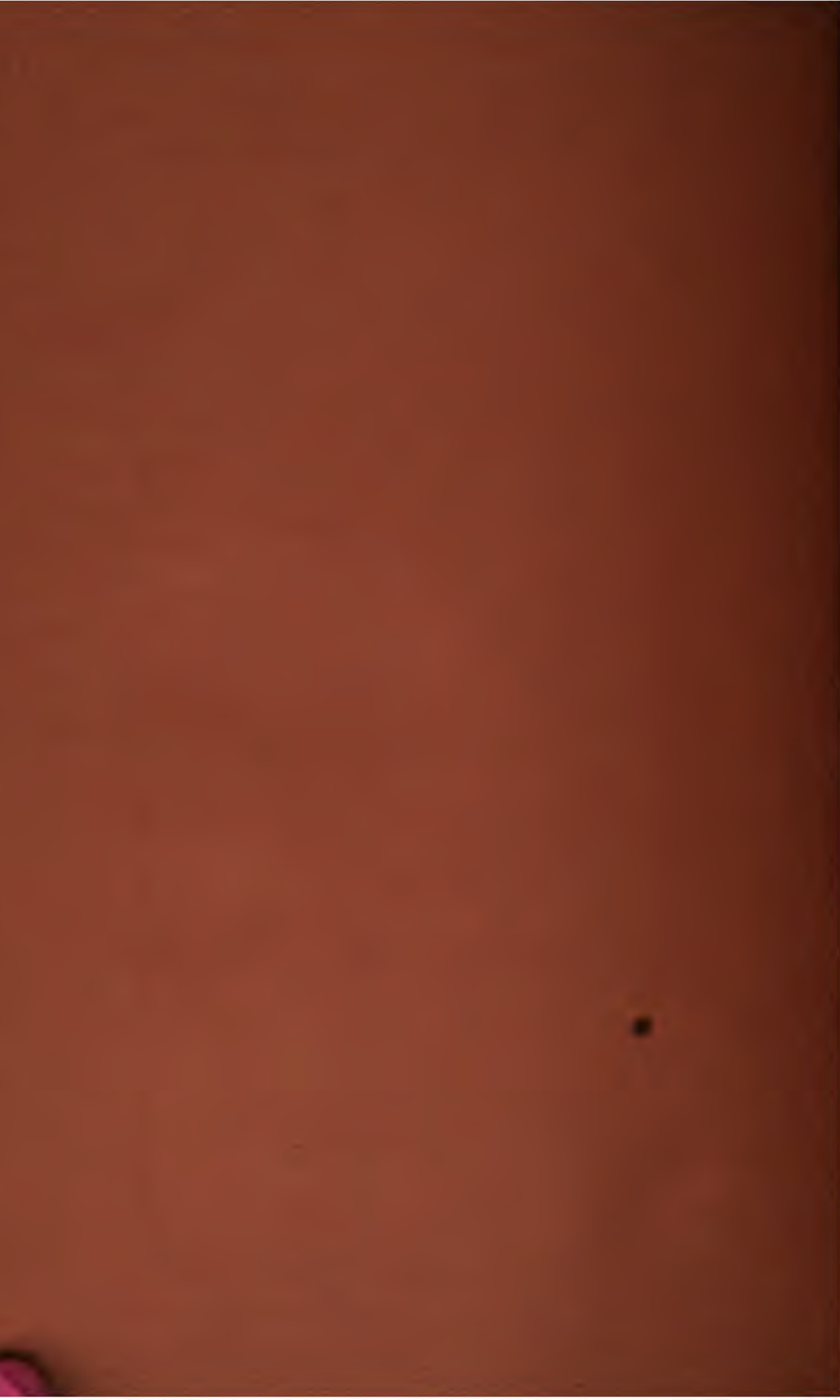
We may not have any *Marios* or *Badialis* among us, to be sure; but the revo-

lution in the choir and the occasional singing at evening prayers shows that with practice and instruction we can so fill the chapel with harmonious sound, that attendance there will no longer be a dry and tedious form, were there even no other change in the character of its services. Already, when the few brave throats whose owners lead the march of College psalmody raise their sacred song, it is curious to note how ears that used to droop are now intent.

After a while, doubtless, the effects of this excellent step will manifest themselves in other directions. The promiscuous yelling which has been wont to make our hours of merriment hideous, will give way to tuneful choruses and well-measured melody; "Villikins and Dinah" will remain undisturbed in their melancholy grave; "the three times 'round" of "our gallant ship," will not put out the lights with harsh dissonance, nor Chick-a-chee-long remind us of the hoarse horrors of frogs piping their marshy joys.

It was hinted above that another change has been made in the Chapel beside that which affects the organ-loft. It might hardly seem respectful in this connection, the fool's cap and bells of the editorial gear hardly yet laid aside, to express to the full our deep sense of the worth of the noble clergyman and gentleman who has just come to our College pulpit; nor is it for us to estimate the nature and extent of an influence which promises so much for the best interests of all who shall come within its happy sphere. We have no disposition for panegyric, nor can it ever become a matter of course among us students to blindly throw up caps for each new celebrity. And so seldom is it that our hearts and our honest convictions go along with our huzzas when these are shouted,—so seldom is our respect wholly cordial and sincere, or our praise candid and judicious,—that the rare and fortunate correspondence ought to be heralded with the earliest opportunity.





THE

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THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1855.

No. 10.

CHARLES LAMB.

"To be sure, he was a man made to be loved." — BURKE.

To how few men, known only through their writings, could we apply these words of Burke; and yet, even without the touching and endearing memorials of his life which have been furnished us, can any one lay down the essays and letters of Lamb, and not feel that his admiration of the author is second to his love for the man?

One could hardly fail to notice the frequent allusions to city life and scenes which abound in the works of our author, and which show us how much he loved the crowded streets, the busy markets, the din and bustle, which characterize all great cities, and most of all great London. And no wonder he loved it; for here he was born in the year 1775, and here he passed, with little exception, the whole of his life. He enjoyed no advantages of birth or station, (for his father was a servant, as he himself tells us,) but at an early age was sent to the school of Christ's Hospital, and remained there till his fifteenth year. He was a great favorite with his masters and schoolfellows, on account of his amiable and gentle disposition, and particularly from his infirmity of speech. When he left the charity school, Lamb obtained a situation as clerk in the East India Company's service, which he retained for more than thirty years. His evenings were now often spent with some of his old schoolfellows, and particularly with Coleridge, with whom he had formed an intimacy when a Blue Coat boy. This friendship,

which lasted through his life, seems to have had much influence in forming Lamb's tastes and character; for Coleridge, fresh from the University, and "full of mantling hopes and glorious schemes," found a companion ready and eager to listen with attention and admiration to his eloquent discourse. The friends used to meet and have a supper at a little inn called the "Salutation and Cat," and at these meetings, often prolonged till the small hours of the night, Lamb says the first sparks of his love for poetry and the beautiful were kindled by the delicate and imaginative eloquence of which he was the enchanted listener. It was at these meetings that the design of publishing a volume of poems, the joint production of the two friends, originated.

We now see Lamb at the age of twenty, in the first flush of youthful hopes and aspirations, just commencing to write verses,—inspired partly by his own genius, partly by the example of Coleridge, and especially by his passionate love for a certain "fair-haired maid,"—and just entering upon a life which, to the ambitious mind of youth, was full of brilliant hopes and glorious promises for the future. But this bright and sunny prospect was suddenly obscured by a cloud of pitchy darkness, for a terrible domestic calamity fell upon the Lamb family. Charles was at this time living with his father and mother,—both of whom were in ill health,—and his only sister, Mary, who was about ten years older than himself. Worn out and harassed by excessive watching and over-fatigue in attending upon her invalid parents, Mary Lamb (who had before at times manifested symptoms of lunacy), in a sudden paroxysm of madness, seized a knife from the table, and instantly killed her mother. She was removed to an asylum, and soon regained her reason; but as her malady was liable to break out at any time, it would have been necessary for her to have remained an inmate of the madhouse for life, had not Charles performed an act of heroic self-sacrifice and generous brotherly love. He promised that he would take his sister under his own charge, and watch over her for the remainder of his life. He was at the time paying his addresses to a young lady, as I have said; but all thoughts of marriage must now be abandoned, and all his attention and care be given to his unfortunate sister. He never wavered in the prosecution of his self-appointed duty, but nobly, generously, heroically, devoted his life and all his love to this one object. We can judge how sad and terrible a change he had brought upon himself, for we

know that his sister was many times seized with temporary derangement, and was forced to take frequent refuge in a lunatic asylum. There are in Lamb's own letters many allusions to her sad absences, and on one occasion, about twenty years after her first attack, he writes : " Mary has been ill and gone from home these five weeks ; she has left me very lonely and very miserable. I stroll about, but there is no rest but at one's own fireside, and there is no rest for me there now." At another time a friend met them walking together, " both weeping bitterly ! and found, on joining them, that they were taking their solemn way to the accustomed asylum."

When we remember that this devotion was not merely exercised from a consciousness of the past calamity, but during the frequent repetitions of these visitations, and during constant terror and apprehension of them, we can appreciate the patient suffering, the self-denying love, the constant, tender, devoted affection, of which he was so bright an example. And who can wonder that, constituted as he was with a natural inclination for the stimulus of strong drinks, — which were manifestly intended for the *moderate* use and enjoyment of man, — he should have sometimes snatched an hour of excitement " between the acts," as he called them, " of his distressful drama," especially during the depressing intervals of his sister's absence.

The remainder of Lamb's life is not distinguished by any marked events. He remained in the India House, at what he calls the " dry drudgery of the desk's dead wood," until the year 1825, when he retired with a pension, and gave more of his time to writing the essays and other literary productions, the composition of which had before formed his recreation in the intervals of business. His last years were passed quietly in literary pursuits, in the care of his sister, and in the enjoyment of the society of a circle of intimate friends.

In taking a view of the works of Charles Lamb, let us first glance at his poems, the first and at the same time the worst of his writings. Not that they are by any means poor, but they are generally destitute of the characteristics which render his other writings so pleasing. Once in a while we meet with a striking verse or an elegant poem, and there is a gentle, calm, amiable tone running through all of them ; but they are not characterized by any very deep or bold thoughts or strong expressions. We must except, however, his " Farewell to Tobacco," a humorous, fantastic piece, written

something in the style of some of his livelier essays, and also his lines on the "Old Familiar Faces : —

"How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
All, all, are gone ; the old familiar faces."

But if Lamb's poems are of no more than ordinary merit, his "Essays of Elia" have achieved for him a world-wide reputation. No one, we think, can have read these without learning to love Lamb with all his heart. We are pleased at once by the mixture of delicate, felicitous humor and rich imagination, by his quaint, original, and almost faultless style, by his manly thought, and by his nice criticism. It is hard to say in what his wit consisted. There is no coarse humor to excite your uproarious mirth ; he does not make you laugh by investing in a comic dress what would naturally receive sympathy and respect, or by presenting grotesque images of noble and serious things. It does not depend upon single brilliant or pointed expressions for its effect, nor upon the puns which he is continually making. In short, it is nothing specific, nothing tangible ; it is a quality, a flavor, with which all his thoughts and words are imbued. It is a subtle, delicate spirit, which pervades all his writings, finding its way to the reader's heart by a thousand different approaches. The delighted intellect acknowledges the irresistible influences exerted, and at the same time confesses itself unable to analyze the power which it so gladly obeys.

Lamb was essentially an original author. He stands alone among the great crowd of English writers. Some of his odd conceits and quaint language are to be attributed to his great familiarity with the old English authors. We imperceptibly and insensibly adopt to a certain extent the manner and style of the class of writers who form our daily study. This influence was so strong in Lamb, that not only his essays, but his letters and most common conversation, were tinged with the manner of his old favorites. Anything like formal imitation or affectation of style, however successful it may be, always offends and displeases us ; but exactly opposite feelings are excited by the resemblance of manner which is produced by habitual reading of the works of favorite authors. The structure of Lamb's mind was perfectly original, and its fresh, racy productions, clothed in language which received a quaint, antique coloring from the source already mentioned, formed an intellectual combination of peculiar richness. Undoubt-

edly, in order to make perfect this blending, — this amalgamation, — the mind must have originally a predisposition which induces it to turn with pleasure to the class of minds which are to modify it. So it was with Lamb. We can see in the original formation of his mind, in the character of his imagination, and in the vein of his humor, much which led him to seek the old writers; and his intimacy with them reacted on the development of his intellect and formation of his style.

The subjects of Lamb's essays are often found in the common paths of life. He writes on just such topics as no one else would ever think of for a moment. But he gives an importance to whatever he speaks of, — however humble and commonplace it may seem at first sight, — and sheds a grace over the most uncouth and apparently uninteresting circumstances. Who but he could have written that delicious "Dissertation upon Roast Pig," or the ludicrous account of the "Inconveniences of Being Hanged," or the humorous paper on the "Melancholy of Tailors"?

When he speaks of the impressions of early childhood, how clearly and vividly does he describe them. With wonderful distinctness and force does he lead us back to our infant days, transforms us for the time into little children again, as we pass with him through the dim memories of infancy. His are no forced, unnatural descriptions, nor are they babyish and affected. They come from the heart, and he seems to put them on paper, not for others to read, but because they came pouring out from his soul with a power that he cannot resist. When we read them, they seem not like the thoughts of another man, printed in a book, but we put on the dreamy garb of childish memory, and, as it were in a reverie, revive again the distant experiences and impressions which are hidden under the more active and stirring realities of our later years. He takes us by the hand and transports us back to those early days when we thought life was never to end; when we gazed with childish wonder and veneration upon objects now grown familiar; when our eager fancy invested with mystery and dread some common object or simple circumstance.

In "Witches and other Night Fears," where he touches the very heart of our nature, he tells us how his infant mind was excited by the horrible picture of the witch of Endor, in Stackhouse's "History of the Bible." We seem to see again those dim phantoms, the spectres and goblins that were wont to flit about our pillow and

haunt us in the sleeping and waking hours of the night, when trembling we started from awful dreams only to see new terrors in the darkness, and to hide our heads under the friendly protection of the bed-clothes.

In "Dream-Children," how beautifully does he delineate his little listeners, John and Alice. We can hardly help forgetting that he was a bachelor, and that this is merely a reverie. We can see his little daughter spreading her hands and looking sober, or her little right foot playing an involuntary movement, or John trying to look courageous, or smiling with contempt, at the changes in the story.

But while he delighted so much in the reminiscences of his childhood, Lamb has written upon manly subjects, with manly and original power. His criticisms upon the Old English Dramatists are penetrating and original, and the beautiful essay on the tragedies of Shakespeare, considered with reference to their fitness for stage representation, is unsurpassable.

Yet, after all, the humorous essays are the most delightful of all his writings, and they are what has given him his popularity; and the essay on that *princeps obsoniorum*, "Roast Pig," is perhaps his masterpiece. His words regarding his favorite delicacy are most peculiarly appropriate to himself: "He is good throughout; he helpeth all around; he is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbors' fare."

It is in a man's private correspondence that we may expect to see his real character exhibited. It is there that his nature shows itself in its true light, as much as in his conversation. But it is very seldom that we meet with an elegant or interesting letter-writer. Cowper and Lamb were both exceptions to this rule, for their letters are the most charming productions. On reading the letters of Lamb, we are struck by the resemblance they bear to his essays, and, indeed, several of them were afterwards converted into essays, more by additions to them than by any alteration of their structure. There is the same quaint vein pervading them all, and they show plainly the ease and naturalness of his style. Many of these letters are to Coleridge, and Lamb seems to have taken peculiar pleasure in joking with and at him, and sometimes is a little provoking, as where he sends some whimsical theological questions, requesting him to answer them. The nature of these questions may be seen from the following specimens:—

"Whether God loves a lying angel better than a true man?"

“ Whether the Archangel Uriel *could* knowingly affirm an untruth, and whether, if he *could*, he *would* ? ”

“ Whether an immortal and amenable soul may not come to be damned at last, and the man never suspect it beforehand ? ”

A droll example of the pains he took to carry out a joke is seen where he takes the trouble to write a long letter to Wordsworth in alternate lines of red and black ink ; a labor which he carries on through the whole epistle without any comment or mention, except where he says he is glad a strong passage against some satirists falls upon a red line, as it makes it “ more bloody,” and at the close he quietly remarks : “ How do you like my way of writing with two inks ? I think it pretty and motley. Suppose Mrs. W. adopts it, the next time she holds the pen for you.”

Following out the same conceit, he pathetically commences a letter to Coleridge, “ a letter in the blood of your poor friend would indeed be of a nature to startle you ; but this is naught but harmless red ink, and, as the witty mercantile phrase hath it, clerk’s blood.”

There may be some of our readers, though we trust the number is very small, who are not at all acquainted with Lamb’s writings, who have never read a single Essay of Elia. To all such unfortunates, the full assurance will be given by the united voices of our author’s admirers and friends, that nowhere can they find more genial humor and delicate wit, more enchanting originality, than in Charles Lamb. And we shall feel that the short sketch we have given has accomplished an object higher than it deserves, if it has made any one know more intimately or love more warmly “ the beautiful essayist, the contented Londoner, the toil-worn clerk of thirty years standing, the finest of humorists, the most faithful of brothers.”

•

THE OMNIBUS.

CHUM is simpering before the plane reflector, sedulously doing his back hair, and admiring his neck-tie. Fascinating creature, arrayed in a style of Sardanapalian splendor and death's-head waistcoat-buttons, he goes to pass the day in American Athens, thus leaving Stag No. 40 all my own for bachelor meditation, of interruption free. Already he leaves his love, twirls his stick, and is gone. For my own part, after sitting an hour idly staring at blank paper, like a book-keeper shirking his ledger, I have taken the pen from behind my ear, and in crazy hieroglyphics tried to describe the merits of the Puritans. In vain. Yesterday my notions about these sober-sided heroes were as convergent as the hairs of a horse's tail; but now Ralpho and Sir Hudibras have ridden through them, and they are as scattered as the French at Waterloo. Shipwrecked here, I turn to the solemn rites of Demeter. Alas! with a worse result. The College Library is closed, and in my present indolent mood it would n't matter much if it were open; the Bojesen on my shelf, sole relic of ancient classical studies, is not the sort of cram for the purpose; and I can't draw on my recollection, for I don't precisely know who Demeter was, nor why the Pagans were so very tumultuous on her account. But I have resisted the fossil and metamorphic charms of Nahant for the sake of trying my hand at magazine-writing; so write I must. I know the style of article you want, as they say at the cheap-clothing shops where I often deal. Something stout and substantial, without much fringing, rather in the way of those solid exhibition performances after a dig's own heart, which move the bile of the intellectual old women who do the criticisms of the Pitch-dark Transtwaddle, and other excellent family newspapers.

My present helplessness I have declared, and you know very well, dear Black, what general disadvantages I labor under, such as the inclemency of the weather, the high price of provisions, the finite divisibility of time, and an enforced tugging at the oar of science with a dozen man-of-war's-men power. Therefore, most magnanimous of Editors, disappointing your just expectations and crossing my own inclination, I must refuse to gratify your and the world's laudable curiosity with regard to the solemn subjects of which I

promised you a discussion. This feeble pen cannot now adequately portray the Mission and Character of Kill-Sin Pimple of Wilham, nor expatiate on The True Function of Wind Instruments in the Eleusinian Mysteries. I can only throw a tub to the whale.

Instead, then, of receiving a finished specimen of scholarly composition, patched with learned quotations, smelling all over of burning-fluid and the classical dictionary, or a prosy skeleton of Neal's History, let this paltry, hasty scribble be foisted off on you, the original of which I just now fished out of a literary rag-bag. This defection truly aches my soul, and must naturally exasperate your usually amiable feelings. Don't stint yourself in abuse; you are quite right. Be a little frantic, try a fit or two; break things, crumple the manuscript, savagely dot all its i's, and cross all its t's with red ink, drawing hideous shapes between the lines. Only don't reject; for Heaven's sake, don't burn it.

It was a production of that most fervid period, the Sophomore year, when the butterfly fancy, having just burst the squalid bonds of chrysalis Freshmanhood, rejoices to fly around in all directions, and invests all things in crimson hues; when the Institute bathes joyously in dates, which are to everybody, except the plastic Sophomore, Harvard Hall well knows how dry; when so humble an object as the very College Pump is thought cheated of its dues in the distribution of creation's splendors, unless it is occasionally wreathed, while pyrotechnic ministers of magnificence wait around, with the blue lights of glory. Ah! such is life. My young affections centred on the Omnibus for reasons which really psychology ought to look into. Marvellous are the changes wrought by time. The treadmill would now present itself as a theme equally pleasant. But without more ado, as I have at last wriggled down to the subject, it shall be brought out, dusted a little, have its axles oiled, and be fairly submitted to inspection.*

At the very outset of a large-hearted and philosophical consideration of the Omnibus, a difficulty meets us of no little moment.

* Our garrulous contributor seems to have been at some pains in his grotesquely anxious, apologetic prefatory remarks, addressed confidentially to ourselves. Besides, their space conveniently fills an awkward chink in our paging. Accordingly we have struck out his modest brackets and printed the explanation along with the exhumation, one being worth just about as much as the other. — He needed not to trouble himself, however, for we had forgotten both his promise and his inane existence. We hope his health is improving. — *Editor's Note.*

One, too, the more important in that it involves a distressing jar upon the delicate tympanum of the classically refined. Ahem ! The lamentable spirit of opposition to all parade not absolutely necessary, of ridicule of all pretension that winces under the probing of severe criticism, while it has taught us to flout the pompous claims and gorgeous tinsel of feudal knights, has also descended so low that it even snatches from the poor tyro just from his Andrews and Stoddard the miserable privilege of gaining a little praise, and may be pound-cake, by showing off his familiarity with the inflections of the second declension. Ribald irreverence derides equally Don Quixote for what it disgustingly calls his humbug of chivalry, and the Jacky Horners of the grammar-school for their humbug of pedantry. The embryo Bentleys may not comprehend the nature of their crime, yet the mob will point the finger of scorn at them. It is to be feared, then, since the public mind is in this shocking state, that offensive gallinaceous matter would be discharged at any one who, in a fit of classical rapture, should call general attention to a plurality of the most popular of vehicles by employing the elegant and Ciceronian expression *omnibi*. Shade of Tully, and well-thumbed pages of our ancient grammar ! I know that it is wrong, a regular *nefas*, — that in the Blessed Isles the philologists of Byzantium will kick and Varro cuff me, — that it is coward, unscholarlike, worst of all, Jacobinical ; but I would dodge the spoilt eggs of a jeering rabble, I bow to the unclean spirit of the age, and say — Omnibuses. So far, but no farther. Never, while the memory of Johnson and Richardson, of Campbell and Latham, tenants this distracted globe, shall a page of mine be polluted with the vile word “bus.” “Busses” is more excusable, because it is delightfully ambiguous. For the one there is no authority in Shakespeare, nor does it occur in the verse of Smith. The other, with its sweet synonymes, abounds, or ought to abound, in both poets ; and in its tender, human signification, who would not be happy to use it hourly, and that too not only in the cold abstract way of writing or speaking.

Having thus attended to the grammatical wrongs of the Omnibus, it is time to take a sad leave of etymology, and, with a feeling of disgrace, such as is inseparable from all sorts of compromise, to seek better cheer elsewhere. Why not discuss the present merits and defects, and the possible improvements of the Omnibus, from a scientific point of view ? A great deal of genius has been wasted

in the world upon the construction of Lord Rosse's magnificent reflector and similar toys of science, which ought to have been sacredly directed to the invention of new cushion-springs of rocket-like elasticity, and to the excogitation of other less obvious additions to the already numerous comforts and attractions of Omnibuses. Only a poor devil of an astronomer here and there can get any good from those wonderful triumphs of misguided intellect. All the world wants elegance and easy session in its four-penny rides. Let our young Newtons and Brewsters, however, think about this suggestive topic for themselves. A just article upon it would be as corpulent as is the dear machine itself.

The history of the omnibus is wrapt in the blackest obscurity. Fruitless have been extensive excavations among the ruins of antiquity. Bulwer's Pompeii says nothing to the point. I scorn the attempt to torture the pure Latinity of Virgil, Horace, and their brothers, by putting a false construction upon equivocal datives plural. Instances of the use of the word in connection with a change of position, and indeed with the swiftest haste, are copious in the best writers, it must be confessed; especially in Livy's battle-pictures. Still the candid antiquarian cannot dispossess his mind of the conviction, that the instruments of locomotion meant in those cases are either those which every one of our species carries about him, or the chariots of chieftains and optimates; or, more rarely, the heavy plaustra, donkey-wagons, and ox-carts of the ancient farmers, sutlers, and truckmen. It is sickening to plod ineffectually through the erudite pages of the Gallus and the Charicles; the stolid, spiritless Becker, probably through an intensely brutal and Teutonic ignorance of the present existence of the glorious machine here treated of, alludes to it in not a single passage, not even by way of racking the ghost of a pun to support an ingenious hypothesis.

During the Middle Ages, the institution of Omnibuses, supposing that it had previously existed, sunk, of course, with all else that was truly noble and good. When the hard doom of serfdom wrung the last farthing from the toil-worn hands of the laborer, how could an institution be supported which imperatively demands cash payment for tickets, and which is of too social, undignified a character to have suited the stiff, stately, and stupid barons who alone in those days were able to comply with that honest regulation.

But there is no assurance of its previous existence. The seeker for truth must turn to times nearer our own to determine the period

of the invention — nay, of the discovery — of this great, cheap, charitable mode of conveyance. Woe 's me ! *ai ! ai !* here too the hand of the Destroyer has been at work. The annals of modern history give no clew to the name or age of that great Benefactor of the Race, the Columbus, the Necker, the Howard of Omnibuses. Other divine men of the same stamp, though hardly of equal desert, have had a happier fate. Poetry hath in sweetest strains, both lyric and heroic, sung of De Wårreyme, who first gave sooty splendor to the human boot. Daily our journals harp upon the merits of Bug-extermimating Lyon, and in parallel columns vaunt the glories of McLane, the darling of babes, terrible to worms. Cod-liver oil has exalted a dozen geniuses. The Mustang Liniment man is known to fame. Statues have been erected of Fulton and Watt. But the parish register wherein were recorded the natal particulars of the Father of Omnibuses can be found only on Tom Tiddler's ground ; descriptions of his inaugural trip, the earliest schedule of charges and primal way-bill have gone after the lost decades of the Roman historian and the Spanish division's knowledge of the Greek language. To a grateful posterity he is the Great Unknown.

Yet of this we may be sure, — the inventor drew his inspiration from the American and French Revolutions. The great principles of brotherhood, equality, and small charges so grandly trumpeted by those Plutonic changes, fell as seed upon the kindly soil of that man's practical spirit. From this source was born an institution which has relieved pedestrians of slim purse from the base necessity of trudging through the mire, plunging blindly through the dust, and adding fearfully to the ties which bind them to the exorbitant impostors who furnish swiftly melting protection to the foot of man. O the bold push he made for fortune and for fame ! Our consolation must be, that although naughty fame beat him back from her Malakoff, yet fortune could not but surrender. Millions of grateful sixpences flowed into that worthy's cash-box, and it was for him that copper mines were quarried.

With the progressive development of the principles of liberty and constitutional government, the improvement and development of the capabilities of the omnibus to meet the demands of the age, the luxurious and fastidious age, have kept a steadily even pace. The first fruits of the grand revolutions look sorry, green, and sour, beside the mellow, plump, and juicy bearings of to-day. Our ancestors fancied that in their summaries of principles they had filled

the whole page of political ethics ; the earliest drivers weakly imagined there was a limit to the number of fares they could accommodate. Riper experience has shown, that both with principles and passengers there is always "room for one more." Yes, let the foggy, the *laudator temporis acti*, who sighs for those benighted days when even drunken, lumbering stages were a blessing in the remote future, when the iron horse had not nearly slept out his nap all undiscovered in his slaty, rock-bound repose,—let these oligarchs sneer at the boast, — the rise of the Omnibus belongs to the period of the Diffusion of Knowledge, the reign of Rational Government, and the lively skips of Human Progress during the Nineteenth Century. Whether the Omnibus sustained the relation of cause, or simply that of effect, with regard to these glorious things, the impartial historian must decide. The opinion of a partisan — let no false shame throttle the acknowledgment — is biased.

We are to translate the word Omnibus just as all general statements are taken. In this imperfect sphere, there must always be exceptions. There are certain illustrious, matchless mortals who ought always to ride on horses, or in carriages, to be borne along on the shoulders of the multitude, or to be kept in-doors. Thus of men we should not wish to meet in an omnibus Socrates, the Duke of Wellington, Uncle Tom, President Pierce, or Mr. Mellen ; nor of women, the Queen of Sheba, Lady Godiva, Joan of Arc, or Abby Folsom. In favor of mincing gentility and shabby pride no exception can be made. Costly swells do a kindness to the cause of good taste by keeping on the sidewalk, where their absurdity is more conspicuous.

One lacks heart to mention all the comforts, convenience, and manifold blessings of which the omnibus is the seat and source. The enthusiasm of its panegyrist would gush its path through folios, and the dearest hopes of life would slip away while the theme were pursued. It will be enough to point out how social and kindly feelings are promoted by this mode of travel. Suppose the gaudy, capacious, lovely, lop-sided machine has moved off from her moorings at the spanking pace of two miles an hour. There is such a jam that she does n't pitch much when Palinurus on the box suddenly heaves to. There is a gay bonnet at the door. You arouse from your home reverie, and admire the pretty damsel who trips in, hesitating as to her chance of a place, and fearing to annoy some well-adjusted occupant of a seat on the shady side. You give your somnolent neighbor a manly push, exchange a roguish wink with the

wicked Divinity Student on the other side, tuck up your skirts, make a vigorous squeeze or two, and politely point your Saturday glove to the gap thus gallantly made. There she is close beside you, and you feel for all the world as if a gently titillating feather were applied to the small of your back. Well sings Tom Moore, — is n't it? —

O, happy too the silent press!

Everybody looks pleased. Were you to give way to your inclination, you would shake hands all around, kiss the pouting cherries of the new-comer, give a fatherly pat to the sticky cherub who is slobbering candy in the old lady's lap, hug that matronly respectability, and bestow your hat upon the crisp, glossy African in the corner.

Pretty girl, sleepy old hunks with the umbrella, venerable female in old Continental costume and her moon-eyed darling, that amiable, oleaginous Ethiop, together with the well-starched, neatly gloved merchant, with safe speculation in his eye and not a wrinkle in his shirt-front, the three strong-minded Irish virgins on a half-holiday, brave in ribbons and smelling of onions, solemn young prig in new boots and alarming choker, — where would you have time and opportunity to study these comical yet perfectly natural creatures but in an omnibus?

Fretful, nervous folks complain and are sorely chafed because their corns are aggrieved in Omnibuses. They blaspheme the people's carriage because stifling clouds of dust in wanton accumulations pour through its windows. They mourn that the horses are constantly curbed by sluggish drivers, and declare that on the whole they are confoundedly jostled, bumped, hampered, heated, head-ached, and mashed in Omnibuses. What feebleness of mind! Can bunyons be set off as a fair equivalent for economy and convenience? Sha'n't *pulverem collegisse* bring joy to students of Horace, and ought not everybody be satisfied when they are? Don't humane feelings prompt you to check the natural impetuosity of fiery steeds? What does it matter if your worship is a trifle physically discomposed, provided you make a fellow-mortal happy and save him sixpence? Ride outside, ungracious grumblers, exalted above the ignoble vulgar, and there enjoy the sublime liberty of kicking the atmospheric air with your transcendental heels.

These complaints are not in all cases founded on grounds of solid dissatisfaction; their mean and mercenary cause is only too often palpable. The malignity of many enemies of the Omnibus springs from the base spirit of competition. They aspire, forsooth, to the

management of railroads and the acquisition of stock in them. Others dream dreams of riding in their own coaches, or of becoming hirers of hackneys to the pursier part of the population. May the gods forgive them ; the honest multitude of men will heed them not, but despise their pride, their narrow ambition, and their dirty abuse. It is through the slanders of such selfish croakers that any reason has been given for the melancholy prediction, that in the course of a few short years the railroad car will oust the Omnibus from Main Street route, and no more at nine of a Saturday morning will Jehu's " Ready for Boston " gladden the ears of homesick Freshmen. Dreadful to tell, now that this feeble tribute to the best of vehicles is again perused, the prophecy is near fulfilment, the wicked have triumphed, and the iron abomination is already past the bridge. But a like calamity cannot happen everywhere, nor may it be perpetual here. In the blissful future Mammon will be no longer worshipped, and railways and walking will be given up together. And we have every reason to believe and to hope, that when the lion and the lamb shall chum together, then no sordid cares need force the nations to foot it, — no tyrannous fare-collector will invade the sanctity of the Democratic Barouche ; for the Millennium will probably be ushered in with free Busses for a free people.

MAUD.*

NEARLY three months have elapsed, since a new poem by the Poet Laureate was announced, in which period criticisms so remarkably discordant have appeared, that we are at a loss to know whether the poet, or the correct judge of poetry, is the rarer genius. The first impression produced by the poem was certainly one of disappointment, — it was something so different from the Tennysonian ; but with better acquaintance the beauties of this last effort are beginning to be appreciated, until " Maud " is now declared inferior to none of the earlier writings of Mr. Tennyson. The most life-like portrait, often, makes but a feeble impression at the first glance. Caricatures only are at once striking. But the former grows upon you, till in it you see almost the reality, while the latter, in some dreadful twist or

* *Maud, and Other Poems.* By ALFRED TENNYSON, D. C. L., Poet Laureate. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1855.

smirk, lose all their likeness. So with poetry. Genuine poetry does not necessarily make its mark at once, but it will bear reading again and again, and reveal new beauties with each review, while trashy rhyme, which at first perhaps amuses and interests, becomes mawkish and flat at a second reading, and ever after is unendurable.

Before critically examining the style of the principal poem, we will review, as briefly as possible, the story told therein.

Maud is a fragmentary diary, and from the state of its unknown hero's emotions, with, here and there, allusions to affairs about him, we are to gather for ourselves the course of events under which he is supposed to have written. The first section of the poem introduces us to the morbid, misanthropic spirit, with which this nameless hero, embittered by the reverses of outrageous fortune, regards the scheming world around him. The fierce denunciations in this passage arise from the recollection of his father's horrible death, — for, after the failure of a great speculation, he was found at the bottom of a pit, "mangled and flattened and crushed," — and from the probability that his parent was duped; a suspicion confirmed by the fact that his neighbor, "now lord of the broad estate and the Hall," had retired successful from the scheme, so disastrous to his fellow-speculator. At the period here chronicled, they of the Hall were about returning from abroad, and though the beautiful Maud, with whom the hero "had played when a child," is to come back with her father, the owner of the Hall, yet the hero, with all the sensitiveness of a proud spirit, determines, rather than be slighted because he is poor, "to bury himself in his books, and let the devil pipe to his own." In the next division, he had seen Maud riding past in her carriage, and coolly concluded that the calm of his life will never be broken by one so "Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null, — Dead perfection, no more." Yet in spite of his heroic determination not to fall in love with her, the vision of her "clear cut face," which interrupted his repose, the lonely walk in the garden ground "in a wintry wind by a ghastly glimmer" of which the succeeding section tells, surely indicate a perturbation of mind inconsistent with his philosophy, — poor, love-lorn gentleman!

Soon after, he hears Maud singing, and is almost induced, by the wonderful power of her voice, to fall at her feet and adore — O metaphysical and unsatisfactory distinction! — "not her," — no, reader, —

"Not her who is neither courtly or kind,
Not her, not her, but a voice."

Vox et præterea nihil! Some men may be enchanted with a voice, but passion usually requires something more tangible.

Again, the "spleenful passion" of the hero is aroused by a fancied slight on meeting Maud with her brother, — a conceited coxcomb who here makes his appearance. But fate seemed to be gradually working out the problem in spite of all the strivings of the hero; for when he met Maud, she, touching his hand with "a smile so sweet," made "divine amends for a courtesy not returned," and in his own language, —

" Thus a delicate spark
Of glowing, growing light
Through the livelong hours of the dark
Kept itself warm in the heart of my dreams,
Ready to burst in colored flame."

Yet with the morning — we venture to say it was a very chilly, disagreeable morning — his suspicions attributed the graceful act of the evening before to "some coquettish deceit," or to the promptings of the scheming politician brother. And then, with a more just estimate of the female heart, he reasons, that perhaps the tender tone and kind manner "sprang from her pitying womanhood," and finally comes to the sensible conclusion, that if (to use his own *gallant* expression)

" She were not a cheat,
If Maud were all that she seemed,
And her smile had all that I dreamed,
Then the world were not so bitter
But a smile could make it sweet."

After all his attempts to make Maud out what she was not, cold, proud, haughty, deceitful even, he at last caught the true expression from those eyes, and the effect is told thus : —

" She came to the village church,
And sat by a pillar alone,
And once, but once, she lifted her eyes,
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blushed
To find they were met by my own;
And suddenly, sweetly, my heart beat stronger
And thicker, until I heard no longer
The snowy-banded, diletante,
Delicate-handed priest intone,
And thought, is it pride, and mused and sighed.
No, surely now it cannot be pride."

The victory was complete; he was in love, — in love beyond the power of his philosophy to save him; and — the inspirer was Maud!

A little jealousy — just to convince him his passion is a reality — is manifested at seeing a wealthy “new-made lord” acting as her escort. Fearing to find a rival in him, he gloomily comments on the slavery of the public mind to wealth and title. He knows her brother’s acceptance would be immediate, and fears Maud too would be gracious to a lord, and therefore he is “splenetic, personal, base, sick to the heart of life.” Fortunately for him, he was no less mistaken in believing Maud would be gracious to the padded shape of a lord or a captain, than he had been in his estimate of her character. How he recovered, the poet saith not, but that the suitor received “the mitten” is evident from the next section.

When we next find the hero, he is in ecstasies, walking at twilight with the beautiful girl, deservedly ashamed of ever having thought her proud : —

“ I to cry out on pride
Who have won her favor !
O, Maud were sure of heaven
If lowliness could save her.”

The mutual love of Maud and the hero flowed along placidly and uninterruptedly for a time. The brother, like many good-looking and well-appointed men, was still a consummate fop, and evidently averse to the match, as he treated the hero with severe and studied coldness. But Maud and her lover were betrothed, and their passion was earnest and true, while the raptures the autobiographer experienced were so exquisite, he could hardly contain himself.

The “ponderous squire” gives a political dinner to “all the squirelings near,” but the lover is not invited. What cares he, however, as Maud is to meet him in the rose-garden (a well-known spot), that he too might see her glory, and render his homage to his “darling, Queen Maud, in all her splendor.”

They met, but she had scarcely spoken when the enraged brother ran to the gate, the lord with him. The brother heaped terms of reproach on Maud. She wept ; the lover strove to be cool, till at last the brother gave him the lie ; he fiercely and angrily retorted. The brother struck him, — in an hour they fought, and the brother fell.

“ Then glided out of the joyous wood
The ghastly Wraith of one that I know :
And there rang on a sudden a passionate cry,
A cry for a brother’s blood :
It will ring in my heart and my ears, till I die, till I die ! ”

This *dénouement*, terrible as sudden, abruptly ended all intercourse between Maud and her lover. He sought foreign lands, — his dreams are all of Maud. He visited new scenes, — her phantom ever haunted him. Again and again the happy days of their intercourse are recalled, and serve to torture his brain ; — his misery, at last unendurable, resulted in madness.

During this insanity, he imagines himself dead and buried, yet, with all the horrible vividness of a diseased mind, he complains that he is not buried deep enough, for the hoofs of the horses beat into his scalp and brain, the wheels roll heavily over his head, and with the hurrying, clamor, rumble, and clatter above, for him "there is no peace in the grave." Like the shade of Archytas, he prays that some kind heart will come and bury him, bury him "ever so little deeper." He however survived, and recovered,

"And as months ran on and rumor of battle grew,
It is time, it is time, O passionate heart, said I,
(For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true,)
It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
That old hysterical mock-disease should die.
And I stood on a giant deck and mixed my breath
With a loyal people shouting a battle-cry,
Till I saw the dreamy phantom arise and fly
Far into the North, and battle, and seas of death."

From which we infer that the hero of this tale is at this moment sharing the *glories* of English valor before Sebastopol !

The fate of poor Maud we know not, farther than a mere allusion tells us she is dead.

Such is briefly the tale ; meagre and commonplace enough when stripped of its adornment, — a work, by the way, of no little labor. Indeed, to disenthral the substance from the sparkling gems of true poetry, is like chipping away diamonds to find an ordinary statue beneath. Let us examine the poem, aside from the narrative.

At this particular period, a poem eulogizing Peace is not to be expected from the Poet Laureate of England, and the author, true to his allegiance, has interspersed his poem with the praises of War. "*Horrida bella*" has no place in Maud, but the "curses" of Peace are repeatedly dwelt upon. Thus, in the first division : —

"Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace ? we have made them a curse. . . .
And lust of gain in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war ?"

The author then proceeds, for eight stanzas, in the strongest language, to enumerate the evils of peace : — “ cheating tradesmen,” the poor “ hovell’d and hustled together, each sex like swine,” forgers of wine, the wife trampled by a brutish husband, who had become inebriated (most terrible !) on bad liquor. The bread of the poor is adulterated with “ chalk and alum and plaster,” “ villanous centre-bits grind on the wakeful ear,” the sick are cheated of a few last gasps by “ poisoned poison ” (medicines) ; babes are killed by their mothers for the burial fee !

Nor are these dark scenes from the revolting and horrible in society, idle fancies of the poet’s brain. They are the gloomy shadows cast by the sadder realities of villany, degradation, and vice, which exist in the proud land of the poet laureate ; shadows which appear the blacker from the enlightenment, more hateful from the refinement, of to-day ! This war-sentiment, as well as other allusions of a political character, appear throughout the poem, and that the end may correspond with the anti-peace opening, the author makes his hero conclude thus : —

“ So I wake to the higher aims
Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,
And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told ;
And hail once more to the banner of battle unroll’d !
Though many a light shall darken, and many shall weep
For those that are crush’d in the clash of jarring claims,
Yet God’s just doom shall be wreak’d on a giant liar ;
And many a darkness into the light shall leap,
And shine in the sudden making of splendid names ;
For the long, long canker of peace is over and done.
And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,
And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress, flames
The blood-red blossom of war, with a heart of fire.”

All the evils, the “ curses of peace,” which the poet has summed up, in powerful verse, will exist tenfold in a state of war. Does the Poet Laureate, as he seems to argue, pretend to believe that war is the panacea for all the ills which Peace is heir to ? that war will purge the earth of those who adulterate our bread and our liquor, who with burglarious intent effect an entrance with centre-bits, or who cheat expiring mortality of a last few gasps ? When these things cease, we shall hail the advent of the Millennium, the reign of the Prince of Peace, rather than the uproar of war, and the rule of “ the Prince of the Powers of the Air.”

We cannot but grieve that the masterly pen of Tennyson could be "bought up" by the bribe of a poet laureate's pension. Yet, as Sam Slick has remarked, "human natur is human natur," and authors are as other men ; —

"The passionate heart of the poet is whirled into folly and vice."

Goethe surrendered his independence in a fulsome ode to the conqueror, more recently an American author has stooped to the favors of politicians, and Tennyson now panegyricizes the doubtful position of Great Britain.

Condemnation of this portion of Maud can hardly be too vehement. And the cold-blooded conclusion !

"Though many a light shall darken, and many shall weep
For those that are crushed in the clash of jarring claims."

Still, to outbalance this, —

"Many a darkness into the light shall leap,
And shine in the sudden making of splendid names."

No matter, though a few hundred thousand beings shall be hurried "unhoused, disappointed, unaneled," into the presence of their God, — among them some of Europe's bravest and best ; no matter, if the broad wail of the widowed and the fatherless sweep, like a wave of the ocean, over the continent of Europe ; some obscure names shall become — splendid ! Horrible idea ! What "lust for gain" ever equalled this heartless lust of glory ?

Setting aside the connection in which the author has introduced the subject, we must acknowledge this satirical censure of the lust of gain, when "only the ledger lives" and the essence of existence seems but "to cheat, be cheated, and die," is as merited as powerful. We may well attend to his enumeration of the evils which civilization engenders, but does not restrain. The rebuke given to those prating reformers, who stop not to inquire into the causes of ill, nor the effect of their quixotic movements, might easily, and as justly, be applied on this side of the water.

The entire eighteenth section of the poem forms a series of poetic pearls that can hardly be surpassed. The interview between the lovers has been a happy one, and he bursts forth with a song of triumph, which is fairly thrilling. We cannot spare space for more than one stanza : —

"Is that enchanted moan only the swell
Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay ?

And hark the clock within, the silver knell
 Of twelve sweet hours that part in bridal white,
 And died to live, long as my pulses play ;
 And now by this my love has closed her sight,
 And given false death her hand, and stol'n away
 To dreamful wastes, where footless fancies dwell
 Among the fragments of the golden day.
 May nothing there her maiden grace affright !
 My bride to be, my evermore delight,
 My own heart's heart, and ownest own, farewell !"

The twenty-first section is replete with poetic sentiment seldom equalled. The thoughts of the hero while waiting for Maud, is the subject. Allow the tenth stanza : —

"There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion-flower at the gate.
 She is coming, my dove, my dear ;
 She is coming, my life, my fate ;
 The red rose cries, ' She is near, she is near ' ;
 And the white rose weeps, ' She is late.'
 The larkspur listens, ' I hear, I hear ' ;
 And the lily whispers, ' I wait.'"

Sections XXII., XXIII., and XXIV. evidently serve as a preface to the madness so strikingly and thrillingly pictured before us in XXV. They abound in beautiful conceits ; everything bears with it a vision or suggests a thought of poor Maud, until, at last, light again breaks upon the chaotic state of the brain, and the hero, suddenly calm, with a steady purpose in view, obeys the direction of the vanishing phantom.

Although the poem presents little of the descriptive, yet it is very happy in vividly representing scenes of interest by some single expressive word or line, so that the awakened fancy readily fills up the outline.

In the first section, how forcibly the announcement of a terrible catastrophe is recalled by this reminiscence : —

"By a shuffled step, by a dead weight trail'd, by a whispered fright,
 And my pulses closed their gates with a shock on my heart as I heard
 The shrill-edged shriek of a mother divide the shuddering night."

Again, the duel has taken place ; the brother of Maud has fallen mortally wounded, and there before us, seated on the ground, bewildered, "stunned and still," pale with the intense excitement, is he, the more unhappy though unharmed survivor. The last words of the penitent victim, — "The fault was mine, the fault was mine," —

are vaguely repeated on his lips ; the dreadful scene haunts his brain, the echoes of the explosion are still ringing in his ears. We feel that indeed it is

" A Christless code
That must have life for a blow."

This power of vivid description appears continually, not so much as a principle as an auxiliary, but giving an impression of reality, which will not fail to be generally remarked.

There is something in this poem which reminds us continually of "Faust," and in several passages Tennyson seems to have had Goethe's great work in mind.

We are reminded too of our own Edgar A. Poe, — who had the very soul of poetry within him. "Ulalume," or "Annibal Lee," or the lines "For Annie," might either be ascribed to Tennyson, if their author were unknown. The same wild spirit of extravagance marks the poems of each : Poe's imagination abounded, as Tennyson's abounds, with the highest order of poetical figures, ever readily expressed in language pertinent and beautiful as thrilling.

The style of this poem differs essentially from that with which we are acquainted through the author's earlier performances. There is a marked departure from that artificial exuberance of language, and from that vague, abstruse, philosophic thought, which we have been in the habit of styling "the Tennysonian." The transition, so unexpected and surprising, to the more simple and concise expression of Maud, has been loudly condemned, and regarded by some as a failure. Others hail with pleasure the mark of maturer judgment and more refined taste, claiming that the success of their favorite has been complete, and the merit of the new style he has adopted will eclipse all his previous triumphs. We believe the infallible test of time will prove the latter to be correct.

As for the "Other Poems," we must dismiss them with brief notice. "The Brook, an Idyl," is very beautiful, and worthy of a place in the same volume with the bright gems of the prominent poem. The little piece entitled "The Letters" is a wild myth to stir the imagination, but making little impression on the mind. An ode on Wellington, "The Daisy," a poem of travel, and a cordial invitation "To the Rev. F. D. Maurice," follow. The few lines headed "Will" are illustrative of the strength of the will when properly directed.

"The Charge of the Light Brigade," which concludes the vol-

ume, everybody has read, criticised, and — we should think — parodied! When first published, it contained an entire stanza, and part of another, in addition to what is here given. But as the Poet Laureate inadvertently wrote “some one had blundered,” the blunder he had made is corrected in this version, although the original was doubtless true to the history of that famous ride.

The splendid achievement was accomplished, as vividly described in the original form of the poem, which, we think, is changed very much for the worse in the volume before us.

CHARLES READE'S STORIES.*

THIS is indeed an age of progress! Formerly it would have been held slightly paradoxical if the bloody act of a tyrant was held up as the laudible severity of a messenger of God; if the pleasing morality of a saint were pictured in the life of a murderer, or the manners of a gentleman and the chivalry of a knight in a Mint-born thief and cutthroat highwayman. Now, however, the traditions and impressions of former years reappear in such very questionable shapes, that, however much we may desire to speak to them, we stand somewhat in doubt of our previous acquaintance, and can hardly believe our senses when our ancient acquaintances are walked before us, dressed, we yet believe only from imagination's wardrobe, in such new and fantastic garbs. Cromwell's administration in Ireland was once thought sufficiently harshly of, to bear generally the epithets of tyrannical and cruel, and weak Christians yet think that a plan for the extermination of the larger part of a people, though conducive in an eminent degree to the convenience of such as are left, is at least one of doubtful complexion. But we are informed that this is a great mistake; that in forming and well-nigh executing such a plan, Cromwell barely exercised the necessary severity, much less was cruel; and perhaps some future Carlyle will inform some future public, that the same being was a patient, long-suffering saint, — a martyr to his love of republican institutions, whose only fault was his too yielding temperament. Once,

* 1. *Peg Woffington*. Boston. 1855.

2. *Christie Johnstone*. Boston. 1855.

3. *Clouds and Sunshine : and Art, a Dramatic Tale*. Boston. 1855.

perhaps, Eugene Aram was thought, in plain language, a murderer, and an inclination to amusements of that sort was not considered a sound title for admiration. This was one of the gross prejudices of an ignorant age, and now Aram is restored to his due place among the benefactors of his race. For he "destroyed a man obnoxious to the world ; with the wealth by which he [the above obnoxious man] afflicted society, he [the beneficent Aram] had been the means of blessing many." Jack Sheppard was perhaps held in his day, among prejudiced people, by no means an exemplary, useful, or moral member of society ; but after reading his interesting story, as told by his biographer of to-day, we must all agree, that, though perhaps a misguided and slightly erring young man, evincing sometimes an amusing ignorance of the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, and gifted with an eccentric taste for alien purses, — a taste in the enjoyment of which he at times showed a lamentable but characteristic disregard for both his own life and the lives of others, — yet as a whole he deserves, in spite of these and numerous other trifling and equally entertaining foibles, to be held up for future honor and the undying sympathy of all generous men, as the unyielding victim of tyrannical power. These and similar violent displacements of former prejudices struck us as sufficiently remarkable, and well might we ask the question, To what will this, our age of progress, ultimately lead us as the true standard of heroes ? But in the pleasant stories of Charles Reade we found we had some few prejudices left, not much less absurd than those which had been destroyed. Our previous ideas of heroes had been done away with, and the knight and gentleman yielded their places to the murderer and highwayman, and now to our astonishment were the heroines attacked, and the lady and the governess were forced aside to make way for the actress and the fishwife. The first idea is old enough, and it is by no means astonishing, for various reasons, that the stage should be a popular place for seeking imaginary heroines under real names, but the last we believe is original with our author. Who before ever thought of a fishwife for a heroine ! A heroine from Billingsgate ! what a picture does the thought suggest ! what an ancient and fish-like smell does it spread around ! Here indeed is foul made fair ! And it is by no means the least of the difficulties that Reade has surmounted, that he has completely succeeded in manufacturing from such unpromising materials one of the most attractive female characters in fiction. This, moreover, he has effected to such a degree, that, though continu-

ally alluding to her being one of a class whose very name has become a by-word of averseness, yet from beginning to end no disagreeable idea obtrudes itself, and the unfortunate man of preconceived ideas lays down the book with a vague impression that Christie Johnstone is not a fishwife, but that fishwives are Christie Johnstones. If this hallucination is an agreeable one, it would be unkind in us to destroy it; but in few words we would earnestly advise such a reader to carefully avoid in all future travels the neighborhood of Newhaven.

We do not know whether Mr. Ainsworth considered the character of Jack Sheppard "falsely *summed up*" until he took it in hand; but if he did, and has any followers in that impression, we would simply alter the above advice into, Avoid the Newgate Calendar! And yet it seems hardly more impossible to manufacture a hero out of a highwayman, than a heroine out of an actress of the time of George II. Yet the witty dialogue, kindly feeling, and enthusiastic tone of Peg Woffington have transformed one, whom we shrewdly suspect is no more what she is here represented, than was the ruffian highwayman executed at Tyburn like the generous fellow whose death we lament in the last pages of Ainsworth's fiction, into one of the most fascinating and lovable women we have ever met with. So completely has the author succeeded in throwing the charm of romance over his heroine, that we feel no desire to raise the veil; but if the Woffington was, as we suspect, other than the beautiful and noble woman we see her here, it will do us no good to clear away all doubt, but rather an impertinent and useless curiosity will have destroyed a lovely image. In this case we would as carefully avoid the purlieu of Newhaven, or the Newgate Calendar.

The great cause of Mr. Reade's success is the remarkable happiness with which he has drawn female character, and the sprightly, spirited tone of his dialogue. In both of these respects the two books ought to be criticised together, for not only is one style of dialogue continued through both, but the characters of both are the same. His conception of a fine female character is remarkable, but by no means varied. If you have one specimen, you have a type of the whole genus. The Jehu's criticism on two of Frederic Reynolds's comedies, that "the last one was very well, but they left out the Welchman this time," might equally well be applied to Reade's books; and we should say, Christie Johnstone is very well, but now they've left

out Colly Cibber. In all general respects the books are the same. Vane and Gatty are not more alike than Peg and Christie. Here is one woman who performs two parts. First, she appears on the stage as a noble, generous actress, handsome, witty, virtuous enough in her own way, full of good and bad qualities, with a great predominance of the former, superior to those around her, superior to the man she loves, full of strong passions and good impulses, desiring to do right as far as her inclinations lead her, though not on principle. In this character she acts her part and does it well. She leaves the stage, but again appears. In the interim the dress is changed, and instead of the "pearl-white silk gown embroidered with flowers and sprigs" of the tragedy queen, she now wears the "red and yellow cotton jacket, the striped woollen petticoat, and high-quartered shoes" of the Newhaven fishwife. Yet beneath the clothes is almost the same person, and within the person the same soul. Everything that can be said of one, if we allow for the difference of position and education, can be said equally of the other. They are the same women in great things and small, in their tastes and their aversions whether fearlessly braving men, or shrieking at a mouse, falling in love with the weakest imaginable of milksops, or exchanging repartees with the most spiteful of women, acting on the stage in London, or repeating Shakespeare's tales at a picnic at Perth, they are the same women, the same conception, however different the position. The same may be said of Reade's men, for heroes they cannot be called. The fickle, well-meaning, indecisive, handsome, sentimental Gatty, the submissive follower of the woman who last spoke to him, is but the *double* of that married gentleman who came to London and fell in love with the actress when he should have been taking care of his wife. It is either Vane or the Devil.

Both in the development of the story, and the liveliness of the style, Peg Woffington appears to have on the whole the advantage over Christie Johnstone. For though the latter is undoubtedly the best arranged and most naturally developed tale, and though the rescue of Gatty is equal or even superior to anything the former contains, yet the very abruptness, the unexpected and unnatural issues of the story, are so fully in keeping with the bright, sparkling spirit of the heroine, that they rather increase than diminish the generally pleasing effect. Reade is very good at dramatic positions and lively dialogue, and, well aware of his strength, he delights in tableaux. He likes to collect his characters together and produce a

stage effect. This in Peg Woffington he manages remarkably well, and some three or four of the scenes are as lively and dramatic as possible, flashing and sparkling throughout like a string of glittering beads. But sometimes his imagination gives out, he seems to fall in mid career, and we find ourselves perhaps sitting in the house of Mr. Vane, surrounded by witty men and women, waiting for *bon-mot* and retort, with every reason to expect a scene fully equal if not superior to that of the green-room, when, lo! an accident occurs; our hopes are blasted; the company rise in confusion, and all this display of character, all this dramatic position, all this expectation ends in — what? — a walk of the company — no one knows why — in a garden, — no one knows where. And this is the end of all this display and preparation.

Fault might perhaps not unjustly be found with the slightly awkward machinery of Peg Woffington; but neither this nor any light-spirited book of the sort is the place to look for either strict nature or probability. In such literature you don't want to have every-day life and every-day morality thrust continually in your face; it is like Lamb's "Artificial Comedy," — it is something you have not seen in life and never expect to see, — you have great doubts whether anybody else ever saw it, — but it is not impossible, and its startling, picturesque appearance, and lively tone, but sustain the illusion. Even though the plot may be unnatural or clumsily put together, — even though it is not probable that Peg and Mrs. Vane should meet, much less become good friends and allies, under such peculiar circumstances, — even though we don't think it natural that the actress should by such simple means, and in so short a time, effect such a revulsion in Vane's affections, — yet it does not hurt the story if a little of the fairy is introduced, particularly if that fairy is Peg Woffington. Such a lack of humdrum probability and every-day experience only carries out the temper of the play, and gives us greater interest in the actors, just because they are different from ourselves. Not only is Peg Woffington more brilliant and lively than Christie Johnstone, which indeed is necessary from the nature of the scene and the actors introduced, but it has two other advantages. In the first place, it has an historical interest; in the second, while even more lively, it is also wholly free from the affectations of style which are so great a blemish in the latter.

What a pleasant book — what a store of sparkling *bon-mots* and brilliant repartees — what a treasure of wit — has been lost in the

green-rooms of London theatres between the days of Nell Gwyn and Mrs. Siddons, — thrown away for lack of the ready note-book of some play-struck Boswell ! What passages of wit and repartee must have been witnessed while yet Bracegirdle acted, when Congreve came behind the scenes, and gentlemen would sit on the stage and eat oranges and talk with the actresses, — while Cibber was yet in his prime, and Garrick was yet unheard of ; — or yet later, when Quin lavished that wit of which some traces yet remain in the pages of Humphrey Clinker, and when Garrick was at the height of his fame, while the very actresses whose names we meet in this book are those whose “ silk stockings and white bosoms ” drove Johnson away from the green-room ; — or, most memorable of all, when Mrs. Siddons was astonishing the public in tragedy, and Mrs. Jordan delighting it in comedy ! What wit must have circulated behind the scenes, when Kemble, and Munden, and Macklin, the Nestor of the English stage, acted with Mrs. Crawford, Farrer, and Palmer, and when Sheridan, Colman, and Goldsmith wrote those comedies which yet hold possession of the stage !

These are all great historical characters, and it is from the imaginary conversations of some not the least among them, from the well-imitated impertinence of Cibber, the cool wit of the heroine, and the coarse good-nature of Quin, that this book derives some of its most interesting passages. Whether the pictures here drawn are lifelike or not, no one can now say ; but whether false or no, they are of persons who were famous in their time and whose names are yet remembered.

This is one advantage ; the second is in style. The style of Peg Woffington is peculiar ; it is sprightly, nervous, and picturesque. Its peculiarities are not exaggerated, and are not disagreeable, for they are in excellent keeping with the rest of the book. But in Christie Johnstone these peculiarities become miserable affectations. For example, in the former Reade puts in the mouth of Cibber, the *laudator temporis acti*, this simile : “ Our words used to come out like brandy-cherries ; but now a sentence is like raspberry-jam.” This is well enough, — peculiar certainly, but indubitably expressive ; it is not disagreeable ; it is put in the mouth of a character, and an eccentric one, — one with which it is in keeping, — and it is not disagreeably thrust into your face as the idea of the author.

But in his next book the author expresses his own opinion on a subject of much the same nature in the following manner : —

"All good dancing is beautiful.

"But this articulate dancing, compared with the loose, lawless diffidence of motion that goes by that name, gives me as much more pleasure as articulate singing is superior to tunes played on the voice by a young lady.

"Or the clean playing of my mother to the piano-forte slashing of my daughter.

"Or skating to sliding :

"Or English verse to dactyls in English :

"Or painting to daubing :

"Or preserved strawberries to strawberry-jam," &c.

In this it is hard to say whether the bad taste or bad style is most striking.

Opening the book at random, again, the first thing we see is another, if possible, worse specimen of this execrable affectation than the above. When Ipsden has purchased Gatty's picture, the painter's feelings are thus described. Ipsden says :—

"It is my descendants who are obliged to you ; the picture is immortal !"

"These words were an epoch in the painter's life.

"Words of such import took him by surprise.

"He had thirsted for average praise in vain.

"A hand had taken him, and placed him at the top of the tree.

"He retired abruptly, or he would have burst into tears.

"He ran to his mother."

We can trace a tendency to this unfortunate peculiarity in his first book ; but there it is not thrust upon us, it gives rather a piquancy to the style, and is not disagreeable. But in the interval between the appearance of Peg Woffington and Christie Johnstone the budding peculiarity is developed into a full-grown deformity. In Peg Woffington, however, we discover the secret—if so shallow a motive can be called a secret—of this affectation. Mr. Reade does not distinguish between frankness and bluntness, between simplicity and *brusquerie*. He represents Triplet as manufacturing pretty sentences out of poor ones, and in sarcasm gives this rule, the last part of which he would have done well to follow in as good earnest as apparently he has followed the first. "First think in as homely a way as you can ; next, shove your pen under your thought, and lift it by polysyllables to the true level of fiction";—and then follow some specimens of Triplet's application of the rule, absurd enough, but hardly more so than Mr. Reade's own failure to apply it. In every page of Christie Johnstone the author seems to be vociferating

at you : " See what a blunt, upright fellow I am ! I despise affectation, I hate sentimental dilation ; when I wish to express an emotion, I do it abruptly ; I don't waste words, I don't linger on my ideas like other authors ; I say what I mean, and have done."

This conceit, bad enough in itself, Reade sometimes renders more absurd by a truism conveyed, as though it were some deep and hitherto undiscovered thought, in formidable italics. For example, we are informed that "*two thirds of the distress of the lower orders is owing to this,—that they are more madly prodigal than the rich ; in the worst, lowest, and most dangerous item of all human prodigality.*" Such a very peaked moral introduced in the midst of a story like this bears at least some resemblance to a death's-head at a feast ; but if it must be introduced, would it not appear better without such a preliminary flourish of trumpets, which really leads an ordinary reader to expect something original ? The tedious description of the two picnics, rendered more intolerable by the abortive attempt at satire and liveliness, also strikes us as a decided blemish in *Christie Johnstone*. Reade's idea is clear enough, but already sufficiently dilated upon by other writers, and in this instance spun out to an altogether unreasonable length.

The two scenes in *Christie Johnstone* which impressed us most were those in which Christie drops the ring between Gatty and his mother, and, later, the one in which she saves the life of her lover. The first is full of dramatic vigor, short, perhaps too short,—but that is a fault on the right side,—and vivid ;—a decidedly impressive and well-managed picture. The second is an excellent culmination to a lively and interesting story, and perhaps the most vigorous and well-sustained scene that has yet issued from the pen of Mr. Reade. Yet here one trifling difficulty in the story strikes us, which we mention not as a fault, but simply as a specimen of that carelessness, or confidence in the carelessness of others, which authors of late years allow themselves so freely to indulge in. Flucker is represented as bustling round in a most active manner, and taking a most important lead in affairs during the exciting rescue, when, but twenty-four hours earlier, we had seen him laid up, unable to leave his bed, and with no immediate prospect of recovery. In this closing incident, too, the author has well sustained the character of his story for originality, for the peculiarity of the close, where the heroine saves her lover from drowning while indulging in a sea-bath, bringing with it the necessary connection of ideas, is well worthy of the commencement, where a fishwife is chosen for that heroine.

With all their faults, these two stories are yet well worthy of perusal, nor do we believe that any being of kindly feeling will willingly lay them down after one perusal. Reade's female characters have the faculty of making one fall in love with them as much as did Vane or Gatty, and we don't like to dismiss the image any more than the above gentlemen liked to be separated from the living realities. Perhaps it was desire for the contrast that induced Reade to imagine such miserable men, and thus this apparent defect is an intended rhetorical stroke, meant to elevate one creation of his fancy at the expense of another. But we have already exceeded our limits, and will not enter upon this question. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Reade has so far deservedly met with remarkable success. Whether his imagination is already exhausted, or whether he will yet strike out in some new direction, is at least a matter of doubt, and certainly "Clouds and Sunshine" would not lead us to feel any very great hope for the future. Reade's books so far are like Mr. Caudle's leg of mutton, a dinner fit for a king on the first day, a savory dish which no man can dislike when it appears in the form of a hash on the second day, but something not to be submitted to if placed before you on the third day, a miserable remnant. "Peg Woffington" afforded every one a delightful treat; "Christie Johnstone" immediately after appeared, a hash of the former, but hardly less savory; but the hungry public were not yet satisfied, and eagerly cried for more, and "Clouds and Sunshine" appeared, and, lo! Mr. Reade has set before us the naked bone left from yesterday's feast.

But whether Mr. Reade has arrived at the end of his invention or no, is a question hardly worth serious discussion now, as in the course of a few weeks he will himself furnish the most decisive of answers in the story of Susan Merton, already in the press. Our present impression is, that this story will be but a repetition of that which has gone before; but we shall be well pleased if we are forced to acknowledge our mistake by the appearance of a worthy successor to Peg Woffington and Christie Johnstone.

THE SCHOOLMEN AND THE UTILITARIANS.

WITHIN the present century the world has witnessed many mighty convulsions, but the mightiest of all modern revolutions is that which has taken place in the public mind as regards philosophy. It has often been remarked in history, that there is but one step between the dethronement and death of a king; and so it is with a metaphysical writer, — he must be adored as the oracle of nature, or despised as the author of jargon. Notwithstanding the outward deference still paid to the established authority of Locke, Berkeley, and Hume, there is good reason to believe that these illustrious men are secretly rated far beneath even the popular favorites of the day. Their works are no longer perused with that intense admiration which they commanded half a century ago, and which the decided bias of literary taste towards abstruse speculation can alone explain. Yet the illustrious philosophers of the past century only suffer a fate similar to their predecessors; for, with the exception of Aristotle, it may be truly said that metaphysical writers have but vernal lives, which blossom but to die. Where now is the once world-wide fame of Aquinas, Escobar, and Pontius, with the whole fraternity of pseudo-Aristotelians? They are far less known and appreciated than almost any one of the many thousand writers that are annually ushered into notice by the peculiar facilities of our age. Were Aristotle, though no longer a sort of divinity, to rise from his grave, how delighted would he now be to find himself relieved from the host of obnubilators who darkened his brilliant pages by attempting to unravel mysteries and discover hidden meanings never dreamt of in his philosophy! Surely Aristotle, and the divine Plato, would scarce have recognized their own works among the scholia of Albert of Bonaventura, or even of that sage *doctor irrefragabilis*, Alexander of Hales, and still less of his friend Duns Scotus, of much abused memory. It is to be feared, however, that the Utilitarians, now on the ascendant, may not rest content with branding as prince of learned blockheads the once far famed Duns Scotus, and that the ultraism of our times will be more than a match for the whole learned fraternity of Schoolmen, and all that emanated even from the long-renowned Sorbonne. I doubt not that some of our university scholars, just emerging with academic honors into life, would on any day of the

week send forth some *doctor resolutissimus* to contend for the mastery with any of the Schoolmen that may now remain. It would not do, however, to allow the old fogies, out of respect for their age, the choice of weapons ; but against their fortifications of syllogisms must be opposed the steam-power of common sense. I worshipfully bow to the commanding power of common sense, and most heartily wish that all men were mainly guided by it ; but there is no little mischief to be feared from devout adoration of this too often impudent goddess, who, though attired in the habiliments of modesty itself, is often a radical and daring leveller, and a meddler in things which she little understands. We know that learning without judgment characterized the Schoolmen, and we apprehend that common sense without learning will very soon characterize the Utilitarians ; and certainly both extremes are equally to be avoided. The torch which, like that of Omar, would consign all the learning, even of Schoolmen, to destruction, under the hope that common sense, even in morals, would alone prove sufficient, could scarce fail soon to bring us back to Vandal ignorance. The follies, and even the criminal waste of learning, which mark the course of scholastic philosophy, should, nevertheless, be distinguished from the mines of pure ore that are unquestionably to be found in the writings of the Schoolmen ; and whilst we shake off the trammels of useless pedantry, and the influences of mere authority, which, as Boyle observes, " is a long-bow, the effect of which should depend on the strength of the arm which draws it," we should not fail to remember with him the excellences of sound learning, and that the cross-bow of reason has equal efficiency in the hands of the dwarf and of the giant, but only when that reason is itself genuine and without the least alloy of vanity.

Utilitarianism without sufficient learning is itself the grossest folly and presumption ; for it is equally true that, if research may be pushed too far, if learning may become too *esoteric*, so it may become degraded and impotent by that affected simplicity of manners, and that superficial plainness, which aim at bringing it down to the level of the meanest capacity. While seeking after utility, we may easily lose the substance, and scarce attain the shadow, of knowledge. And this seems to be the tendency of the present century ; for though our age is eminent for useful knowledge, there is still room to apprehend that this in turn is becoming excessive, and that the next generation, if not the present, will not rest content until the

whole circle of human knowledge is comprised in an Encyclopædia of a few hundred quarto volumes. The Germans, preserved in their lager-bier, and with their heads cured with tobacco-smoke, will undoubtedly hold out the longest; but they must eventually yield to the condensations, outlines, diagrams, indexes, abridgments, and reviews, with a thousand other short roads, by-cuts, and smooth paths, all aided by cylinder and steam presses, by rough types, coarse paper, and wood-cuts. Learning is now becoming so dog-cheap that ripe scholars will rapidly diminish, and young men will ultimately be brought to know little more of the classics than can be found in Felton's Selections and Andrews's Latin Reader, more of metaphysics than can be learned from Dugald Stewart's Active and Moral Powers without notes (and all who have studied the edition of Stewart in use are aware that all the new ideas now in the book are comprised in the foot-notes), and perhaps a little more of physics than can be gathered from Johnson's Philosophy, or Sir Richard Phillips's Million of Facts, each in one small volume. In the approaching sunny days that I anticipate, days of almost universal and coequal knowledge, we may find — we think it would not have been a difficult task to have found in a late legislature — statesmen and politicians looking down with felicitous contempt on the folly of old-fashioned drudges. And should a few affectionately cling to the skirts of a Grotius, a Puffendorf, or a Coke, they would be regarded as incurably book-mad, and more worthy to become inmates of an insane asylum than of a university. Even theologians are already so far advanced as to refuse to seek for light from even the best of the Schoolmen, but content themselves with taking the ideas which some leaden head has put down in the form of a creed, and clothing them in different words.

How strange that the world cannot avoid extremes, and that the republic of letters must degenerate into a vile democracy, and possibly into a still more ignoble mobocracy, of learning! Extremes, though toiling in opposite directions, are often productive of like results. The learned jargon of the Schoolmen withdrew from the cognizance of the vulgar many wholesome truths, poisoned the fountains of knowledge, encumbered learning with many silly refinements and clothed it in a most barbarous language, — all of which, even among the *élite* and studious, greatly retarded the progress of genuine philosophy and sound morals. And so it may easily turn out with the Utilitarians of our day, should they attempt to reduce

all knowledge to such primary principles that, through a species of homœopathic reduction and administration of the most recondite sciences and arts, all men are to become scholars, statesmen, philosophers, and what not, by swallowing infinitesimal portions of knowledge. This may possibly be effected even by smelling them : somewhat after the manner of those physicians who would cure all diseases by a *materia medica* so reduced to its elements as to come within the cubic volume of a few inches, and in invisible portions taken into the system by the olfactories. I confess myself a sceptic in all such extremes ; and am as little inclined towards this hoped-for ubiquity and co-equality of learning, as I should be to the restoration of those palmy days of the Schoolmen when a few exclusives were so idolized by the mass as to be thought allied *aut Deum aut Diabolum*. It was the adulation of the supposed learning of the times that rendered the Schoolmen so mystical, for they derived a large part of their authority from not being understood.

The truth would seem, then, to be, that learning, when confined to the few, degenerates into mysticism among the learned, and ignorance among the many, the effects of which are increased by the superstitions of the masses. Learning, on the other hand, when attempts are made to diffuse it equally, degenerates in the many into contemptible superficiality, full of vanity and presumption, and of hostility towards the few who, in spite of the times, become truly learned. Sad indeed is the state of knowledge, when scholars attempt to derive all the truths of the Christian religion from the writings of Aristotle ; where we discover that the soul is a musical pipe, — a doctrine by the way founded upon a typographical error, *αἰλός*, meaning a flute, being used instead of *ἀψλος*, immaterial. This mistake reminds me of a too learned German, who published a very elaborate essay to account on physical principles for the appearance of a golden tooth in the upper maxillary of a peasant-boy, — the story proving a hoax only after the publication of the essay of the luckless author.

To sum up, then. Learning, when plebeian, becomes as fatal to solid and enduring attainments, as when confined to the few in an age of surrounding darkness ; for if the useful and healthy plants of knowledge dwindle and die amid the noxious weeds that spring up from an over-refined cultivation by the few, we have cause to fear a like result from so thinly turning up the soil by the many,

that neither the genial rays of the sun nor the fructifying waters of heaven exert their wonted influence.

Happy is that nation in which the people are so far enlightened as to respect and love their scholars. Prosperous and useful are those scholars when they carefully avoid ultraism, be it that of the Schoolmen of former days or that of the Utilitarians of the present.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

PREMISING that the more important details of Margaret Fuller's life are generally well known, and that to those who have not this information a bare and hasty recital of its main features would appear disjointed and uninteresting, we shall try to shun triteness and tedium alike by endeavoring to express the impressions which remain after a perusal of her "Memoirs."

Margaret Fuller Ossoli was a woman of rare mental endowments, and in very many respects her character is deserving of study. The famous lines of Wordsworth, which in this connection are to be construed freely, seem to have been written expressly for her epitaph; she was indeed

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit too, and bright
With something of an angel light."

To look at this beautiful character with clear eyes, — with a discriminating vision, undistorted either by an excess of admiration, which makes one of her biographers, James Freeman Clarke, sometimes fly off into rapturous panegyric, or by that prejudice which converted the superficialities of Margaret's haughty manners into arrogance of heart, — let us consider her in several prominent phases, and from several distinct points of view. The sketches of the different manifestations combined will best give a complete idea of the noble woman.

First, then, as a student. But here, on the very threshold as it were, we meet with intervening obstacles, which, though evident enough, are not the less difficult to surmount on that account. Her studies were both deep and comprehensive, and so wide was their

range, that to attempt to judge of her general system of culture would only be to expose our own ignorance. A safer way is to follow the guidance of those who have united in writing and compiling her "Memoirs." Since one of these is Emerson, there is no danger of being lost; for our judgment can hardly go astray when his "rich wisdom" leads. As an eager seeker after knowledge, Margaret Fuller presents herself in a twofold relation; — she was a student of books and a student of character.

Her father, Timothy Fuller, who was an energetic lawyer and a severe disciplinarian, took upon himself the care of Margaret's early education. He instructed her himself; and, though doubtless with the most laudable intentions of benefiting his daughter, yet that spirit of close exaction in which his own business was conducted he also brought to bear on the child's mind. He was extremely and unnecessarily particular with her, and would tolerate no mistakes; — if these were trivial and slight, there was the more reason, he said, why they should not be made. He would suffer no hasty expressions to mar her recitations; in fine, he required of the poor child the same assiduity in study which his sense of duty demanded of himself in business. The consequences of such rigorous and compulsory treatment were in every way deleterious. Margaret's unfledged mind was overtaxed and burdened with loads of knowledge, under which many a maturer intellect would have sunk down exhausted. As it was, the effect on her was very pitiable; for, from the harshness of this educational principle, which sought to gain time by crowding on too much sail, and to develop the nascent mind as soon as possible, Margaret became a mental prodigy by day, but "by night a victim of spectral illusions, nightmare, and somnambulism," which checked her physical growth and induced continual headache and weakness.

Her studies began early and were prosecuted with a vigorous diligence. "I was taught Latin and English grammar at the same time," she writes, "and began to read Latin at six years old, after which, for some years, I read it daily." Protracted and earnest attention to the Latin classics led her to appreciate, at an early age, the dignity and strength of the Roman character. She admired the intense force of resolution and will exhibited in their lives and actions; — those mighty lives in which the manful thought is seen straightway wedded by indomitable purpose to its proportionate deed. She regarded the life of Cæsar, for example, as the direct

exposition to the world of the "will of man," and in youth clung to it as an ideal standard of excellence that involved the highest principles. With Greek she was never very familiar; from Ovid, however, she caught both the usual, superficial view of the Grecian mythology, and an insight into its latent and typical significance so keen that it was often of signal service to her in later life. Constant illness, that looked threatening, at last compelled her father to send her to school. She was accordingly sent to Groton, and while there won the affection of her lady-teacher. After returning from school, she applied herself to study and reading with a perseverance that surprised her kind teacher and every one who knew her;—her

"Spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."

In a letter dated Cambridge, May 14th, 1826, she writes to her friendly instructor that she is "studying Madame de Stael, Epic-tetus, Milton, Racine, and Castilian ballads, with great delight." She was then but sixteen! From this time forth she was not only a mere bookworm, but a literary cormorant. She was accustomed to read at a tremendous rate, and afterwards, when residing in Groton, Emerson says the account of her reading was at a pace like Gibbon's. It is obvious that a notice of her favorite authors, or of her plans of study, would result in nothing but a catalogue of the great writers who are dear to every cultivated mind; it would amount to calling the roll of all the illustrious standard authors, and of not a few of those who, from the shallowness of public taste as well as for other causes, are met with only in the cherished by-paths of learning. This, however, we can remark, and to her great credit it should be spoken, that she was one of the first readers in this country who loved German literature, and among the first publicly to avow her admiration of its beauties.

Now, as a student of character Margaret Fuller was peculiar, and even wonderful. She possessed, in a remarkable degree, the faculty of riveting to herself the affections of all those (and they were many) in whom she took any interest. Responding to the clarion summons of Goethe, she required of each of her friends "some extraordinary, generous seeking," and would be content with no low or common attainments. It is reported that, after an acquaintance of an hour or so, she could divine by a process kindred to intuition whether

the person she had been conversing with, or in whose company she had casually been thrown, would make a worthy friend, and whether the person's aims were high and commendable. Once assured that the motives were noble, she would let no coldness of manner chill the warmth of her advances, and no feeling of prejudice or indifference towards herself affect her kind judgment. She longed to learn the secret purposes of every one she met. "A human being, according to her faith," writes Clarke, one of her first friends, "was not the result of the presence and stamp of outward circumstances, but an original *monad*, with a certain special faculty, capable of a certain fixed development, and having a profound personal unity, which the ages of eternity might develop, but could not exhaust." As each one has some particular, especial characteristic which pre-eminently designates him as an individual separate from others, and since, as De Quincey tells us, every one can do *something* better than anybody else, she wished to find out this characteristic, and to have the special faculty educated, if it could be applied to a good end. By this intimate knowledge, which she seldom failed to acquire, she was able to exert a profound personal influence over all those with whom she became well acquainted. For those who knew her best, "the benediction of her presence" made even the wintry murkiness of our Cambridge weather no damper upon their cheerfulness, but, on the contrary, the joy of her society made life to these chosen ones always bright with hopeful sunshine.

We may now look at her in another light, and introduce Margaret Fuller, the conversationalist. Those who know of her at all must be informed with respect to her surpassing conversational powers. In 1832 she writes of herself, in a deprecatory vein, that conversation is her natural element. "I need to be called out, and never think alone, without imagining some companion. Whether this be nature or the force of circumstances, I know not; it is my habit, and bespeaks a second-rate mind." Unanimous and glowing accounts confirm Margaret's own conviction that conversation was her forte. She was, indeed, in this province without an equal, — the De Stael of her day. Lest the testimony of her friends appear exaggerated and tintured too strongly with friendly ardor, we refer again to Emerson, and learn with surprise that the philosopher's equilibrium of calm deliberation was often disturbed by her "honeyed words." His criticism but gives additional proof of her enchanting talents for conversation. "All her powers and accomplishments," he says,

"found their best and only adequate channel in her conversation; a conversation which those who have heard it unanimously, as far as I know, pronounced to be in elegance, in range, in flexibility and adroit transition, in depth, in cordiality, and in moral aim, altogether admirable; surprising and cheerful as a poem, and communicating its own civility and elevation like a charm to all hearers. She poured a stream of amber over the endless store of private anecdotes, of bosom histories, which her wonderful persuasion drew forth, and transfigured them into fine fables. The companion was made a thinker, and went away quite other than he came." Again, we have the verdict of the same high authority explicitly stating that her conversation interested him in every manner: "Talent, memory, wit, stern introspection, poetic play, religion, the finest personal feeling, the aspects of the future, each followed each in full activity, and left me, I remember, enriched and sometimes astonished by her gifts." Still again, he caps the climax by saying that "the day was never too long to exhaust her opulent memory." A very female Ulysses she was, then, in the arena of conversation, without a peer; — the gentle talker from whose lips flowed "winged words." The test of this conversation was its universality; it was equally efficacious, no matter what sort of people composed the company. The wise and foolish, the old and young, rich and poor, the practical man and the visionary, drew alike from this fountain of instructive entertainment. She had, too, the graceful tact of adapting herself to all; knowing perfectly that "*Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.*" She would converse with the rough stage-driver and titillate his sense of the ridiculous so that he would grow urbane before the end of the journey, and be willing to take her any distance out of his regular road, while the busy chambermaid would be gladdened by her talk, and make the beneficent lady her confidante.

But as when at Niagara one becomes conscious of the poverty of the English language, and discovers that the superlative degree is no suitable vehicle for his boundless admiration, so we might lose ourselves in six-footed adjectives in commenting upon the qualities of Margaret Fuller's conversation. We are relieved, however, from this emptiness when we consider her writings. As a writer she is comparatively feeble; she wrote with great difficulty, and composition was never agreeable to her. It is probable, even, that she would not have written at all, had she not sometimes felt it to be her duty, and at others been constrained by the narrowness of her

means. Yet think of the perseverance she was capable of; she tells Madame Arconati in Italy, that she has a hundred regular correspondents! "She wanted imagination," says Henry Hedge, "and she wanted productiveness. She was dogmatic, and not creative. Her strength was in characterization and in criticism. Her critique on Goethe," he adds, "in the second volume of the Dial, is, in my estimation, one of the best things she has written. And, as far as it goes, it is one of the best criticisms extant of Goethe." Those who criticise her writings should do so in a liberal spirit; they should remember that she was a second "Genius of Pain," was always the victim of some sickness, and perpetually subject to fits of racking headache. Yet notwithstanding these physical hinderances she wrote frequently with much sweetness, as the pleasantest of her books, "Summer on the Lakes," well witnesses. The death of a sister, two years younger than herself, formed Margaret's first experience of life; her sad remarks about the funeral preparations, and the tender expression of her feelings on seeing the dead body, are so exquisite, that they remind us forcibly of the touching lamentations of Steele over his father's corpse. She was in Italy during the hottest part of the last revolution, and intended to write a history of that fatal movement. She was eminently qualified for the task, as Mazzini, the leader of the Republicans, was her intimate friend, and she had garnered all the requisite material. Her manuscripts were, however, unfortunately lost in the general wreck of the vessel in which she sailed from Europe. "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" — a pamphlet — was the work she valued the most; it has, we believe, been recently republished, with a preface by Horace Greeley. Though it can justly be censured as too ideal and abstract in its reasonings to suit the present exigencies, it is certainly imbued with the quality which ennobles all her literary efforts, — thorough, high-minded conscientiousness, and an enthusiastic love for truth. Her contributions to the New York Tribune are valuable in this rare respect, if in no other; they were eagerly read at the time, and it was once proposed to reprint them in the form of a book of Essays. This has not yet been done; perhaps, at present, they would not receive a very cordial reception from the public.

In her writings, as in the common tenor of her thoughts, she was inclined to an excessive refinement of her ideas of good, of liberty and justice; she was addicted, besides, probably on account of her sanguineous temperament and constitutional warmth, to soft talking

and rather angelic, ethereal sentimentality. She was wont also to bemoan too often the ills incident to humanity ; she, surely, in this last particular, did not act up to the dictates of her chief teacher, the great modern, Goethe, for he gives us all distinctly to understand that there must be no whining over human woes ; but that " we must simply all strive to alleviate or remove them." When in London she was rebuked for these failings by Carlyle, and was told that she was over fond of " rose-water imbecilities."

Turning from this view of her as a writer and thinker, we come, in conclusion, to look at the *woman*, — Margaret Fuller. We read of the struggles of a right brave and heroic woman, tortured often in the crucible of affliction, but ever coming unscathed and purer from the trial. She was an honest, steadfast worker, assured of the true dignity of labor, and adopting what she calls the " true text," — the Tennysonian one : —

" Mine own Telemachus

He does his work, — I mine."

To write of Margaret Fuller and omit to speak of her friendships would be as bad as to play Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out " by particular request." She always, but especially while residing in Groton and Cambridge, had a numerous group of friends about her, and this circle of friends she wore as a necklace of diamonds around her neck. Though very many confided their dearest secrets to her keeping, she never was known to betray the slightest trust ; the god Terminus so presided over her intellect, that she could keep each one of her friends separate and distinct from all others ; and with her great heart and attractions she added daily to the number of her friends, — constantly finding clients and sufferers enough who wished to be guided and supported.

But she crowned all her virtues by a love of truth ; she loved it supremely, both for herself and others. " The question with her was not what should be believed, or what ought to be true, but what *is* true." " People do not speak the truth," writes Emerson, " not for the want of not knowing and preferring it, but because they have not the organ to speak it adequately. But now and then a soul is incarnated, whom indulgent Nature has not afflicted with any cramp or frost, but who can speak the right word at the right moment, qualify the selfish and hypocritical act with its real name, and, without any loss of serenity, hold up the offence to the purest daylight." Such a truth-speaker she was, — one who could with dignity arraign a respectable vice by its own name.

" Her purity, like adamantine mail,
Did so encircle her,"

that she could speak with unmistakable plainness to any party, when she felt that truth or the right was injured.

The remarks we have offered are the more appropriate, as affectionate hands have, within the last month, reared a monument in Mount Auburn to the memory of their common friend. These are the words of the inscription, though their order has not been preserved : —

" Erected in memory of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, born in Cambridge, Mass., May 23d, 1810. By birth, a citizen of New England; by adoption, a citizen of Rome; by genius, belonging to the World. In youth, an insatiate student, seeking the highest culture; in riper years, Teacher, Writer, Critic of Literature and Art; in mature age, Companion and Helper of many earnest reformers in America and Europe."

Here, then, we take our leave of this high-minded lady, — believing that in her the benediction of her noble-hearted friend, Mrs. Browning, has been fulfilled; for she to "woman's claim" ever joined the

" Angel grace
Of a pure genius sanctified from blame."

NEW BOOKS.

Theological Essays, &c. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1854.

To more fortunate readers, the butterfly Seniors, for example, blest with a leisure unknown to those who have not yet emerged from the Freshman chrysalis, these volumes are not new books. But if Messrs. Ticknor & Co. *would* issue them before we could possibly indulge ourselves with the requisite afternoon, we submit to a candid world if it is entirely our fault!

If any unsophisticated Parson Adams bought the book under the hallucination that theological meant here what it would mean anywhere else, his countenance, upon examining his purchase, must have furnished a study for a painter. According to De Quincey himself, however, we have no right to complain of this. If one finds "a sort of evil in life," he says, "let him point to its cure, or for ever hold his peace." "You've shown, or you've made," he replies to Carlyle, "another hole in the tin-kettle of society; now, how do you propose to tinker it?" We can't tinker the title of these

volumes. We really don't know what better one Mr. Fields could have chosen ; but still we fancy that in this instance, as in several others, the *et cetera* will be found to embrace in its capacious arms by far the larger number of the papers. Not less mistaken than Parson Adams will be any general reader whom the title has repelled. Dry and unpromising some of the *subjects* certainly are ; but here, as often before, De Quincey has, ivy-like, gracefully twined around the dead branch the luxuriant leafy foliage of his brilliant wit and matchless style, till it vies in beauty and attractiveness with the greenest bough of Spring. We venture to say, there is not a dull page in either volume, and perhaps one of the most noticeable points of this writer is his uniform brilliancy. Seventeen volumes have been now collected, and De Quincey is so far from showing any sign of drooping energy, that we said in our heart to Mr. Fields, as we turned the pages, Thou hast kept the good wine until now.

Having purred so amiably thus far, we have certainly a right now to air our critical claws. Our objections, however, are few and slight. One is, that De Quincey has written for too narrow a circle. In most cases he cannot be fairly appreciated, and in many others not even understood, except by those whose studies have lain in some degree in the direction of his own. Without at least the rudiments of a classical education, — without some general knowledge of the literature and history of Greece and Rome, — one half of De Quincey is a sealed letter. Another objection is that he sometimes appears pedantic. There is occasionally an unnecessary display of that learning which we acknowledge is immense ; not, possibly, that there is an *attempt* at display, but that sufficient pains are not taken to soften down or withdraw the appearance of erudition. Our third and last complaintlet is of an occasionally desperate and too evident determination to be witty. Writing for the Magazines, frequently under depression of spirits, and urged on by a demand for bread on his own part, and for "copy" on the printer's, it was impossible that he should always equal the expectations which other papers composed under happier circumstances had led us to form. "He should n't try to be witty then at such times !" He cannot help himself. He is writing on some heavy subject, — say Herodotus or the Homeric question, — and an effort must be made to enliven it in some way for Blackwood's general and less learned readers. In spite of the apparent concession in this last objection, we retract nothing of what we said above. These failures, if such they are, are rare, and *are* failures only in comparison with his own writings under more favorable auspices.

W. F. L.

Elopoesis. American Rejected Addresses. New York : J. C. Derby.

"It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," and the ease of the transition has availed inferior wit, time out of mind.

The production of successful imitations of an author, however, evinces a power for which we must give credit, though for it we can have no great respect. Bathos alone soon becomes tiresome, and merely to write in a certain measure an accomplishment easily acquired; but to give wit, or commonplace, or nonsense, the peculiar turns of expression, and imbue them with the characteristic conceits, of a writer, requires a talent, knowledge, and skill more rarely found. And versatile must the pen be to adapt itself at will to the peculiarities of several writers. Every few years some one tries his hand in this department, and produces a volume of parodies or a new travesty. From one of these, the famous "Rejected Addresses" of Horace and James Smith, the book before us takes its cue.

Eolopoesis [*αἰόλος* and *ποίησις* the editor explains in a note] is a very clever book of this stamp, and indicates no inconsiderable knowledge of poetry and versification, as well as more than a modicum of wit, in its author or authors. The contributions purport to be from Halleck, Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes, Q. E. D. [of the Knickerbocker, we suppose], Emerson, Lowell, Read, Lunt, Whittier, Bayard Taylor, Saxe, Willis, T. W. Parsons, and Dr. Bethune. The hexameter romance entitled "Blouzelinda, by H. W. L.," is the first piece we would notice. Its object, to ridicule Evangeline, is palpable enough without the addition of initials. The verse, in which the point of the ridicule lies, is an admissible hexameter, the narrative varied and attractive, and the bathos perfectly overpowering. Imagine the agonies of flesh and spirit of that maiden, faithful though deserted, who

"Sometimes did n't get anything to eat for a fortnight,
Then had to dig roots and bolt cold frogs for her breakfast."

We think, however, the note on this passage, with its onslaught, however just, on the use of the English hexameter, might have been spared; especially in connection with one who, in introducing his poems to the public, admitted that English poetry is cramped and clogged in this versification.

"To a Tadpole" will be recognized immediately as a happy imitation of our facetious physician, Holmes, from this alone:—

"I'd swear thou hast a *waggish* head
On such a *waggish* tail."

"The Unseen," by R. W. E., though highly ridiculous, very successfully "takes off" the recondite style of poetry to which this philosophic age has given birth. This performance the author not inappropriately introduces with this keen bit of satire from Martinus Scriblerus: "Among the admirers of poetry, we find those who have a taste for the sublime to be very few; but the profound strikes universally, and is adapted to every capacity."

The next piece [J. R. L.] presents the "Spirit Rappers" in their true light, and ridicules their pretensions much in the same vein with those lively political squibs of the "Biglow Papers."

"The Song of the Blacksmiths" is a vigorous and spirited imitation of the noble "Songs of Labor" by Whittier, and, if less sober, worthy to accompany those deservedly popular odes. The proclivity of this poet to a favorite theme is also hit off in the last poem of the book. Much of the same ludicrous spirit and the rapid tripping verse which made Saxe's Railroad Lyric such a favorite, is preserved in the "Song of a Steamer," while the "American Congress" presents the striking features of Bethune's beautiful poem, "The American Flag." In "The Indignation Meeting," which concludes the volume, several of our friends reappear, and ingeniously account for the publication of their gems, and also the absence of all contributions from our poetesses.

We are sorry "the publishing committee" have so low an estimate of the public, as to believe so many notes necessary to the elucidation of the text. They contain much "interesting information," it is true, and are themselves a satire on the few pages of poetry and many pages of "notes" which frequently appear from the pens of our youthful and ambitious poets, but they decidedly remind us of the verbose annotations of the Scotch doctor and editor, Mackenzie. The typographical appearance of the book is unexceptionable; surely the relief and gratification the eye experiences in traversing such neat, clear pages, largely compensate the extra care and expense bestowed. On the whole, to take home with you on the approaching Thanksgiving recess, and read aloud to your friends till they roar at its jokes and admire *your* cleverness, or more selfishly to chuckle over by yourself, as the aid to digestion usually necessary at that season, we commend this very witty little volume, Eolopoesis.

R.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Among the very excellent things effected by the revolution of the earth around the sun, is the division of the numbers of the Harvard Magazine into volumes. What a fearful state of things there would be, if they were left to run on without any limit except such arbitrary ones as the caprice of editors or the public might impose! But now the revolutions of the earth mark off the beginning, the progress, and the close of our volumes as charmingly as though they were ordered for this alone. What an excellent opportunity then does this return of November offer for us to look over our course thus far, with a mild, subdued chuckle, as befits the dignity of an editor, over our success! How are we tempted to pat ourselves encouragingly on the back, soliloquizing, *Macte virtute sic itur ad astra!* How gladly do we put our own trumpet to our lips and blow therein, thanking fortune that while we live we shall never want a trumpeter! But jesting apart, may not we without failing in modesty congratulate ourselves that we have surpassed our own most sanguine expectations. We have not, to be sure, broached any astounding theories in science, made any never-before-thought-of investigations in history, or created any works of imagining which shall secure for each and all of us a noble immortality. We have observed that these things fall to the lot of very few, especially among undergraduates. What then? Is it to be concluded that we have done nothing? We think not. We have expressed

the ideas excited among so many thinking minds, young indeed, but all the fresher for that, by new attainments in knowledge. The attention of our readers has been called to books which might otherwise have escaped their notice. Information has been given on interesting points of history, which would perhaps never have been put in so accessible a form. We have communicated the results of dabbings in science, which most of our readers are prevented by other studies from indulging in.

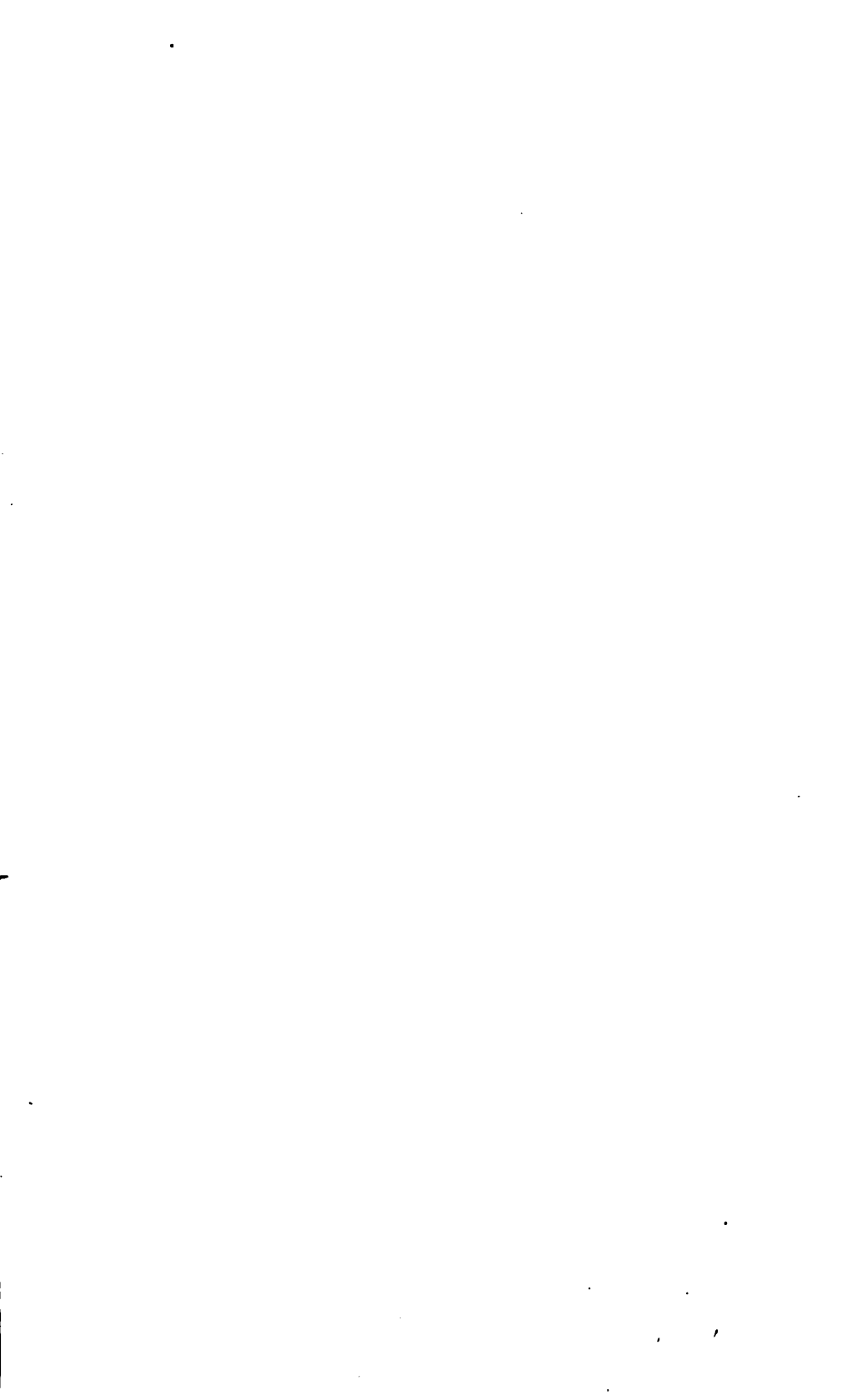
We have also proved the possibility of writing on various subjects without introducing Leonidas and the three hundred Spartans, the Pilgrim Fathers, or even George Washington. In this respect, if in no other, we have represented Harvard. We doubt if there can be found as numerous a body of men, young or old, anywhere, who can express their ideas so concisely, and with so few *sententiae generales* and *communes loci*, as the students of our own University. It is a matter of congratulation that Cambridge indulges so little in what is usually denominated fine writing, a style which comes from bad taste under debating-society inspiration. Allusions to the setting sun and to nature generally, such passages as are often found appropriately embellished with red chalk, are comparatively rare. It is characteristic of Harvard, we think, to keep commonly within sight at least of the subject under consideration, without indulging constantly in digressions, to show what we might have written if we had chosen some other topic. We hope to be excused this boast. Which of us when a child did not firmly believe that the pies and cake prepared in our kitchen surpassed anything that could be imagined of luxury elsewhere? How we pitied all those unfortunate little children who had no share in the said dainties! Thank Heaven, we are children still. These characteristics of Harvard our Magazine claims to have represented, and we hope not without reason.

Looking back thus over our course, who shall say that we have not succeeded? We have accomplished all that we proposed, and have no reason to be ashamed of our undertaking. And from this short course we will take our omens for the future. If our fellow-students will support us as cordially as they have thus far, we shall succeed in making our Magazine an honor to the University, and a by no means unworthy exponent of the thoughts, opinions, and sentiments of Harvard.

But we are getting too serious. We are forgetting those playful freaks and amusing antics that editors are expected to indulge in. We forget that we are to give our comments upon the little incidents which are supposed to diversify college life. Alas! those pleasant incidents have ceased to happen. The singing at prayers, from which we had hoped so much, is heard no more. The little nook above the pulpit is deserted. The performers have disappeared. But they have a precedent. Did not anciently a famous king march up a hill? The rest of the events of his career may be found in the proper authorities. To them we refer you. We dare hint but darkly at those ominous stakes which may be seen on the green northeast of University. If students are interrogated as to their import, they mysteriously indicate that there is a fearful secret connected with those mild unpretending pine sticks. Classmates at twilight whisper to each other rumors of a chapel hereafter to be erected, surpassing in grandeur the cathedrals of the Old World. Men of sanguine temperament venture to hope that in this there may be room for all; that the most timid Freshman may extend his elbows without fear of encountering his neighbor's ribs, and that even graduates may not be turned away unwelcomed. Time only can show. For the accommodation of Seniors those early hours of prayers have been changed, and men appear at chapel more respectfully, we had almost said respectfully dressed. To be sure, they sometimes reserve their cravats for a later hour; but what an advance is this upon those times when pantaloons and overcoat were considered full morning dress for chapel! But though the hour is changed, the bell still tolls faintly at its accustomed time. What an instructive example of the force of habit! We suggest it as illustrative especially of the tenacity of vicious habits.









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